

# MCCALL'S

TEN CENTS

AUGUST 1926



LADY HAMILTON—Painted by Neysa McMein  
One of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love  
stories of the world being painted for McCall's. See Page 18.

IN THIS ISSUE ❁ A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

❁ By ZANE GREY ❁

# "Saves time, saves work, saves clothes, saves money."

*This is the verdict of millions of women about CHIPSO, the wonderful new Procter & Gamble household soap.*

I KNOW that you know how valuable a woman's time is, or you would never have manufactured Chipso. During my fifteen years as a housewife, I have never found anything that could in any way equal Chipso. It has given me the luxury of perfect cleanliness without tedious hours of drudgery, and leaves me health and the time to enjoy it. Since Chipso has been on the market I have never used anything else for washing clothes and dishes, for it is the most wonderful soap I have found. I am grateful to Procter & Gamble for turning out such a large package for such a small price."

The foregoing paragraph is made up of sentences taken word for word from the letters of four women, but it expresses the thoughts of millions.

Never in all history has there been a response to a household soap like the welcome given to Chipso.

## *Why Chipso has revolutionized washday*

How does Chipso help? Why has it been adopted so quickly and enthusiastically?



**DISHWASHING**—Chipso's quick suds dissolve the grease you used to rub off!

Why has it completely revolutionized washday and dishwashing?

Because, we believe, Chipso is as nearly a perfect soap for laundry and dishes as can be made! It is quick, safe, easy, economical.

**Quick**—because it does away with old-fashioned chipping and melting of hard soaps. Chipso gives instant suds. It cleanses more rapidly too.

**Safe**—because it has nothing in it to weaken fabrics or fade colors. And it is kind to your hands.

**Easy**—Chipso is easier by any washing method—because it cleans clothes without hard rubbing and without repeated rinsings. Though



**FOR INSTANT SUDS**—Put dry flakes in tub or dishpan—turn on hot water—suds in a second! Then soak the dirt out!

you may boil with Chipso if you wish, most Chipso-users do not boil because they find it unnecessary.

**Economical**—because immense production makes it possible for you to buy a very large quantity of Chipso for a very small price. You can prove this by one look at the big blue-and-orange Chipso box.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

**MACHINE WASHING**—Chipso for quick suds and quick cleansing



## The most amazing success in the history of household soap



TO BE AFRAID OF SAN SEEMED MONSTROUS, SURELY HE WAS HER HUMBLE ADORER  
A SCENE FROM "THE BLACK KNIGHT" PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY CHARLES DE FCO

## Does Every Woman Really Cherish An Unknown Lancelot In Her Dreams?

DOES every woman cherish in her heart an ideal lover—a dream knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*—who alone holds the key to the secret sanctuary of her heart wherein no lover of actual flesh and blood can ever hope to enter?

Psychologists and poets, together with such novelists as Thackeray and Hardy and Conrad, have sought to plumb the unfathomed recesses of a woman's heart—have tried to solve the elusive secret of that wistfulness of which all men feel the lure and which no man completely understands; and they have given us on paper the imperishable portraits of women, who, loving men on earth and loving them truly, yet owned to a loyalty higher still than this, a loyalty to the unknown Lancelot of their dreams.

It is a woman such as this—a woman of fire and of ice, like Thackeray's Beatrice Esmond—wilful, imperious, yet withal tender, too; changeable as an April morning, but innately loyal to the unknown lover of her dreams that ETHEL M. DELL has chosen for the heroine of her latest and finest novel since Charles Rex—THE BLACK KNIGHT

This dramatic and brilliant romance of modern English country life and of the gaily colorful French Riviera, which will be published in five long instalments—of which the first will appear in the SEPTTEMBER McCALL'S

In it the readers of McCall's will find the full harvest fruit of this most popular novelist's ripened genius.

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FOR · AUGUST · 1926

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The eighth of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love-stories of the world.

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEVISA McMEIN

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President and Treasurer Secretary Editor

# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

I AM a firm believer in Ramparts. I am not definite in my mind as to precisely where the heavenly ramparts are located, or of what gorgeous and wonderful materials they are constructed; but they are somewhere very high above us, in an inconceivably beautiful and powerful place. They are for the convenience of those loving spirits, whose interest it is to lean upon them, and look down in compassion and anxiety on the world which they have left. Now it seems to me that these same released spirits are not going to have a truly joyful time on these same ramparts, or anywhere else on the broad plains of Heaven, if the people they have left behind them, the people they have loved and in whom they have believed and trusted, are going to fail them in carrying to successful completion the work they were forced to leave unfinished.

Trying to go to sleep last night, I lay watching the stars twinkling over the endless expanse of sky, and I tried to vision in my mind's eye just which spirits might be looking down upon us, and what they were thinking about the way we who are left behind were carrying on their unfinished work. This led me to thinking about the various kinds, and what we were doing to commemorate the dead. I am a firm believer in memorials when they are useful, and not solely ornamental. I certainly do not believe in expensive and elaborate monuments and mausoleums, which accomplish more in the way of decorating a cemetery than any of the stained glass windows are beautiful in a church, but they do no real good to the many left behind who are in real need.

But I want to emphasize the fact that the sort of memorial in which I believe is one that does real good, and is of real material assistance to some particular group of people who are in need. I mean such memorials as endowing hospitals of various kinds, or rooms in hospitals, founding colleges, libraries, homes for the aged and crippled, and others of a like nature which are of genuine benefit to those in need. When I am gone, I hope my family will bury me out in the open, and plant a tree on my grave; I do not want a monument. A refuge for a bird nest is all the marker I want, and the money for the monument go to little crippled children, who need to be made whole again.

It is the birthright of children to be happy; (troubles and sorrows begin all too soon, and I have noticed that the little cripples usually have happier dispositions than their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and that it takes much less to amuse them.) They can manage only simple things. A nurse in a children's ward told me one day that she had a little girl in her care who amused herself for hours with bits of old colored ribbon and silk—she said the kiddie liked to feel the smoothness of the fabric, and loved the colors, so the nurse had asked her little friends to give her pieces from their bright ribbons to take to her little charge! There is a wonderful difference between a few scraps of ribbon, and the elaborate and expensive toys which are required to amuse the well youngsters, who should require less than the sick ones. I have given you a very definite example of what I mean. In March, 1923, I was asked for a contribution to be used for the erection of a James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital for children. I thought this singularly appropriate, as no one knew the heart of a child as Riley knew it. As I write in vision, leaning over the Ramparts, the lean, anxious face, the wide mouth, and the tender, whimsical eyes of the



THE THOUGHTS OF ALL THESE SPIRITS, AS THEY WATCH US FROM ON HIGH, SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION

## RAMPARTS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATION BY E. F. WARD



man who is so eagerly watching us, and who is waiting for us to prove whether we are sincere in our pretensions of love for him, in our appreciation for the thing he did for us when he made our own childhood come back to us again in volume after volume of the truest, tenderest songs ever sung about childhood.

And I can vision, among a mighty host gathered back of him, the face of my own mother, who brooded over twelve little children, and to whose over-taxed brain and tired hands great relief would have been brought had there been such a place as a children's hospital to which she could have appealed when fevers, and broken bones, and sick bodies came among her little folk. It seems to me that the essence of religion is compressed into one phrase: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I can think of no other one thing in this whole world for which I would be so deeply and devoutly thankful as the knowledge, that in time of stress, there would be a place and a person who would care for the little ones of my family if their bodies were racked with pain. There are scores of mothers waiting today for such places to carry their children, some who can pay for treatments but more who cannot.

The thoughts of all these spirits, as they watch from on high, should be an inspiration to us to treat their works, their ideas, and their ambitions with a vast respect. We can do no nobler work than to carry on reverently, sincerely, and faithfully. There must arise in the souls of great musicians thrills of delight, as they hear their cherished musical efforts played by wonderful orchestras for the entertainment and enjoyment of thousands of people. Huge auditoriums are built for this purpose, and it is always the compositions of the old masters that are the most loved.

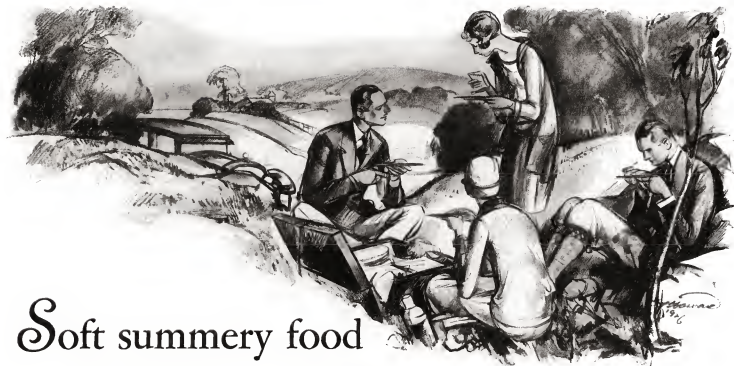
The dramatic art of the actors and actresses of the old school must be developed and carried on to greater heights, for there is no finer art than theirs, and the stage is our best mirror—the best place for us to find ourselves, and to look at life. For the authors of our best plays know life—and there is no greater drama than life. The spirits of such as Bernhardt and Duse, as they came to and fro along the Ramparts, must be searching in vain for such ability as theirs, and wondering who will follow in their footsteps. And as I single out the quintessential countenance of William Shakespeare, that superb master of play-writing, I cannot help wondering what he thinks of some of New York's "un-fused" shows, and what do you suppose he

thinks of the movies? Personally, I think he would enjoy a great many of them, for they are an art in themselves, and there is much human nature bound up in them, both among the actors and the technicians.

Spirits of our departed educators must be delighted with our schools, and with the many and varied methods devised to make study more comprehensive and attractive. I should have been thrilled beyond words when I went to school, if I could have written my writing lessons in my copy book to the accompaniment of music from a victrola; if I could have learned to shade my writing by the accent of the tones and the rhythm of the music, as I saw my little granddaughter do a short time ago. And if I could have had wax color paints to tint my drawings, and clay in many shades to make models of ships, maps, roasts, castles, birds and flowers, my delight would have known no bounds. Yet I think the spirits of our educators must be pleased with our efforts. There still remains much to be done, but our system of education in this country is the greatest in the world.

I imagine our old inventors and scientists as a thrilled most of all—for the inventions and discoveries of today, airplanes, hydroplanes, radios, and their like, are almost past courses of physical training for the mass of men and thirty minutes, and that it sounds just as if an orchestra was in the same room with you! The whole score of an opera is to be put on one record, I am told. This is a wonderful thing—it is educational as well as entertaining, and will give instruction and joy to hundreds for whom theaters are not available. Already one may take foreign languages and courses of physical training for the mere cost of records; this last is a large item, for our brains and intellect are of little use to us if we have not the physical strength to make the most of our abilities. If Benjamin Franklin ever lived over the parapets, he must be watching Mr. Edison with amazed and pleased eyes; happy that his discovery is being put to such great use, for the electrical [Turn to page 43]





# Soft summery food is dainty and delicious —but it is very harmful to our teeth and gums



WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherberts, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to that long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

## How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our habits of hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a "pink tooth

brush" warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off further trouble.

## How massage and Ipana keep the gums firm and healthy

Your dentist will probably tell you that the first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt, recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them. This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

And use Ipana when you brush them. Ipana will improve the massage, for it contains zira-

tol, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by many dentists in their treatment of undernourished gums. Our professional men have demonstrated the virtues of Ipana to over 50,000 dentists; in fact, it was professional recommendation that first gave Ipana its start.

## So ask your dentist—then switch to Ipana for one month!

Your dentist knows what Ipana can do, what benefits it will bring. After he has spoken the good word for it, get a tube from your drug-store. Massage your gums regularly after each cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If they are too tender at first, begin by rubbing with the finger. Soon you will notice the improvement. Your gums will grow firmer, and more resistant to disease. Your mouth will feel cleaner. Your teeth will become more brilliant.

If you care to mail the coupon, we will, of course, gladly send you the trial tube. But ten days is barely long enough to sample Ipana's cleaning power and delicious taste. Certainly the full-size tube will demonstrate clearly all that Ipana can do in bringing your gums to health and your teeth to brilliant beauty.

*If your gums never seem tender—if your tooth brush never "shows pink," you are to be congratulated. Take every care to keep them healthy. Twice daily brush your gums and teeth with Ipana to keep the circulation active and the teeth clean.*



# IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. E86, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE.  
Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

ACTUAL VISITS  
TO P & G HOMES  
No. 5



## Saturday - a tomboy in rompers; but you should see her on Sunday!

She was a rosy-faced youngster of about four with a smudge on her nose. And she was sliding down her own front steps in a pair of blue and white rompers which looked immaculate—from the front.

"Mother's in the garden," she said.

So I went around to ask Mrs. Moore about laundry soap, just as I had asked a great many other women in that small Chicago suburb. I found her in the neatest of little gardens, gay with perennials.

"What kind of laundry soap do I use?" she repeated with a surprised smile. "Well, recently I've begun to use P and G, and I'm delighted with it. You see, I'm particular about Molly's clothes—I wash them myself, so I wanted to find a soap which was quick without being harmful.

"I put clean rompers on Molly every day of the week, but on Sunday she blossoms out in real little girl clothes. You should see how proud she is of them!

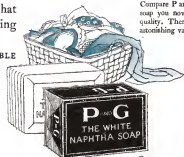


Of course all this makes quite a lot of washing, but I find P and G a wonderful help. I do far less rubbing than I did before and the clothes look nicer.

"Colors, I find, stay beautifully clean and fresh—and my white clothes are really a joy! I rarely boil them, yet they are clean and white, and they smell sweet and fresh! It's wonderful, too, to have a soap that you can use with hot or cold water. I use P and G for all my washing and cleaning—dishes, too."

No wonder that Mrs. Moore, and millions of other women who are careful of their clothes, like P and G. No wonder that P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Less work, less rubbing, less boiling! Fresh colors and sweet-smelling clothes whether you use hot, cold or lukewarm water. Don't you think that P and G should be doing your washing and cleaning too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE



*The largest-selling  
laundry soap in  
America—*

*that is why it costs so little*

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's unobtainable value.

### *An ironing hint from Mrs. Moore*

"When I have to iron a dress with buttons I always fold a bath towel several times, place it under the buttons and iron the garment on the wrong side. This presses the buttons down into the soft towel and irons the material around the buttons without any trouble."

# McCALL'S

FOR AUGUST MCMXXXVI

WITH jingling spurs a tall cowboy stalked out of the post-office to confront his three comrades crossing the wide street from the saloon opposite. "Look hush," he said, shoving a letter under their noses. "Which one of you long-borns has wrote her again?"

From a gay, carefree trio his listeners suddenly grew blank, then intensely hostile. They stared at the handwriting on the letter. "Tex, I'm a son-of-a-gun if it ain't from Missouri!" ejaculated Andy Smith, his lean, red face bursting into a smile.

"It shore is," declared Nevada.

"From Missouri!" echoed Panhandle Ames.

"Wal?" queried Tex, almost with a snort. The three cowboys jerked up to look from Tex to one another, and then back at Tex.

"It's from Ar," went on Tex, his voice hushing on the pronoun.

"Yet all know that handwritin'. Now how about this deal? We swore none of us would write again to this hush schoolmarm. Some one of you has double-crossed the outfit."

Loud and unified protestations of innocence emanated from his comrades. But it was evident Tex did not trust them, and that they did not trust him or each other. "Say, boys," said Panhandle, suddenly, "I see Beady in there lookin' darn sharp at us. Let's get off in the woods some-where."

"Back to the bar," replied Nevada. "I reckon we'll all need stimulants."

"Beady!" ejaculated Tex, as they turned across the street. "He could be to blame for as much as any of us."

"Shore. It'd be more like Beady," replied Nevada. "But Tex, yore mind ain't workin'. Our lady friend from Missouri has wrote before without gettin' any letter from us."

"How do we know that?" demanded Tex, suspiciously. "Shore the boss' typewriter is a puzzle, but it could hide tricks. Sarry, pard?"

"Gee, Tex, you need a drink," returned Panhandle, peevishly. They entered the saloon and strode to the bar, where from all appearances Tex was not the only one to seek artificial strength. Then they repaired to a corner, where they took seats and stared at the letter Tex threw down before them.

"From Missouri, all right," averred Panhandle, studying the postmark. "Kansas City, Missouri."

"Ain't her writin'?" asked Nevada, in awe. "Shore I'd know that out of a million letters."

"Ain't you gona to read it to us?" queried Andy Smith.

"Mister Frank Owens," replied Tex, reading from the address on the letter. "Springer's Ranch, Bescon, Arizona. . . . Boys, this hush Frank Owens is all of us."

"Huh! Mebbe he's a dam sight more," added Andy.

"Like a low-down trick we're to blame for," resumed Tex, seriously shaking his hawk-like head. "Head we have in a Kansas City paper about a school teacher wantin' a job out in dry Arizona. An' we ups an' writes her an' gets her sararin' to come. Then when she writes and tells us she's not ever forty—then we quits like hell coyotes. An' we four anyhow shook hands on never writin' her again. Wal,



"THE FACT IS, THIS HUSH RANCH IS A DIFFERENT PLACE SINCE YOU CAME," WENT ON TEXAS

## FROM MISSOURI

A Compelling Novelette of Far Western Life Complete in this Issue

BY ZANE GREY

PAINTINGS BY  
FRANK STREET

DRAWINGS BY  
OSCAR HOWARD



somebody did, an' I reckon you-all think me as big a liar as I think you. But that ain't the point. Heck's another letter to Mister Owens an' I'll bet my saddle it means trouble. Shore I'm plumb afraid to read it."

"Say, give it to me," demanded Andy. "I ain't afraid of any woman."

Tex snatched the letter out of Andy's hand. "Cowboy, you're too poor educated to read letters from ladies," observed Tex. "Gimme a kittle, somebody . . . Say, it's all perfumed."

Tex impressively spread out the letter and read laboriously:

Kansas City, Mo.,  
June 15.

Dear Mr. Owens:

Your last letter has explained away much that was vague and perplexing in your other letters. It has inspired me with hope and anticipation. I shall not take time now to express my thanks, but hasten to get ready to go West. I shall leave tomorrow and arrive at Bescon on June 19, at 4:30 P. M. You see I have studied the time-table.

Yours very truly,  
Jane Stacy.

Profound silence followed Tex's perusal of the letter. The

cowboys were struck dumb. But suddenly Nevada exploded: "My Gawd, fellars, today's the nineteenth!"

"Wal, Springer needs a schoolmarm at the ranch," finally spoke up the practical Andy. "There's half a dozen kids up with-out any schoolin', not to talk about other ranches. I heard the boss say this hisself."

"Who the mischief did it?" demanded Tex, in a rage with himself and his accomplices.

"What's the sense in hollerin' about that now?" returned Nevada. "It's done. She's comin'. She'll be on the Limited. Reckon we've got five hours. It ain't enough. What'll we do?"

"I can get a awful drunk in that time," contributed Panhandle, nonchalantly.

"Ain't! An' leave it all to us," retorted Tex, scornfully. "But we got to stand out on this hush deal. Don't you know this is Saturday an' the Springer will be in town?"

"Aw, confound it! We're all goin' to get fired," declared Panhandle. "Serves us right for listenin' to you, Tex. We can all gamble this trick hatched in your head."

"Not my hail more'n yours or anybody," returned Tex, hotly.

"Say, you kivered cow-punchers," interposed Nevada. "What'll we do?"

"We'll have to tell Springer."

"But Tex, the boss'll never believe us about not follerin' the letters up." "He'll fire the whole outfit."

"But he'll have to be told somethin'," returned Panhandle stoutly.

"Shore he will," went on Tex. "I've an idea. It's too late now to turn this poor schoolmarm back. An' some-where. Somebody's body'll have to meet her. Somebody's body'll have to borrow a backboard an' drive her out to the ranch."

"Excuse me!" replied Andy. Panhandle and Nevada echoed him.

"I'll ride over on my hoss, an' see you all meet the lady," added Andy.

Tex had lost his scowl, but he did not look as if he favorably regarded Andy's idea. "Hang it all!" he burst out, hotly. "Can't some of you gents look to the job of the fence? Nice fix for any woman, I say. Somebody ought to get it good for this mess. If I ever find out—"

"Go on with your grand ideas," interposed Nevada.

"You all come with me. I'll get a backboard. I'll meet the lady an' do the talkin'. I'll let her down easy. An' if I can't head her back to Missouri we'll fetch her up to the ranch an' then leave it up to Springer. Only we won't tell her or him or anybody who's the real Frank Owens."

"Tex, that ain't no plumb bad," declared Andy, admiringly. "I've an idea. It's too late now to turn this poor schoolmarm back. An' some-where. Somebody's body'll have to meet her. Somebody's body'll have to borrow a backboard an' drive her out to the ranch."

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Tex had lost his scowl, but he did not look as if he favorably regarded Andy's idea. "Hang it all!" he burst out, hotly. "Can't some of you gents look to the job of the fence? Nice fix for any woman, I say. Somebody ought to get it good for this mess. If I ever find out—"

rejoined Tex, "We're in a bad fix, I'll admit. But I lean more to the left up than sendin' her back. Somebody down Beacon way would get wise. Mebbe the schoolmarm might talk. She'd shore have cause. An' suppose Springer hears about it—there's one of us or all of us played a low-down trick on a woman. He'd be madder at that than if we fetched her up. Likely he'll try to make amends. The boss may be shy on girls but he's the squarest man I know. My idea is we'll deny any of us is Frank Owens, an' we'll meet Miss Stacy—what was that there name? . . . Miss Jane Stacey and fetch her up to the ranch, an' let her do the talkin' to Springer."

During the next several hours, while Tex searched the town for a livery and team he could borrow, the other fellows wandered to the saloon to the post-office and back again, and then to the store, the restaurant and all around. The town had gradually filled up with Saturday visitors. The boys there suddenly broke out Andy pointing, and he ducked into the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of another saloon. It was half full of cowboys, Mexicans, tobacco smoke and noise. Andy's companions had rubbed salt-nell-anti after him; and not until they all got inside did they realize that this saloon was a rendezvous for cowboys decidedly not on friendly terms with Springer's outfit. Nevada was the only one of the trio who took the situation nonchalantly.

"Wal, we're in, an' what the mischief do we care for Beady Jones, an' his outfit?" remarked Nevada, quite loud enough to be heard by others besides his friends.

Naturally they lined up at the bar, and this was not a good thing for young men who had an important engagement and must preserve sobriety. After several rounds of drinks they began to whisper and snicker over the possibility of Tex meeting the liveryman from Missouri. "If only it doesn't come off until Tex gets our forty-year-old schoolmarm from Missouri with him, it's sourie with us in the livery!" exclaimed Nevada, in huge letters.

"Shore, Tex, the handsome galoot, is most to blame for this mess," added Nevada. "That cowboy won't be above making love to Jane, if he thinks we're not around. But, fellows, we want to be there."

"Wouldn't miss seein' the boss meet Tex for a million!" said Andy.

Presently a tall, striking-looking cowboy, with dark face and small bright eyes like black beads, detached himself from a group of noisy companions, and confronted the trio, more particularly Nevada. "Howdy, men," he greeted them, "what you all-doin' in here?"

He was coolly impertinent, and his action and query were stilling the room. Andy and Nevada leaned back against the bar. They had been in such situations before and knew who would do the talking for them. "Howdy, Jones," replied Nevada, coolly and bravely. "We happened to be in here by accident. Beackon we're usually more particular what kind of company we mix with."

"Ahah! Springer's outfit is shore a stack-up 'n' sneered Jones, in a loud tone. "So stack-up they won't even ride around drift-fences."

Nevada slightly changed his position. "Beady, I've had a couple of drinks an' I'm a kind of you to get this talk out of your system. You seem to be chock full."

"You bet I'm full an' I'm goin' to bust," shouted Jones. "I'm temper evidently could not abide the slow, cool speech with which he had been smug."

"Wal, before you bust, explain what you mean by Springer's outfit not ridin' around drift-fences."

"You just cut through wire-fences," retorted Jones. "Beady, I hate to call you a low-down liar, but that's what you are."

"Tex, another," yelled Jones. "I see your Texas Jack cut our drift-fence." Nevada struck out with remarkable swiftness and force. He knocked Jones over upon a card-table with which he had crashed to the floor. Jones was so stunned that he did not recover before some of his comrades

rushed to him, and helped him up. Then, black in the face and cursing savagely, he jerked for his gun. He got it out, but before he could level it, two of his friends seized him, and wrestled with him, talking in earnest alarm. But Jones fought them.

"You blame fool," finally yelled one of them. "He's not packin' a gun. It'd be murder."

That brought Jones to his senses, though certainly not to calmness. "Miss Nevada—next time you hit town you'd better come beeled," he hissed between his teeth.

"Shore, An' they'll be had for you, Beady," replied Nevada, curtly. Panhandle and Andy drew Nevada out to the street, where they burst into mingled excitement and anger. Their swift strides gravitated toward the saloon across from the post-office. When they emerged sometime later they were arm in arm, and far from steady on their feet. They paraded up the one main street of Beacon, not in the least conspicuous on a Saturday afternoon. As they were neither hilarious nor dangerous, nobody paid any particular attention to them.

I always knew I was the old gentleman in Springer's outfit."

The three cowboys did not act upset. Tex's sarcastic suggestion, but they hung back, looking at once excited and sheepish and hugely delighted. The long gray dusty train pulled into the station and stopped. But not Miss Stacey. The passenger for Springer—a woman—and she alighted from the coach near where the cowboys stood waiting. She wore a long linen coat and a brown veil that completely hid her face. She was not tall, but she was not short, and she held the heavy valise the porter handed to her.

Tex strode grandly toward her. "Miss—Miss Stacey, ma'am?" he asked, removing his sombrero.

"Yes," she replied. "Are you Mr. Owens?" Evidently the voice was not what Tex had expected and it disconcerted him. "No, ma'am. I am not Mr. Owens," he said. "Please let me take your bag. . . . I'm Tex Dillon, one of Springer's cowboys. An' I've come to meet you—an' fetch you out to the ranch."

"Thank you, but I—expected to be met by Mr. Owens," she replied.

"Ma'am, there's been a mistake—I've got to tell you—there ain't any 'Miss Owens,' blushed out Tex, manfully.

"Oh?" she said, with a little start. "You see, it was this way," went on the confused cowboy. "One of Springer's cowboys—not me—wrote them letters to you, signin' his name Owens. There ain't no such named cowboy in this county. You see, last letter—an' here it is—fell into my hands—all by accident. Ma'am, it sure was. I took my three friends—heah—I took them in to my confidence. An' they all came down to meet you." She moved her head and evidently looked at once at the strange trio of cowboys. Tex had pointed out to his friends. They came forward then, but not eagerly, and they still said to her, "Miss Owens." Their condition, not to consider their immense excitement, could not have been lost even upon a tenderfoot from Missouri.

"Please return my—my letter," she said, turning again to Tex, and then to the other small gloved hand to take it from him. "Then—there is no Mr. Frank Owens?"

"No, Ma'am, there ain't no such name." "Is there—no no truth in his—there no school teacher wanted here?" she faltered.

"I think so, Ma'am," he replied. "Springer said he needed one. That's what started the advertisement—an' the letters to you. You can see the boss an' an' explain. I'm sure it will be all right. He's the greatest fellow. He won't stand for no joke on a poor old schoolmarm like me."

Tex had spoken his thoughts, and that last slip appeared look more miserable than ever, and made the boys appear ready to burst.

"Poor old schoolmarm!" echoed Miss Stacey. "Perhaps the devil's not been wholly on one side." Whereupon she swept aside the envelope, vill to a pile of letters. "The lady she was young. She had dark gray eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth. Little curls of chestnut hair straggled from under her veil. And she had tiny freckles."

Tex stared at this apostrophe. "But you—this—the letter says she wasn't over forty," he ejaculated.

"She's not," rejoined Miss Stacey, curtly.

Then there were visible and remarkable indications of a transformation in the attitude of the woman. But the approach of a stranger suddenly seemed to paralyze him. This fellow was very tall. He stood up to a six feet and was stout and spurred. He had halted before the group and looked expectantly from the boys to the young woman and back again. But on the moment the four men he had so suddenly

"Are—are you Mr. Springer?" asked Miss Stacey.

"Yes," he replied, and he took off his sombrero. He had a dark, frank face and keen eyes.

"I am Jane Stacey," she explained hurriedly. "I'm a school teacher. I answered an advertisement. And I've come from Missouri because of letters I received from a Mr. Frank Owens of Springer's Ranch. This young man here has not been very explicit. I gather that there is no Mr. Owens—that I'm the victim of a cowboy joke. . . . But he said that Mr. Springer won't stand for a joke on a poor old schoolmarm."

I sure am glad to meet you, Miss Stacey," responded the rancher, with the easy western smile that was so comforting to her. "Please let me see the letters." She



JANE LOORED HARD, BUT SHE COULD NOT RECOGNIZE THE RIDER, ONCE SHE IMAGINED IT WAS TEX AND AGAIN ANDY. IT DID NOT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE



Springer, their boss, met them, gazed at them casually, and passed without sign of recognition. If he had studied the boys closely he might have received an impression that they were hugging a catch, as well as each other. In due time the trio presented themselves at the railroad station. Tex was there, nervously striding up and down the platform, now and then looking at his watch. The afternoon train was nearly due. At the hitching-rail below the platform stood a new livery-hound and a rather sprightly team of horses.

The boys, coming across the wide square, encountered this evidence of Tex's extremity, and struck a posture before it. "Livery shake outfit, by gosh," said Andy.

"This here Tex spendin' his money royal," sneered Nevada. Then Tex espied them. He stared. Suddenly he jumped straight up. Striding to the edge of the platform, with face as red as a beet, he began to curse them. "Whash masher, old pard!" asked Andy, who appeared a little less stable than his comrades.

Tex's reply was another volley of expressive profanity. And he ended with: "—you—all—yellow gutters to get drunk an' leave me in the lurch. But you gotta get away from heah. I shore won't have you about when the train comes."

"Tex, you're boss is in town lookin' for you," said Nevada. "Tex, he just smiled paid us like we wasn't gentlemen," added Panhandle. "Never seen us at all."

"No wonder, you drunken cow-punchers," declared Tex, in disgust. "Now I tell you to clear out of heah."

"But pard, we just want see you meet our Jane from Missouri," replied Andy.

Just then a shrill whistle announced the train. "You can sneak off now," he went on, "an' leave me to face the music."



opened a hand-bag, and searching in it presently hefted out several letters. Springer never even glanced at his stricken cowboys. He took the letters.

"No, not that one," said Miss Stacey, blushing scarlet. "That's one I wrote to Mr. Owens, but didn't mail. It's—well, necessary to read that." While Springer read the others she looked at him. Presently he asked for the letter she had taken back. Miss Stacey hesitated, then refused. He looked cool, serious, business-like. Then his keen eyes swept over the four cowboys.

"Tex, are you Mister Frank Owens?" he queried sharply. "Is—ah—ah—no," said Tex.

Springer asked each of the other boys the same question and received decidedly doubtful but negative answers. Then he turned again to the girl, "Miss Stacey, I regret to say, but you are indeed the victim of a low-down cowboy trick," he said. "I'd apologize for such heathen if I knew how. All I can say is I'm sorry."

"Then—then there isn't any school to teach—any place for me—out here?" she asked, and there were tears in her eyes.

"That's another matter," he replied, with a winning smile. "Of course there's a place for you. I've wanted a school teacher for a long time. Some of the men out at the ranch have kids 'an' they sure need a teacher."

"Oh, I'm—so glad," she murmured, in great relief. "I was afraid I'd have to go—all the way back. You see I'm not so strong as I used to be—and my doctor advised a change of climate—western weather. I can't go back now."

"You don't look sick," he said, with the keen eyes on her. "You look very well to me."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not very strong," she returned, quickly. "But I must confess I wasn't altogether truthful about my age."

"I was wondering about that," he said, gravely. There seemed just a glint of a twinkle in his eye. "Not over forty."

Again she blushed and this time with confusion. "It wasn't altogether a lie. I was afraid to mention I was—only—young. And I wanted to get the position so much."

"I'm a good—a competent teacher, under the scholars are too grown-up."

"The scholars you'll have at my ranch are children," he replied. "Well, we'd better be starting if we are to get there before dark. It's a long ride. Is this all your baggage?"

Springer led her over to the buckboard and helped her in, then stowed the valise and the back seat. "Here, let me put this robe over you," he said. "It'll be dusty. And when we get up on the ridge it's cold." At this juncture Tex came to life and he started forward. But Andy and Nevada and Panshandle stood motionless, staring at the fresh and now flushed face of the young school teacher. Tex untied the halter of the spirited team and they began to prance. He gathered up the reins as if about to mount the buckboard.

"I've got all the supplies 'an' the mail, Mr. Springer," he said, cheerfully, "an' I can be staid 'an' at once."

"I'll drive Miss Stacey," replied Springer, dryly.

Tex looked blank for a moment. Then Miss Stacey's clear gray eyes seemed to enlure him. A tinge of red came into his tanned cheek. "Tex, you can ride my horse home," said the rancher.

"That wild stallion of yours!" expostulated the cowboy. "Now Mr. Springer, I'm awfully afraid of him." This from the best horseman on the whole range!

Apparently the rancher took Tex seriously. "Here is wild, Tex, and I know you have a poor hand with a horse. If he throws you, why you'll have your own horse." Miss Stacey turned away her eyes. Then she gave a hint of a smile on her lips. Springer got in beside her and, taking the reins without another glance at his discomfited cowboys, he drove away.

A FEW weeks altered many things at Springer's Ranch.

There was a marvelous change in the dress and deportment of the cowboys of out. There were some clean and happy and interested children. There was a rather brisk return and lonely young rancher who was given to thoughtful dreams and whose keen eyes watched the little adobe schoolhouse under the cottonwoods, and in Jane Stacey's face a glow of bloom and tan had begun to warm out the paleness. It was not often that Jane left the schoolhouse without meeting one of Springer's cowboys. She met Tex most frequently and, according to Andy, that fact was cause for Tex was foreman and could send the boys off to the ends of the range. And this afternoon Jane encountered the foreman. He was clean-shaven, bright and eager, a superb figure. Tex had been lucky enough to have a run with him one day when a rattlesnake frightened the school teacher and he had shot the reptile. Miss Stacey had leaned against him in her fright; she had been grateful; she had admired his wonderful skill with a gun and had murmured that a woman always would be safe with such a man. Thereafter Tex packed his gun ammunition of the ridicule of his rivals. "Miss Stacey, come for a little ride, won't you?" he asked, eagerly. The cowboys had already taught her how to handle a horse and to ride; and if all they said of her appearance and accomplishment were true she was indeed worth watching. "I'm sorry," replied Jane. "I'm foreman of this ranch." "I'm promised Nevada'll ride with him today."

"I reckon Nevada is miles 'an' miles up the valley by now," replied Tex. "He won't be back till long after dark."

"But he made an engagement with me," protested the school mistress.

"An' shore he has to work. He's ridin' for Springer, an' I'm foreman of this ranch."

"You sent him off on some long chase," averred Jane

find that mired steer."

"Miss Stacey, you're shore not goin' to ride off alone. Savvy that?"

"Who'll keep me from it?" demanded Jane, with a shrill cry.

"I will. Or any of the boys, for that matter, Springer's orders."

Jane started with surprise and then blushed rosy red. Tex, also, appeared confused at his disclosure.

"Miss Stacey, I oughtn't have said that. It slipped out. The boys said we needn't tell you, but you were to be watched 'an' taken care of."

"It's a wild range. You could get lost or thrown from a horse."

"Mr. Springer is very kind and thoughtful," murmured Jane.

"The fact is, this head ranch is a different place since you came."

"I was on Tex when you came. I'm a little embarrassed."

"An' this beatin' around the bush doesn't suit me. All the boys have lost their heads over you."

"Indeed? How flattering!" replied Jane, with just a hint of mockery. She was fond of all her admirers, but there were four of them she had not yet forgiven.

The tall foreman was not without spirit.

"It's true all right, as you've had out pretty quick," he replied. "If you had any eyes you'd see that cattle raisin' on this head ranch is about to halt till something is decided. Why, even Springer himself is sent on you."

"How dare you!" flashed Jane, suddenly aghast.

"I ain't afraid to tell the truth," declared Tex, stoutly. "He is. The boys all say so. He's grounder than ever. He's jealous. He watches you."

"Suppose I told him you had dared to say such things?" interrupted Jane, trembling on the verge of strange emotion.

"Why, he'd be tickled to death. He hasn't got nerve enough to tell you himself."

This cowboy, like all his comrades, was hopeless. She was about to attempt to change the conversation when Tex took her into his arms. She struggled—and fought with all her might. But he succeeded in kissing her cheek and then the tip of her ear. Finally she broke away from him. "Now—she panted. "You've done it—you've insulted me. Now I'll never ride with you again—even speak to you."

"Shore I didn't insult you," replied Tex. "Jane—won't you marry me?"

"No."

"Won't you be my sweetheart—till you care enough to—to—"

"No."

"But, Jane, you'll forgive me, an' he good friends again?"

"Never!" Jane did not mean all she said. She had come to understand these men of the ranges—their loneliness—their hunger for love. But in spite of her sympathy and affection she needed sometimes to be cold and severe.

"Jane, you owe me a good deal—more than you've any idea," said Tex, seriously. "You'd never have been here but for me," he said, solemnly.

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"I meant to tell you long ago. But I shore didn't have nerve. Jane, I was that letter writin' fellow. I wrote them letters you got 'an' I am Frank Owens."

"No!" exclaimed Jane. She was startled. That matter of Frank Owens had never been cleared up. It had ceased to rankle within her breast, but it had never been forgotten. She looked at him, and he looked at her. He was lying. He was brazen. Almost she thought she saw a laugh deep in his eyes.

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TWICE AGAIN . . . SHE FOUND HERSELF DANGLED WITH JONES. . . . HE JUST TROOK HER, CARRIED HER OFF BY STORM

severely. "Now didn't you? Tell me the truth."

"I shore did. He comes round down to the bunk-house—about how he's goin' to ride with you 'an' how we all are not in the rummin'." Says Nevada, I reckon there's a steer mired in the sand up in Cedar Wash. You ride up there 'an' put him out."

"And then what did he say?" inquired Jane, curiously.

"Why, Miss Stacey, here I hate to tell you. I didn't think he was so—so bad. He just used the most awful language as was ever heard on this head ranch. Then he rode off."

"But what was a steer mired up in the Wash?"

"I reckon so," replied Tex, rather shamefacedly. "Most always is one."

Jane let scornful eyes rest upon the foreman. "That was a mean trick," she said.

"There's been worse done to me by him, an' all of them. An' all's fair in love 'an' war . . . Will you ride with me?"

"No, I think I'll ride off alone up Cedar Wash and help Nevada

find that mired steer."

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A generation or two ago, before ease and urge of travel made distant nations neighbors, the manner in which each took its seaside bath was not only characteristic, but to all of the others, shocking. Europe held up its hands in horror of American "mixed bathing," while America blushed at the almost nakedness within Europe's carefully roped enclosures which segregated but in no way hid the women from the men. At the so-called "naughty" French resorts criticism was perhaps a sop to conscience, as baited attention levelled itself upon the steps of the bathing-machines. Barring the French, the other nations held one belief in common: Ugliness was infallible proof of morality.

I wonder how many can remember our own native bathing scenes of the Blue-Flannel Period of forty years ago? Few girls swam then. How could they, when loaded down with yards and pounds of water-soaked flannel? The few who surmounted this handicap swam complacently with a gentle breast-stroke and heads held high out of the water, to their hair dry. Modern girls swim and dive like seals—all of them! Which is the wherefore that they dress seal-fashion too.

At the beach, yesterday, one of the last Blue-Flannel survivors said to me: "Well, really one might as well go bathing with nothing on at all! I'd like to know what you think! I trust you don't approve of young women in those old-piece jersey suits?"

"Young women! I do! Old women, decidedly not!"

And that is just the point! "Modesty," says the cynic, "is the consciousness of one's own imperfection," which is one of those start-up-and-half-way truths. Consciousness of imperfection *should* make one want to hide, but unhelpfully for the beauty-loving frequenters of beaches, the modesty of ugliness is no more to be relied upon than the haziness of beauty. If only the hideous *would* hide themselves, beaches would be one hundred per cent beautiful instead of fifty. One cannot understand the mental attitude of a woman of five feet five, weighing a hundred and eighty, allowing even her own eyes to see her in a stockinette bathing-suit instead of choosing one that is unlingeringly fit. One can understand the heavy-thighed woman who wears rolled-down stockings!

Just why the rolled-down stocking gives such an effect of naked immensity is something that can't be explained. Perhaps it is because it has a middle-of-the-hody suggestion like that of a long sleeve joined only on the shoulder and the under-arm left bare. Arms left entirely bare are beyond objection, as are also frankly bare legs. In defense of the rolled-down custom it must be acknowledged that it does away with the "checked-up" discomfort when swimming with "side" garters. But as an object lesson in ugliness it cannot be exceeded, since an average knee is made to look like a thick white swelling, and a fat knee like a gigantic chestnut.

The only bare leg conceivable with beauty is one which, like a killed Highlander's, is lean and weathered brown. As to what constitutes actual propriety or the contrary, does not so much matter as the effect as upon intent. Certain of the most celebrated European beaches, which in description differ in no way from our own, are in reality basically opposed.

France and Italy, sex is always beautiful whereas in America it does not necessarily count. At beaches such as Trouville-Deauville or the Lido, not more than twenty-five per cent of the bathing-customed go into the water; certainly not five per cent swim. The morning bathing-hour is the morning exhibition-hour for feminine allure while the orchestra plays jazz and light opera airs; afternoon centered in the afternoon, and masquerade displaying their wiles and whatever of anatomical beauty they may possess, under the sheltering awning of tents or *cabanas*, or



EVERY MORNING ON THE BEACH THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS JAZZ AND LIGHT OPERA AIRS

## BEACH MANNERS

BY EMILY PRICE POST

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH



basking in the sun. Little, if any, interest is taken in the water—at least not further out than waistling depth.

Our own beaches may be every bit as colorful; the general first impression is much the same. The difference is in the shiffling point of interest. In America, attention is centered not upon the sands, but in the water. The entire hundred per cent of the dressed-for-bathing go into the water, shaped life-preservers gaily painted to look like ducks or frogs. The life of the American beach is out on the rafts, the spring-boards, the surf-tooters, the bubble-boats. The smallest children are "water-babies" wriggling about in doughnut-shaped life-preservers gaily painted to look like ducks or frogs.

As for bathing undress the question of propriety all depends upon the how and wherefore. To say that every feminine bather in America is white flower innocent, and every European flamboyantly red is to court ridiculous, but the typical seal-swimming young athlete to be found in un-

limited numbers on every one of our beaches is nevertheless, almost unknown and certainly not understood abroad. In a boy's bathing-suit, for instance, with her arms bare to her shoulder-blades, and her legs bare to her thighs, this typical young American presents an entirely proper appearance, whereas the indolently intentioned girl whose bathing attire includes both stockings and a skirt may be an example of the way a well-bred young woman ought not to look.

It is obvious that the "costume" of the latter was designed solely to display her beauty to distant eyes. Its material is unscrivible, her stockings will scarcely survive one standing in the undertow upon the rather stony beach. The "set" of her hobbled hair is such as may not be touched by water.

From this I see a Blue-Flannelite myself, pointing out the wickedness of leotards. I wonder! No! The first young American in her tricot is as master of fact and ideal and singularly beautiful picture of vitality and grace and youth. The second is our nearest example of the European species of beach "mannequin." She undulates as she walks toward the water's edge, and when a wave embraces her knee, she shivers a little and makes quick stamping motions as though playing grace notes on the piano. She smiles archly at a man she knows. Then she comes undulating back and again sits on the sands under her gay Japanese parasol. After all, why not? And on the side of modern morals, there is this to be said: Had this so-called siren appeared on a beach thirty years ago she would have had every man within sight looking like a dog that is offered a bone. They would look at her like that in Europe, to-day. But on the beach of the world, though one or two men glanced at her with half friendly indulgence, the great majority took little, if any notice.

I don't know whether it is the result of training or temperament but the typical American, spending his week-end or his holiday at the seashore, delights in colorfulness and beauty without mixing up the colors with the muddy distastefulness of sex. Europe accentuates the sensual. There are plenty of Americans who are sensualists, particularly those who yearly swarm to Europe, but America for the most part is thinking about something else. American boys of today think no more of a girl's bare legs than they think of their own. The real allure of the beach is the sun and water and sand to which is added the exhilarating effect of gaily suggestive of the circus, in that all the color of the palette would be merely so much paint without the running and laughing and shouting of children.

The most shocking undress which is commonplace at all Continental beaches but has happily never appeared in America is not that of the men. Whether fat or thin, well-built or horribly full-grown, men are not attractive objects in bathing trunks without the aid of their own bodies. Beauty if you like, but such boys invariably wear bathing-suits. There is much to be said in praise of European bathing-machines which allow all those who like cleanliness to step directly into the water, under the protection of an awning. The innovation that I would myself like to install, would be an enormous awning beneath which I might swim coolly in the shade.

On the subject of Beach Behavior (which I have been a long time coming to), the ranks of etiquette always resolve themselves into the avoidance of everything that offends taste. Closely embraced dancing on the sand in bathing-suits or any other undressed proximity is not even passive behavior. Picnic meals in bathing-suits, and every tom from tahoo, addressed personally I don't want ever to have to eat next to any man bare-footed in his bathing-suit.

SAY, Mame and her boy friend went to Coney on Sunday and believe me they had a grand time." It goes something like that—the only announcement the great million gets when it journeys down to its favorite watering place. And what a long-distance call to this sort of thing!—"Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who arrived last week from Europe on the Majestic, have opened their villa at Newport, where they expect to remain for the rest of the season."

Coney Island is, quite possibly, as old a resort as Newport and must be at least as famous—perhaps more so since O. Henry has so many readers and Henry James so few. You might say the two resorts have reached the opposite poles of popularity. Certainly, one could be "more so" than either of them. Of course, many eminent philosophers, Kipling for one, would have us believe that it is only a matter of geography, that the two are sisters under their clothes. But if you have had an opportunity of observing the bathers on both beaches, I feel sure you will be skeptical about that. At any rate you'll have to admit, you'd much rather be the sister at Newport.

For she leads during these long summer days about as pleasant and willful life as the ingenuity of man has been able to devise. True, her habits isn't really quite as large as Cecil B. DeMille would have us believe. She won't swim around after the soap like Gloria, Marquise de la Coudrevre, nor get drunk before breakfast either, like the heroine in "Gilded Life." That is all, in the phrase of the vulgar boatman, "distinctly the bunk." But it is safe to say that if the Newport sister kept a diary after the manner of Samuel Pepys, it might read somewhat like this:

"Up betimes and took my bath. Had Mistinguett massage me and also use the vibrator, as the party last night was rather late. Felt yesterday it would be, knowing Chauncey as I do. Note: Must have Dr. Jameson analyze these beachchairs. Chauncey not up yet, evidently, poor dear! Livingston says he lost over a thousand at the Embassy last night."

"With Albert to the Casino to see the match between Miss Helen Wills and Mrs. Mallory. Pleasant game but game too prolonged, so on to Bailey's and wore my new suit in swimming."

"Luncheon at the Astors. Mrs. A. looked very ill in that cream Paquin Mother didn't buy. Home with Chauncey and we lay on the lawn for nearly two hours. Something at luncheon made me very drowsy. When C. woke up, we together to see the Gold Masher Match but did not get quite there, stopping instead at club for tea."

"Dinner on the yacht. Aunt Evelyn promises to take us along when the yachts move north soon to their Maine rendezvous at Bar Harbor. She's going to ask Chauncey, too. I love the Townsend's dance. . . . Where very late."

The Aunt Evelyn referred to has probably been summering in Newport for years, came first with her grandmother, who followed Mrs. August Belmont there in the early years after the Civil War. That was about the time old Newport began to know the social distinction of Gotham's Four Hundred. You can still see, along the first mile or so of Bellevue Avenue, mansions built by these first colonists in the early elaboration, conglomerate style of the late-Victorian era. In New York itself the architectural monotonicities of that time have faded away. Only in Newport you can still see them—houses of the old court, their roofs and gables rising proudly behind ancient trees and garden walls.

Farther out along this line of magnificence, beyond Bailey's Beach, you come to the new "cottages." (Such is the traditional term for these hundred-room palaces of brick and stone and marble.) These have been built with real archi-



ON THE SAND BEYOND THE WALL THE ELDERS LIE COMFORTABLY BENEATH STRIPED SUNSHADES

## HIGH HAT BEACHES

BY H. E. CHARLOT

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH



tectural intentions and are set back in wide, sloping lawns that culminate here and there in little forests of shrubbery and trees. They can drive along here for miles, always with the steep rocks and the surf on one side, passing, on the other, the green length of the golf course and the polo field, rose gardens and the sparkling roofs of greenhouses and, every now and then, some great villa: the white Vanderbilt of the Swiss village, exact replicas of an Alpine town, which is Commander Arthur Curtiss James' summer home.

The excerpt from Mistress Peppy's diary is not so very misleading, for whereas there is ample opportunity to take part in games, the really big sporting events are mostly observed. The season usually opens with an international tennis tournament for college teams, those of Yale, Oxford, Harvard and

Cambridge. It is held on the fine courts of America's most famous tennis club, the Newport Casino. British and American flags fly from the stands and there is an eager gallery out for these first big matches of the season. Thereafter follows a long string of tournaments, culminating toward the end of August, in the Invitation Tennis Tournament, the most important sports event of Newport's season.

During August, six golf tournaments are held at the Country Club. The unique golf event, however, is the Gold Masher Tournament, held early in September on Ocean Links, the extremely valuable property of Mr. T. Sufferin Tailor. Here the leading amateurs of America contend for a solid gold masher donated by Mr. Tailor.

Of course, during this prize-giving, the children could not be forgotten. They have plenty of medals and cups to work for, especially at Bailey's Beach, the summer colony's private beach to which, as you probably know, admittance is difficult. It is, like all Newport's playgrounds, a club, with the official title of Spouting Rock Beach Association. All the outsider ever sees is the blank facade of the high wooden wall beneath which, from ten until two every day, a mile-long line of clean-gleaming French, Italian, English and American automobiles. But on the fine, gray sand beyond the wall the elders lie comfortably beneath their striped sunshades, while the children run and swim for the prizes. There are mattress races, running races, races to the raft, and even for the very little children, sand building contests for which, last year, Mrs. Philip Rhinelandt, 2nd, offered pretty silver loving cups.

And, in more than the children, is charity overlooked. Years ago some brilliant patron or patroness conceived the idea of turning men's and women's mutual admiration

into dollars. So now there is always a Pretties Woman in Newport contest. The colony was agitated with great excitement last year when two young matrons, Mrs. Munds and Mrs. Rhinelandt, were racing along, as you might say, neck and neck. At last moment of balloting Mrs. Munds received five thousand votes, the donation which gave her the victory. The winner of the handsomest man contest likewise received a last minute block of votes, telegraphed by private wire from fellow members of the New York Stock Exchange. These beauty and popularity contests alone have netted thousands of dollars for the local hospital.

No sooner has the paraphernalia of the hot fate been cleared from the Casino grounds than the stands for the horse show are erected. That is another sporting event of the season's climax. Usually about four hundred horses—hunters and jumpers—entered in the various saddle classes. The late Reginald C. Vanderbilt, who died last fall, had been for years head of the committee of arrangements. The night before the opening it was his practice to give a large dinner to exhibitors and judges. In fact, all these sporting events are accompanied by a round of dinners and at least one or two suppers.

The great time for entertaining is the end of August when the tennis matches, gold masher matches, dog show, horse show, and regatta follow close upon one another. For a hall of any pretensions, a dancing pavilion is usually added to the main residence and there is, of course, dancing in the ball-room as well. And the piazzas, pavilion and main entrance are banked with bay trees, palms, evergreens and baskets of cut flowers. Hundreds of colored electric lights outline the driveways, depend in streamers from verandah balustrades and are set in flower-beds, trees, shrubs and lawns. As at the Huguels ball last year at "Villa Ross," supper is served at small tables under a tent on the lawn. It is not uncommon for the host to import entertainers— [Turn to page 60]



# ALIBI

BY  
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALTER EVERETT

Is there a spiritual union between man and wife which neither distance nor time nor life nor death nor the dark gulf between this world and the next can sever? A bond which can draw the soul of a dying woman through the night to find rest beside the candle-lit hearth of the man she has wronged but whom she has never ceased to love—and who has never ceased to love her? Philosophers and men of science debate the question while renowned physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declare its possibility, and it is presented here in a short story of singular poignancy and power—a story by a great American writer, one which will make you pause, as you read, and ask yourself, as Francis Grey did, whether it was truly the spirit of his wife that stood beside him a moment after she fired the fatal shot blocks away in her hotel?



THE gaiety and noise increased as the dinner progressed. The whole apartment was lighted—every room set with candles and Chinese lanterns.

All windows had been opened to the still night air. The new moon of June, shrouded, slender as a bride's ghost, slipped through dissolving fleecy which prevented disclosed her naked silver shape stealing across the skies.

On the terrace of the extension which gave from the French windows of the studio, the arbor was but a thicket of wisteria bloom all misty with the hovering wings of night moths.

Out here was one table where Gray presided, and from whence he could survey the half dozen tables set in a circle around the studio.

Here his guests danced and ate. A phonograph played, incessantly, everything from an old-fashioned waltz to the latest burst of jungle dissonance full of the kowling squalling of reeds and brass.

So still the wisteria-scented air that candle-flames wavered only in the breeze from the dancers—or when, all rising, another birthday toast was drunk to Gray, their host. . . . A lean, bronzed young man with pleasant eyes that told you nothing of himself—except his kindness. A mouth set in pleasant lines that revealed nothing more than did his eyes. A voice steadfast to a pleasant tone by habit or indifference—made more agreeable, perhaps, by self-control—or the absent-mindedness of hurried grief.

Well, his guests ate and drank and danced through the still June night. At intervals the ceaseless roar of the metropolis came up out of depths as anyone like the interminable surge of sea through caverns. But the high cliffs of the studio building softened all sound to muffled monotonies.

At intervals, during some lull in the dancing, some young aspirant to the Opera drifted from her partner's arms to the piano—new song, sometimes listened to—and rendered with gay indifference to attention or applause.

The little Vietnamese girl did that sort of thing once or twice, her cigarette charring the polished mahogany.

Constance Herron did the Bride's Dance from the forthcoming opera of *Les Droleques*. Pledge of secrecy and discretion—

but professionally unethical. Gray looked on, disapproving.

Afterward she came out to the wisteria terrace where Gray was standing, and rested both hands over the white carnation in his buttonhole. He told her, kindly, it was unethical. She pleaded caste and decency among his guests.

"Everybody's indecent at times," he said. "Better play safe, Constance. If you get in wrong with the Opera you'll have a dreary time in attempting a career."

She leaned lightly to him, looking down at the carnation which her pretty hands framed. "Is everybody really indecent at times?" she asked.

"I fancy so."

"Are you?"

"I have been," he said with that kindly expression which, for three years now, had become his only way of smiling. "Of course I don't believe it," she said.

He did not insist. She added, presently: "Not you, Francis."

But I guess I've been indecent, at times. . . . This is a funny world. . . . What strange impulses a decent girl can have—once or twice in her life!"

"There are too many inhibitions, anyway," he said.

"There have to be, don't there?"

"A few basic ones; one or two."

She nodded. "The Commandments."

"Yes. But that's enough. . . . More than enough, perhaps."

. . . I don't know. It's a dark landscape—life. You can't see clearly—what with the dusk and obscurity and myriads of moving shadows to confuse you. . . . It's well to remember that everybody else is blind, too."

"You're so kind, Francis."

"No," he said warily, "but when one can't see in the dark, you curse out others for their blindness!"

"You're so kind," she sighed. She turned, leaned on the parapet, looked out over the city stretching away to dark horizons. She went on talking, partly to herself: "Now, I'm not kind. Fire kinds in me sometimes. Who ill-uses me is my enemy. I strike if I can. . . . Or hate and wait. . . . Have you no hatred?"

"Some."

"You hate those who ill-use you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I can't."

"That's unhuman. That's altogether too Christ-like," she said. . . . "And if you're really that, why I believe what some say about you!"

He turned his head. "What do they say?"

"Well, that you're so damned remote—and decent and all that—"

She shrugged her lovely shoulders—"well, some say your mind and senses are in touch with—with planes that ordinary minds—concerning which ordinary minds are invisible."

"You mean I'm psychic?"

"Perhaps they mean that. . . . Are you?"

"If I am, I don't know it," he said with his characteristic smile. "And as for hatred—well, I was an energetic hater, once. . . . It seems to have faded out of me. It's become a mental impossibility, that's all."

After a while, not looking at him: "I suppose I know why," she said.

"I suppose you do."

"How strange. . . . What has killed hatred in you would have aroused and inflamed it in me. . . . In anybody—"

—almost." She rested on one dimpled elbow and dropped the other hand over her where it rested on the coping. "I'd hate her forever and ever," she said. "I'd blacken her memory with every word and thought and deed. I'd take my toll of the world to square things."

He shook his head. "I don't hate. . . . And there's nothing to square."

"Don't you ever want to misbehave?"

"Oh, I've been through that," he smiled.

"No mischievous inclinations?"

"For what?"

"Well, for example, for me?"

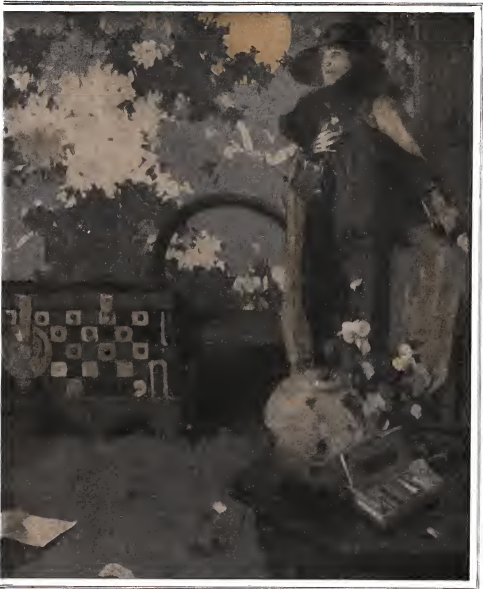
"Comme, you're so sweet," he said, laughing.

"You mean I'm unintentionally humorous."

"Scarcely that—"

"You did mean that. . . . I know it, anyway. I'm not laughing, either. Every woman is rather mad about you—"





She came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same light gesture—the faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late!"

I dared venture to call you up."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Is your memory so short?"

"Memory," he said, "can be either a tyrant or a friend."

I am glad to hear your voice again. And you, mine, I hope?"

Her uneasy reply: "My heart is beating—so hard—"

"I'll wait a moment," . . . Her voice again, presently, and

steadier: "Yes, I'm glad—to talk to you . . . I seem to

be very tired . . . Francis?"

"Yes?"

"I've wanted to tell you for such a long time . . . I

never lied to you but once—I mean really lied . . . That

alibi they offered in my behalf, and which was sustained,

was a lie."

"Yes," he said pleasantly, "I knew it."

"Why did you let me divorce you then?"

"A man couldn't use such a thing as that against any

woman."

There was another silence, then her voice once more: "I

suppose you haven't married again because your religion

takes no cognizance of divorce."

"I don't consider myself free to marry again."

"I'm so sorry, Francis."

"I have no desire to marry."

"I am—sorry that you have not fallen in love again."

"Why?"

"You ought to be in love."

"Why?"

"I think you need love . . . You—" he could hear her

forced laugh—"you were rather an ardent lover."

He laughed too: "I was rather ardent . . . Well, I was

only a boy—"

"You are still young."

A silence. Finally her voice again: "You say that you

are not in love, Francis?"

"I didn't say that."

"Oh . . . That's true. You said that you had no desire to

marry . . . I didn't understand . . . Then, are you in love?"

"Yes."

The silence lasted so long that finally he spoke her name

in low inquiry, wondering why she remained silent.

"I'm sorry; I was thinking . . . I wonder whether

I could see you again—for a moment—"

"When?"

"Sometime tonight."

"I have guests. They're dancing. I don't know how long

they'll remain."

"Would you telephone me when your guests are gone?"

"Yes."

She whispered: "I am glad that you are in love . . . I

wish your troubles were ended."

"Aren't

"Nearly . . . Good night, until I see you again . . . And

then, good-bye."

He went back through the tinted lights and gay confusion;

became part of it, now, in his kindly, subdued way, dancing

with everybody who cared to dance, abetting animated dis-

cussion and countenancing jollity with his characteristically

pleasant smile.

Finally the first pair of guests drifted homeward; others

followed; then, en masse, the homeward flight set in. His

man servant closed the door on the last lingering pair; re-

turned to the library where the master sat in his great chair,

his remote gaze on the hallway beyond.

When the man had extinguished lanterns and candles

throughout the apartment he appeared again for orders.

The master looked up: "Leave these two candles. I'm ex-

pecting one more guest. I'll open the door myself."

"Am I to go to bed, sir?"

"Good night."

"Good night, sir."

For a little while he sat there, then rose and entered his

bedroom. At the telephone, both hand and voice were very

uneasily when he called her hotel.

After an endless interval of waiting, the night-club re-

ported that the maid on duty in the corridor had seen her

leave her room, dressed for the street.

He hung up and went slowly back to his arm-chair, seated

himself and tried to think it all out. But thought had worn

down channels throughout these years; and now flowed

through them once more, drearily, knowing no other course.

He tried to realize that he was to see her again; that she

was already on her way—had not even waited for his message.

He estimated the time it would take a taxi to bring her

Then he remembered that the night—(Turn to page 63)

partly because they know they can't marry you and the

unconventuality of a love affair with you fascinates them—"

He was laughing, still; but in the tinted lantern-light she

could see that his pleasant eyes were revealing nothing of

himself.

"Anyway," she said, "we all love you. You could have a

wonderful time—if you wanted that kind of a time . . .

Why don't you want it?"

Much amused he told her he enjoyed watching his friends

having good times.

"You're lonely," she said.

"My dear, that is unavoidable. None escape it."

"All try to avoid it—except you."

"I also mitigate loneliness by giving this party—"

"You are lonelier in this hour than ever," she said in a

low voice. She turned and looked over her folded bare arm,

her regard plunged downward into depths of darkness. She

said steadily and distinctly: "If I could help, I would."

"I don't know how much I would dare do for you."

Pleanty of others would, too."

"You are kind, Connie."

"I don't know . . . What a mess life is. Nothing begins;

nothing ends. There's no story, no plot to it . . . Not a

trace of a story between birth and death—just the hours,

and what you do and what is done to you . . . And then

something kills you quickly or you slowly grow tired—tired

to the end—"

"Connie?"

She nodded that she heard.

"You're not in love with me, you know."

"Ah," she said with a little laugh, "didn't I tell you you

were sensitive to things that grosser clay can not compass?"

" . . . You know whether I am in love with you or not."

For a long while he looked out across the city through

darkness. The music from the phonograph had become

raucous. In the studio waiters were clearing the tables and

folding them, and the dancers now monopolized the entire

floor. "Shall we dance?" he asked, absently.

"If I could," she said, "I'd dance for your head on a

platter."

He glanced around at her. They both smiled mirthlessly.

"That's what hurts," she said, "—to know that any man

can love as you do . . . I'm sorry I said it, Francis."

"It's all right."

"Oh, but it isn't, it isn't! . . . Well, I'm sorry again,

then . . . Have you—"

"No, she doesn't write. I haven't heard from her in three

years . . ."

A servant came to call him to the telephone. As he

turned to leave, something in his face frightened the girl.

"Francis! You don't think—"

"Yes, I believe so . . . After three years—"

"It can't be! You can't know! How can you know?—"

"It seems to," he said in his pleasant, absent-minded way;

and, asking her leave, went away, slowly, into the house.

In his bedroom he seated himself before the telephone.

"Yes?" he inquired.

"Francis?" came a breathless voice over the wire. It

sounded startlingly near.

"How are you?" he asked pleasantly.

"After a moment: 'I'm very well . . . Not very well . . .

It doesn't matter."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm—all right. I guess . . . Your voice scared me . . .

It's so long ago, you see. Are you—surprised?"

"I don't seem to be. You know—after one has been behind

the scenes too much—one isn't surprised at things . . ."

Your voice sounds very clear and near. You are in town, I

suppose?"

She named her hotel.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Quite, thanks . . . Are you well, Francis?"

"Oh, entirely," he replied.

"And your work?"

"I go ahead and paint."

"You had a medal last winter."

He laughed: "You heard that? Where were you?"

"In Ceylon. Somebody lent me a file of old New York

newspapers." A pause; then her voice, resuming: "My

steamer landed today. I've been wondering all day whether





LIVE OAKS ENHANCE THE SEDUCTIVE CHARM OF THIS HOME IN WINTER PARK



HEY, there! Red Cross."

The call came from a group of douchboys to whom I had plodded a moment before. The morning was balmy, a rare thing in Paris in March of 1919, and I was going to my desk at Red Cross Headquarters through the Garden of the Tuileries. The boys, evidently on leave, had been glad to find a bench in the sun in the rare old place.

They surrounded me as I turned back, holding up a little pamphlet—its title was their salvation! "Hey there!"

Below was a subtitle—"Do you want a Home on a Farm?"

It was the subtitle about which they wanted to question me. Did I know anything about the scheme? Did the government mean it? Was it possible they would be given a chance to buy a farm?

As it happened, I did know a little of it. I could tell them of the faith, thoroughness and enthusiasm with which Secretary Lane had worked out the plan—that both President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt, wide apart as they usually were in their views, had heartily approved it; that I believed Congress could not refuse to agree. How could it? A plan so simple, wise, just.

There was an elderly man in the group. "It doesn't always follow, you know," he said cynically, "that because a thing is simple, wise and just, Congress agrees."

We cried him down. "But this—why Congress can't help doing this. It would be great for the whole country. Anybody can see that."

And we were right—the little pamphlet outlined a plan of land reclamation and settlement by soldiers which was a mastery piece of common sense, practical in every detail. It had been before the country almost a year and had been warmly approved. The opinions of the men themselves were being sought—both overseas and in the camps at home. The little pamphlet was merely one item in a widespread campaign to make the scheme known and to sound out the interest it provoked.

Here was the essence of the situation—with Secretary Lane's proposition for meeting it. The war was over—4,000,000 men would soon be released to civilian life. It was already clear that many of them could not and many did not want to take up the activities the war had interrupted. Things had changed; they had changed. The government which had interrupted their orderly existence should, in justice, do its utmost to

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

BY IDA M. TARBELL

*Ida Tarbell Draws Her Conclusions on the Deflated Boom and Points out How Man's Eternal Hunger for Land and a Commonwealth's Highest Welfare May Be Safely Linked By A Cooperative Scheme Which Will Prevent the Disasters That Follow Unscientific Attempts to Colonize Our Unpopulated Areas.*

Can Florida, and similar tracts of sparsely-populated country, help to satisfy the land-hunger of this nation? Will that state repeat—and other states also—the mistakes that have hampered America's previous experiments in colonization or will further colonization be truly scientific in the United States? Will cognizance be taken of the new methods produced by twentieth century technique both in agriculture and in finance? All these problems are discussed and analyzed in this valuable article, the last in Miss Tarbell's epoch-making series on Florida. If you are looking for a new home, a new farm, you will wish to read and ponder this remarkable analysis of the great "boom" by the most astute and famous woman-journalist in America.



OLD SPANISH MILL, PONCE DE LEON SPRINGS



THE MIRA MAR HOTEL AT BEAUTIFUL SARASOTA



restore them. A fair proportion of the men were land-minded. The farm was the place for them. In the United States there was at that time more than 200,000,000 acres of land which by irrigation, drainage, or clearing could be made fit for farming of one kind or another. In all the states there were tracts of abandoned lands, once rich in yield, still capable of restoration. Not all of it belonged to the United States; much of it belonged to states or individuals, but by cooperative effort enough and more could easily be obtained to satisfy the discharged soldier needs.

It was proposed that the men themselves do the work of redeeming the land and making it ready for settlement and crops—do it on good wages paid by the government and under the direction of skilled engineers, builders, farmers. "Do just what we've had to do over here," said one of the boys, "without any shells playing the deuce with you." While this work was going on the men were to live in

contaminations of the kind to which they had become accustomed. I have the amusements, instructions, the opportunities of a community life. When the land was cleared, dams and canals built, roads constructed, houses, creameries, ice-plants, packing-houses, schools, churches ready, tracts were to be sold practically at cost to those veterans that wanted farms of their own.

It was expected that the men would save out of the wages they received in the period of preparation enough for a first payment—and be able to meet the succeeding long term payments out of their crops. Money for implements, stock and seed was to be advanced by the government and repaid on easy terms. Expert advice was to be always available.

The pamphlet concluded: "Remember that this means work. This is not a bounty scheme. It will give a chance to own a farm only to those who want to work a farm."

As we talked it over there in the Garden of the Tuileries all agreed, even the cynic, that it ought to work, and while I sat with them three boys announced their intention to fill out the postal card which was attached to the little pamphlet.

This was the card—

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE  
Name in full .....  
Home address .....  
How old are you? .....  
What was your occupation before you enlisted? .....  
Have you ever worked on a farm? .....  
Are you interested in this plan to provide work and a farm for you? .....  
State whether general, live stock, truck, or fruit ....  
What kind of farming do you wish to follow? .....  
Would you be willing to take a job on some project if offered to you? .....  
In your own State? .....  
Anywhere in the United States? .....  
I wish to plant and raise on this land .....

There is many a heartache today when that card turns up! What hopes it awakened! What an answer it was to concealed anxieties—what a host of boys filled it out!

"Forty percent of the men would willingly pass direct from the Army into this work," wrote an officer, who had been sounding out the men, to the Reclamation Bureau in Washington.

"Every soldier I have talked with thinks the plan splendid," wrote another. [Turn to page 55]

A VIEW OF ORLANDO'S SKY LINE





THE auburn-haired girl was at the piano. Above her head a lamp, the only light in the room, lit up the ivory of her raised hands. A study in white and gold, she glared conspicuously against the dim background of green wallpaper. There was a touch of mystery about her, a somber passion, a concealed pathos, which blinted at an eager personality that clamored vainly to be expressed. She was playing her heart out in a storm of sound. That was like Birrel, to be indiscreet in every way save with her mouth.

Aline, as she listened, wondered that her husband hadn't noticed—noticed everything. Perhaps he had. She sat crouched before the fire in a low, high-backed chair. One foot was tucked under her. She had a child's knack of settling herself up and making herself seem tiny. Her brown-black hair went about her forehead in a swirl, so that some of it tumbled and drifted in front of her gray eyes. In contrast to Birrel she was mist and dusk—almost disembodied as she leaned in by shadows.

No one would have guessed it. She secretly loved him to herself. Inch by inch she had retreated before the truth; but she could retreat no further. Her back was to the wall. Her husband was disappointed in her.

The auburn-haired girl broke off abruptly. She realized that she had been saying things in music that ought not to be said. She swung round with yellow greenery and spoke huskily.

"Aline, you're the luckiest kid in the world!" Aline sat very still. At last she answered.

"Married Dan. You mean that?" Birrel switched off the lamp and came slowly through the darkness. She looked very tall, distrustful and alluring. She hovered about the chair in silence, then knelt, taking the young girl's hand and pressing it to her mouth.

"How soft it is," he murmured. And then, "It must be wonderful to be married to Dan." She waited for a reply. When none came, she continued, "He never looked at any of us girls. You were the first. Yes, really. And yet—you know, we were all in love with him."

The smothered laugh told Aline much more than the words. She slipped her arm shyly about the tall girl's neck. "No one could help loving him," she whispered. "But you—you're so beautiful, Birrel. You have such lovely hair. He's so fond of music, too, and you—I've often wondered."

Birrel turned her face sharply into the darkness. "Aline, it isn't being clever that wins a man. Men flirt with clever persons—they don't marry them. But Dan—he didn't do even that. He's too earnest to play at anything that's false. He was too busy giving a thought to us girls—too ambitious. And then, he went abroad—and met you." Went abroad and met you? Aline saw the picture—the gray town of Ambrose. Life went up and down its streets with a pleasant humming sound. It was all so different from this New York. And it was there that he had met her. She raised her eyes from looking in the fire and asked a strange question—one which a wife of a year's standing ought certainly to have been able to answer for herself: "Birrel, how can he marry me?"

A pause, during which one woman searched for the meaning that hid behind the other's question. "I think," she said, speaking slowly, "because you were good. You know, dear, so we are good in your sense. We want so much; it takes such a little to give you pleasure. We're pirates—we ransack anybody for what we think we must have." Her eyes were dim. "I'm not sure that you ought to have me here, knowing what you must know now."

Aline drew herself up—a child on the defensive. "I'm not sure either of myself or of you."

The answer came cynically. "Wives never are until—I'm



AT THE END OF A MOTIF HE STATED HER HANDS. "YOU'RE NOT HAPPY?"

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. MITCHELL



going. No, let me go before Dan—!" She slipped into her fur. "I can let myself out."

Aline re-entered the darkened room, crossed it and drew aside the curtains.

She heard her husband in the hall. The door opened. He stood on the threshold puzzled by the darkness. He reached out his hand; the room was flooded with a dazzling glare. "Why, youngster, how you scared me! Thought Birrel was to be here, and we were to have some music."

She watched him—tall, broad-shouldered and slight of hip in his evening-dress. She watched his face—extraordinarily sensitive for a man's, arched at the nostrils, square in the forehead and as finely moulded as a woman's about the mouth. When his soul was hurt, his lips could come together as though they would never open. Was it only fancy? Had his face grown stern? It seemed to her that he was less young than at Ambrose.

"Little one," he whispered, "you're trembling. What's happened?"

She wanted to tell him, bad tried to tell him for many days. Now that the opportunity had come, she only pressed

her forehead against his shoulder and wept. He questioned her. Had she quarrelled with Birrel? Was it anything

that he had said? Had he been unthoughtful of her? Slowly she shook her head; truth refused to be spoken. She lay in his arms very small and quiet. When he sat down before the fire, he was still bolder. The emotional silence was unbroken.

He bent down his face. "It's—It's a long time since we've done anything like this—we've grown afraid of thinking each other foolish."

She sat up, her hands on his shoulders, holding him from her. It had to be said, "Dan, why did you marry me?"

"You oughtn't to have to ask. You know—because I loved you better than any woman in the world." He didn't kiss her as he said it. His arms were slack about her. Her voice trembled. "Did you love me? Or did you love some one you thought I was, or thought I might become?"—No, listen, Dan. I'm not accusing; I'm just trying to find out. Perhaps all men and women who love each other—perhaps they all take each other for granted when they're married. Perhaps I don't know—but I can't hear it. We used to be so near—so anxious to be alone and happy. And now—why do we try to escape to people; we're afraid of thing each other. And we're hungry. It wasn't I you loved; it was—"

He seized her hands fiercely—and raised them to his mouth. "Aline, don't you believe me? That you were the first—the only woman? There was no one before you."

She ruffled his hair. "You don't! That wasn't what I meant. It was wonderful that I should have been the first, but—that's no trouble. You know I've loved women. If you'd loved before, you'd have learnt; a woman likes to be loved for what she is; not for the magic cloak that a man flings round her. He's simply loving himself then. You tried to think I was clever; I'm not. And then, even when you began to suspect, you wanted to believe that you could make me over into your ideal, as a woman does a dress. I never had any—I'm just ordinary. And yet—I think you'd like me, if you'd only find out who I am. You're disappointed in me!"

She was crying with a child's abandon. "Listen," He spoke chokingly. "We'll go back to Ambrose for a holiday. It was there that we first met. We always planned to go. We'll go and see the old man who makes suits. You remember? It was after we'd been talking with him that I first kissed you. We'll do all the things we used to do together. And then—"

"And then?" She looked at him searchingly.

"And then, we'll forget this busy New York. We'll be together."

"Not together," She said it sadly. "That wouldn't do it. Your work's here. We've got to live here. It's here that we must fight it out. Oh, dear, it was so good of you to plan to go. We'll go and see the old man who makes suits. You remember? It was after we'd been talking with him that I first kissed you. We'll do all the things we used to do together. And then—"

He knew it. "Won't you try, Aline?" She finished his sentence for him. "To be a some one else?" She shook her head. "No. I'm so tired of pretending—Good-night, Dan. You don't like me. You don't want me. Not what you intended. I wish you'd learned something about women before you married me. Perhaps you would not have been so disappointed in me."

Left by himself he felt sorry and sorry. Somehow Aline had faded him. Had he asked too much? Idealists are cruel. His girl-wife stood desperately with her back to the wall in a bedroom not far distant. She had given herself too ungrudgingly. There was only one way to re-win his love. At whatever cost, he must be taught about women—made to know the worth of simple affection.

Two days after his conversation with (Turn to page 61)



"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T. . . GET YOURSELF INVOLVED IN THEIR PLANS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE"

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

✻ BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE ✻

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

**A**MID the horror and terror that accompanied the fall of the monarchy in Hungary after the World War, young and beautiful Denise Vay, maid-of-honor to the Queen, has a great purpose in life, a goal for which to live. For Zita, the former Empress-Queen, has entrusted to her the secret of the emeralds of St. Stephen, asking Denise, with the aid of her brother, to obtain these jewels for the royal family. It was when she was summoned to the Queen in Eckartau that Denise's life and honor were saved by a man who gave his name as Andor Brull and who professed to be a common soldier returning from the front. On that occasion Denise was threatened by a creature of whom she knew nothing except that his name was Tibor and that he cherished against her a grudge for some unknown offense.

**A**T last she came wearily down the dirty dark stair that led to the coal-dealer's office, in the entry stopped as she might had she been met by an invisible barrier, and with one gloved hand clutching to her bosom that precious, worthless permit, helplessly looked this way and that.

People pushed by her while dismayed Denise there, other holders of coal permits passing in a steady trickle. None paid the young woman with the dashed and wistful countenance the smallest attention; sights of such discomfition were in the Buda-Pest of that time too common.

She felt obliged at length to accept the fact that the carriage was gone which she had left at the kerb, hours ago, to wait her return from an errand whose doing should have been an affair of, at most, ten minutes—had not only disappeared but was in all likelihood lost forever. There was a fine chance that the driver, the doddering old Snickler who was the one manservant they had been able to bribe into staying on at the villa in the hills, would turn up with his horses long after midnight, or perhaps the next morning, very drunk and impatient. It was more probable that the carriage had been appropriated by Red soldiers on a lunge and that neither it nor its driver would ever be heard of again.

And that equipage had been their sole means of transportation. . . .

She began to walk toward the Danube, hugging a shadowy

*For eerie terror, for breathless thrills, read this dramatic novel of the terrible "red days" in Budapest which followed in the wake of the great war. Each installment mounts to a crescendo of love, hate and anguish. This is a novel which you will not be able to forget. It is emphatically one of the most notable products of current American fiction and establishes the high-water mark of Louis Joseph Vance's career*



hope that she might pick up somewhere a fiacre. Otherwise, since the trams for no reason had stopped running, she would need to find her way back to the villa afoot; a long walk. It would be black night before she could hope to see home again, without a lift of some sort; the roads were anything but safe even by daylight, and her mother would fret. Furthermore, Denise carried a heart as sad as the day.

The skies were so low and heavy that it had been dark in Pest at high noon. Morbid yellow fog closed every vista, smudged out completely the heights of Buda across the river. The sidewalks were slimy and, though rain had yet to fall, the neglected roadways swam with liquid mire. There was little traffic abroad, and the atmosphere was charged, more than with melleur, with deadly suspense; people in passing consulted one another's faces with flying looks of fear; it was felt more than rumored that some new devilry was brewing, some fresh ordeal for the unhappy city being prepared by the powers of darkness that ruled its destinies today, those legates of Evil who skulked still behind the imbecile masks of authority which the government of the National People's Council was permitted to parade.

Ever and again, as Denise hurried on, her special unconsciousness would betray itself in a glance shot overshoolder.

But for all that she had met a ghost back there, the girl could not see that she was being followed.

Could she, then, possibly have been mistaken? Had it been merely that the dreams which haunted her days had fastened on a chance resemblance the letter to excuse their perseverance? The month which had passed since that night of storm had been signalized by never a hint of sequel to the adventure of the toad-man; and though she knew that in such times of upheaval the depths spew up their abominations to the surface of society, where their very monstrosity often seems enough to lend them a little lease of unnatural and malignant life, Denise lately had been tempted to take the mere continuance of her immunity as warrant for nursing a hope; perhaps there would after all be no sequel.

And now, this day, she had, or misjudged the had, run afoul of that man again. There was barely room for the question. Shadows like ghostly arras had draped that sanctum in which persistence had at last won her audience with one who held heat and life or cold and death in the unwashed hollows of his two, fat, ring-crusted hands. The friend who was with the coal-dealer sat with his back to the only window and made no sign, morbidly held Denise in the fixed, sidereal focus of a single eye-glass, till, struck by the abnormal pallor of his darkened countenance, the girl had permitted her gaze to be drawn to mark its singular look, the look of a hunchback, that seal which consciousness of deformity, spiritual as well as bodily, sets on the flesh of some faces.

The discovery had proved so unconvincing that Denise, stammering in her argument, had needed to be cynically prompted before she could pick up its thread and go on to say why it was imperative that the villa should be supplied with coal immediately; with its hills all bare, its park, and for that matter every wooded acre for miles around, plucked clean of firewood by hands of poor thieves from the city, pliant to keep their half-starved bodies from being frozen alive, and with labor, impudent in its assurance of the unemployment dole, refusing to be hired at any price to fell trees for fuel; while in an unheated house an aged man, who had given a lifetime to the service of king and country, and his son who had fought four years for Hungary, lay in critical

stages of convalescence from Spanish influenza.

When she had no more to say, the girl had to wait while the autocar, his sleeve tweaked, bent an ear to something private which the man with the deathly pallor was moved to communicate. And while he listened, she saw the coal-dealer's eyes, that had taken fire at sight of her, grow bleak and hard. Denise could hear now the impatient grunt which had preceded his reply: "So that's your story! Well: let me tell you, young woman, we hear yarns like yours a hundred—no, a thousand times a day. See the allotment clerk on your way out. He'll take your order, and when your turn comes you'll be served."

"But have I failed to make you understand our need is desperate? I have here our permit, granted months ago—" "Procured through favoritism under the old régime, naturally. But that's all over. The trouble with you swells is, you won't wake up and realize things have changed. It's the workers who come first today, after them the unemployed. When their needs have been attended to, the bourgeoisie and clergy will get their hit. You and your high-and-mighty sort will come last every time. You may as well make up your mind to that, and not come bothering me again with claims to special consideration, just because you're an aristocrat. Good-day!"

But even more hateful than the trifling failure, the girl had brought away her memory of the sneering promise in the other man's parting regard.

She came out into Franz Josef Square, where, in the neighborhood of the great hotels, she had left almost entire of finding a carriage for hire. Over in Maria Valeria street, near the entrance to the Ritz, several automobiles were standing; but she knew that they were private by the flags of foreign Missions fastened to their wind-shields. And there was never a cab in sight. Quite conceivably every one had been frightened away by apprehensions of trouble to

be indifferently amused, more bored. After a few moments they began to exchange ironical observations and laughter. Some lighted cigarettes, two turned their backs on the show and sauntered off toward the Corso—heading, at a fair guess, for the Ritz bar.

"Do you know who that is, lady?" Denise jumped; but the speaker was only a policeman with a friendly countenance. He nodded toward the figure of fun in the lorry. "That's Bela Kun."

But something sinister in the mere sound of those three syllables caused the girl to shudder. She looked again, with sight sharpened.

The creature had a skull modelled after a cannon-ball and so bald. Skin as yellow as a Chinaman's, otherwise white without color or hate, served as a sort of sack for an assemblage of nondescript features, all puffy and shapeless. The ears thrust out like handles. Soft bags underneath little black eyes, and thick protruding lips worked uncouthly beneath a fleshy beak of a nose, as if seeking in vain to shape the forces of criminal madness which the lungs were exploding in vast, sustained gusts of noise. The sweat which zeal forced out on his low forehead the man mopped with a bare hand and snapped heedlessly from the ends of blunt fingers.

"Don't you hear what he is saying?" Denise demanded, revolted, and a little encouraged to note that the cap of this particular policeman still wore the symbol of the Crown. "Don't you know he's calling for the murder of what is left of Hungary and Soviet rule direct from Moscow for you and yours?"

"Not so loud!" The good soul was unaffectedly resolved to observe no prick-accused bystander. "It would be as much as my life's work to try to stop the mouth of the finally similitude." Besides, under this grand Republic, everyone

at least she would get home more speedily than she could hope to if she walked; she did her best to be grateful to Fortune for this windfall.

Franz Josef Square dropped astern, the brays of Bela Kun blurred and were not. Beyond the first arch of the Suspension Bridge the fog was denser, a clammy, unclean blanket for the Danube. But the unorthodox clapping of boots could not drown out the tongues of that unseen yellow flood below, mummaling and slaying at the piers, chuckling over the tales it could tell of the murdered that nightly were given to its embraces in these piping times of revolution. It was a relief to hear those hoofs begin to pound out echoes not so sepulchral, and know the cab had refound good solid earth. But that reflection had no more than formed when Denise saw two figures range up alongside, muddy pelting out of nowhere, men who wore the milk-livery of Hilda's braves. One caught the bits and threw the horse back on his haunches, the other, planting a foot on a fore-wheel hub, bounded up to the box, took the driver by the throat, and with no more ado hurried him headily to the cables. Denise, without losing a heartbeat to indecision, jumped up and out and took to her heels.

Yells and catcalls pursued her, but mercifully no rumor of feet. And thus given to believe that the sailors had made a prize of the face for purposes of private mischief which had nothing to do with herself, the girl presently abated her pace to a rapid walk and, meeting the gaze of the Castel Hill passenger tunnel, committed herself to it without undue misgivings. After all, this sort of thing was no worse than the misadventure which everybody had to evade nowadays.

And Brull had been right: in Buda-Pest of the Revolution anything could happen—most things did.

But—Heavens!—why must I have been so forever hurtling back to that? A round month now, and more, and,



EVERY NIGHT ONE OR ANOTHER FORSAKEN VILLA . . . WAS LOOTED

come of the meeting which was being held over in front of the Academy of Sciences.

There a sizable mob had gathered round a goods-river which by a stunted and pudgy person, clothed like a bank clerk, was bellowing a harangue. Denise noticed, too, that several foreigners had come out of the Ritz and strolled over to the triangular plot of park round which the tram tracks wind to the quay. They were looking on and listening attentively, as if they, too, rather expected something interesting might happen any minute.

In spite of these intimations of danger, Denise delayed, fascinated by the spectacle, at once repellent and comic, which the speaker was making of himself. His short thick arms sawed out wooden gestures. His voice was hideous, husky and in that dead air flat—nothing that Denise caught of his creed repelled by a hair's-breadth from the clichés of class hatred which, ever since its establishment, that broad-minded republican government had permitted to be preached openly on every street corner. And nobody seemed to be much impressed. The few policemen about looked weary and resigned—none yawned behind a hand. The crowd, which had a heavy mixture of soldiers and marines, listened, gazing, with the apathy of underwitted school children. Occasionally the speaker, pausing for applause, would hear a thick mutter and take it for encouragement. He ranted on with stammering passion, spewing his creed of hate as a hash of Hungarian, the speech of a half-educated man wrestling with a foreign tongue.

The foreigners over the way, correspondents and attachés of the Missions, mostly English, Denise reckoned them, seemed

goes." He thought that over for a moment, and submitted an amendment: "Everything but common-sense."

The fog was shutting down, dingy and jaundiced as the face of Bela Kun. The magnificent span of the Suspension Bridge faded out in mid-air, as if discouraged by the manifest vanity of reaching out for a vanished shore. In another hour it would be night.

To that plaintive cry of warning which is peculiar to the cabbies of Buda-Pest, an unwary vehicle rattled out of a side-street. Denise signaled, but the driver pretended not to notice till the policeman sharply called him to a halt and stood by while the fellow with ill grace straddled a bargain for the drive. Denise, with a word of thanks, climbed in, and got a parting salute which the giver obviously hoped nobody else would notice.

The cab was a ransackable barouche clothed in a single, insufficient garment, the wreck of a folding top that sagged down behind; its power unit was, in a word, wretched: the ensemble composed no worse a machine than the one she had learned to look for in a city from whose streets the War had drained everything in the shape of a horse that could count four five legs. Denise foresaw that she would get home Heaven-knew-when and chilled to the bone. But

never a day that something didn't turn up to put her in mind of him, that strange man of the common people. . . Still, the mystery, she supposed, of his sudden and total self-oblivion was enough to account for the hold he retained on her imagination.

The fog occupied the tunnel like a sluggish gas, blurring down the widely spaced lamps till they were mere smears in a sulphurous glow. It was comforting to have the sweating wall to steer by. So long as one kept in touch with that and bore in mind that the longest tunnel had two ends.

Somebody was walking with her all at once, a silent presence at her elbow, keeping step. One startled look stranded a cry in her throat, and sent her shrinking to it. The toad-man stopped when she stopped and held a speechless wait: a forbidding figure clad all in black, even to black gloves on his awkward big hands, like a mute at a funeral, with not a solitary spot of relieving color, since his hair was black and his little eyes in that dusk seemed to be, and his face of a bunched had that repulsive toad-belly black.

She remarked again, behind the stare of his eye-glass, that quiet sardonic glimmer, the secret smile of one who incarnates himself strong in knowledge to the herd denied.

Abruptly, essaying an urbanity which nevertheless failed to tune out that betraying gloom, he addressed her. "Did I alarm you, Denise Vay? I am sorry. You must not look at me like that—I only want to do you a kindness."

Denise answered, nothing, could not answer. Her flesh was crawling. She recalled the loathsome solitudes and cold

of those hands which had once prisoned her wrists, and felt that she should one day touch her again, she would go into screaming hysteria.

"A true kindness, on my honor," the man pursued, the full padding lips shapely and firm, that knew no reflection in his eyes. "You don't understand; but just listen, and you will. It is coaly you want more than anything, isn't it?"

"That's . . . The girl gulped and tried again before she could command coherent speech. "What is that to you?"

"Nothing, more than the chance it gives me to do you a kindness. Because to you it is everything, coal. I think of your father and brother, dying by inches just for want of a little heat . . . Now if I arrange things so your bins are filled without delay, that will be a real kindness, won't it, Denise?"

"But can you do that?" Impossible to refrain from asking, in consideration of their plight. . . . "And why should you?" Denise pressed, they were that kindness. You were cruel to me once, Denise. . . . You don't remember, but I don't forget. I am one who never forgets—neither cruelty nor kindness do I ever forget. . . . "—and now he was frowning. "—kindness, much kindness, Denise. You might spare my memory clean of its score against you for cruelty. You could make me very happy if you would; and I can make you happy too, if you desire me to use my influence in this matter of coal rationing. . . ."

To her everlasting shame, the girl was tempted to temporize, to pretend to waver terms with the creature. For it was clear that he was beguine, beneath all the cheap menace of his equivocations was a beggar to her, whining but in hand for coaxing she knew could bring to wounds which, it would appear, self-love somewhere had suffered at her hands. The difficulty was, she could not hold an instant's doubt but that he would be able to make good his offer to soften the heart of the coal-dealer. . . .

The necessity of making a decision, however, was taken from her. A glare of a sudden broke through that choking gloom, a shout was lifted that called echoes from the vaulted roof, jammed brakes brought a great and splendid machine to a grinding halt by the sidewalk, a door flew wide and, all in one dash of perfectly synchronized and direct action, a man sprang out, struck the toadman a wicked blow on the point of the jaw and, as with a screech that one went down and slithered across the walk to the wall, slipped an arm round the girl's waist, breathed, "All right—trust me to see you clear!" and swung her, whether she would or not, into the body of the panting car, which shot away before its door could be slammed.

A breathless Denise dropped back on the seat and tried to catch her wits together. The automobile was one of those which the foreign missions and press people had brought in after the Armistice. From each side of the windshield small flags were streaming, proud little American flags, bright with victory. The driver was alone in the seat forward. In the toadman with Denise was on one but the man who had interfered with such scant ceremony and deadly executive ability. And he was one on whom, to her knowledge, she had ever before glimpsed eyes.

"Sorry," she heard him saying in a manner pleasantly apologetic—"too bad I had to handle you so rudely, but that was no time to stand on ceremony—the thing had to be done just the way it was, or there'd be the dickens to pay."

The southern maw of the toadman, that moment delivered them to what was left of the day-light; and if that wasn't much to boast of, with fog strangling it down to a gamboge-stained gleaming, it was as pleasant as sunshine after the stifling dark they were leaving astern. Moreover, it enabled the girl to take fair stock of this gratuitous guardian angel.

He summed up a youngish person, but not too young, with a keen cast of features nicely weathered to a tone that made his hair seem shades lighter than it probably was, and clear brown eyes of a thoughtful kind. He wore plain but perkily informed with amusement; a youngish man perhaps not too well-dressed, but one who subtly conveyed an effect of not desperately caring whether his clothes were the latest cry in Sockville Street, so long as they made him presentable enough to pass in the shabby crowds of post-War Buda-Pest.

"Well, that's only natural. Only, I hope you don't think I make that sort of thing a practice, running amok and slugging comparative strangers against their ears when they aren't dreaming extenuating circumstances. You see, if I had given that bird time to see and know me, Buda-Pest wouldn't be big enough

after tonight to hold us both; and it's my guess I'd be the lad elected to next and expeditious elimination. So I simply had to put him down for the count when he wasn't looking. Otherwise, my folks back home would start shopping for mourning tomorrow, and you'd be left here all alone to stand off this Mafia your boy-friend trains with."

"I don't know," the girl blankly confessed. "I suppose it must be everything happening all at once has made me stupid; but I really do not know what you are talking about."

"You don't?" The American ineffectually chuckled. "Do say you're not cross with me, all the same."

"Cross with you? But I am surely most grateful—only I don't understand."

"And you do not mind letting me see you safely home?"

"I won't know how to thank you, truly, but—"

"Half a minute, please: I've got to tell our driver where to take us."

The youngish man lurched up to lean over the forward seat and confide his mind to a respectful car. A browned spare hand twice cut the air to indicate the way the car must go. The chauffeur responded with alert nod.

"That's all right," The American dropped back. "Guy knows the road, and if the visibility goes on getting better and better . . ."

It was true that thereabouts, on the rising road they had swung into, with Var a hillside on their right, and on their left the old parade ground known to history as the Field of Blood, the fog was thinner, its complexion cooler; it was even possible, through thinning veils more silvery now than copper-tinted, to pick out wayside contours, and hold on at speed without much risk of mishap.

"But how under the sun did you know where to tell the man to go?"

A quiet chuckle at the expense of the girl's mystification

York; which makes me, by the grace of God, one hundred percent American—so I'm told, and contrary to my belief. At present I'm acting as first hand-on, self-appointed, to the American Mission here. That's how I happened to be on hand in Franz Josef Square, when the fellow came in, and Friedl Tiber broke cover and sent that brace of murderers racing after you. I dare say you'd still be conducting heavy diplomatic negotiations if there were in fact a man, if I hadn't made bold to borrow the Mission car and come along to see what Desperate Desmond was up to—and make him visit my wren."

Mr. Andrew Brull here offered an inviting pause, but Denise could only stare and helplessly was her head. "Do say you're not cross. You wouldn't be if you knew how much it went against the grain—word of honor, it did!—to decide you so, that time. But, of course, the thing just had to be done; the Armistice was still too much a novelty; I didn't dare slip under my trusty tires, and I'm telling you when I'd bump into somebody who hadn't heard yet the War was over and would put me at sight for a spy. So I simply had to be a Hungarian and start beating home on the Plave; and once I'd told my story, had to stick to it—if I hadn't I might easily have lost a lot more than my belt."

The girl managed to enunciate at last that money-baiting:

"Bet?"

"Oh, that's all off now. I won it, all right, but at the same time I lost it—lost because I'd won, if you know what I mean. Please don't get 'way! I'm going to explain, you'll give me a chance. You see, I'm a sort of correspondent, the free-lance sort; I mean, my job's doing pretty articles for magazines. I got into the scrap early—while the Canadians got crooked at Ypres; and inviolated home. When the United States joined in, I tried to get back to the front; but they shelved me on account of my old wounds, and I only thing left for me was to buy my portable me ribbon and try writing war stuff for the home-market. The Armistice caught me in Geneva, with a raft of my kind. We made an excuse for a big bust, of course, and in the heat of the fun I made a fool bet with a friend, a British person, who was sorry when I came to; but it was out of the question, of course, to lose all of it. I'm an Englishman, I just naturally had to slip across the frontier and make my way to Vienna in disguise."

"In Heaven's name!" the girl cried—"what for?"

"Can't you guess? It took a lot of time, believe me; and by the time I found myself in Vienna, the Emperor had been moved from Schoenbrunn to Fickarsau. I was heading for the school curriculum, when the storm drove me to shelter in that cow-barn, and history took its foot in its hand and began to make tracks."

"Still," the girl protested, amused in spite of herself, "you do not tell me about that war, do you?"

"Well, if you'll only remember that I lost it, maybe you won't be too sorry. . . . The bet was that I would be the first English-speaking correspondent to get a personal interview with the Emperor as he was falling in with you. I got it all right. He's one of the best. Charles of Habsburg, and the things he told me, while we were waiting for you to finish your talk with Zita, were the best of the heart—and never a word about their being Masonic—would make rare reading if I were only able to write the story. But that won't ever see print now—unless, perhaps, some day, when all this time has faded into ancient history, I feel the urge to write the memories of a nervous war."

"Thank you," the girl said gravely, "for that promise. It is a promise, I hope?"

"Oh, positively!"

"But why?"

"Because . . ." The American faltered and cocked a whimsical eyebrow. "You won't be offended?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, then, because I rather thought you'd be pleased, and maybe thank me."

A clear yet thoughtful, unsmiling look recognized and coolly challenged the person who thus came to the end of the street. "You are asking me to believe you deliberately forfeited a wager, to say nothing of a chance to make a fine name for yourself as a journalist, and I'm telling you."

"Perhaps more in the hope of not displeasing you."

"Forgive me if I ask again—why?"

"I should think you'd understand. I [Turn to page 45]

THE FELLOW HAD  
SCREWED UP HIS IN-  
FIDENCE TO APPROACH  
DENISE, WITH A PER-  
POSE SLOW TO TRANS-  
PIRE



praised a reply that came in a startling voice, quite a new one if at the same time known of old. Its accents harbored back hence a break of more than thirty days. "How should I fail to know, gracious lady, seeing it was yourself who showed me the road to your door?"

A mild giddy with shock was unable at the moment to be more articulate. The thing past believing was so notwithstanding, now that one's stunned gaze searched that gay brown countenance for the lineaments of Andor Brull, the likeness incoherently was there.

"Will you forgive me?" My name is Andrew Brull, as a matter of fact; and I narrowly escaped being Hungarian-born. Both my parents had from Buda-Pest, and I happened shortly after they had set up housekeeping in New





"BUT," WENT ON PETER, "SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY PEACE OF MIND, TAMESIE DUT!"

PETER KENSINGTON DURANT, who was out hunting for an English Lane, a bit of Limehouse, a Spanish hacienda and a Mississippi River flatboat, among the no of his disreputable looking car around a sharp curve in the winding dirt road and came head-on into conflict with the weirdest appearing affair he had ever encountered in all the eventful days of his life. It was, he supposed, a van, since it had four wheels and was too large to be a hand organ. But it had a red roof, bright green sides, purple and black striped wheels and—Peter's eyes bulged—it was drawn by the yellowest horse that ever stepped out of a magician's hat.

Peter Kensington grabbed for his brakes. He also grabbed for his sanity. Both, he felt, had deserted him at the same moment.

His brakes, it appeared, had. Thus, when he managed to stop his car at a point that brought him directly under the supercilious nose of the yellow horse, he had one gaudily striped wheel draped tidily across his bumper. The van, it seemed, stood quite as nicely on the other three.

Peter waited for a hand of innate gipsies to come forth and abuse him. None came. He looked, then, for a hermit.

"No," he thought, "Hermits live in woods and on nuts. It might be a travelling library, though!" And he tried his best to imagine that it could be anything so ordinary. But not even modern libraries, featuring Elinor Glyn and Sherwood Anderson, he felt, went about in red and green vans! Not, especially, drawn by yellow horses!

It was then that his roving eyes caught the gaudy lettering on the side of the van; letters that read, plainly: **HOT DOGS.** It was the final, impossible touch.

Peter turned reverent eyes to the horse. Perhaps he'd gone color-blind, he thought hopefully. Perhaps it was that stuff in his thermos.

He reached out and, since the van was too far away, laid an investigative finger on the yellow horse instead.

"You look yellow!" he said, speaking aloud, since there seemed nobody to mind. "And you feel rosy! But you simply can't be—"

"Oh, yes he can! He is! He's yellow and his name is Primrose!" But would you mind, now—" the voice, which came from nowhere at all, took on a persuasive note—returning my front wheel?"

Peter started. There was, then, someone connected with this affair. The thought reassured him. So did the voice, which had a delightfully husky note. He hunted for the owner of it as he hunted he said, politely, "I've met so few yellow horses, you see. Though I'm delighted to meet Primrose. Are you inside or," anxiously, "underneath?"

## TIPPITY-WITCH

BY VIVIAN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. E. HEITLAND



"I'm right here, silly." And sure enough she was; in a dinky little window—only Peter hadn't seen the window before. He didn't see it now. He saw only an enchanting little face, framed in hair like a Michael Arlen heroine's, from beneath which two eyes, quite as blue as they were severe, stared out at him. The face also had a mouth—as scarlet as a cherry—yet at the moment it was set accusingly and it said to him: "Did Papa send you?"

Peter considered the question. To say "yes" might open up delightful possibilities. On the other hand, it wasn't true. He decided to be frank about it. "Nobody sent me," he said. "But—" and this was true—"I'm darned glad I came!"

She looked relieved, but not appeased. Indeed, she glanced speakingly at her wheel, which still hung rakishly on the front of Peter's car. "Well, he might have," she said, referring, no doubt, to "Papa." Then, crossly, "If he did, I'd have a nice time of it, with only three wheels! Don't you ever look where you're going?"

That, thought Peter, was unjust. One wasn't supposed to guard against the sudden appearance of impossibilities.

"I was perfectly sober," he started to say, meaning it in an evasive way. But the girl with the tawny-red hair chose to take him literally.

"Then I should go drunk, if I were more careful that way!" "I didn't mean that!" argued Peter, feeling that he was getting the worst of things. "But—you see—I was hardly expecting to meet—on a public road—" he hesitated, wondering how he should name it.

"That's what roads are for," the voice reminded him. "To meet things on," she added reasonably.

Now Peter, he it knows, had a neat memory for figures. He called it now to his rescue. "Oregon," he said, and he named the state whose soil he rode, "has one fifth of the standing timber in the United States. It has one third of the water power of our nation. It is the second largest hop-raising state in the whole country. But—" triumphantly—"nobody ever taught me that it grew red and green vans on

its back roads—particularly with yellow horses named Primrose attached to 'em!"

"I guess Papa didn't send you," the plangent little face admitted. "Papa never sends anybody clever!" with which remark, she disappeared from the window and stood, the next moment, in a little doorway.

She looked, Peter decided, a little like a fall chrysanthemum, because of her hair; and a little like a mystery, because of Primrose and the van. But she looked most of all like a Tippity-witch; because of that sparkle in her eyes, and the curve of her scarlet lips, and the air of adventure about her.

Peter looked up at her and because, it must be admitted, he also had a neat eye for figures, he wished he'd taken two wheels off the van. Two, he reflected, would have taken twice as long to replace.

He was out of his car by now and, cup in hand, was standing with his exceedingly attractive face lifted to the girl in the doorway. Being well endowed with the things that make men interesting, he was quite worth looking at.

A flicker of interest stirred in the girl's eyes and Peter, who had one of those investigative slants of mind that never rest until every mystery is cleared up, decided he must know more about her.

Whereupon he did the only thing a gentleman can do when he is anxious to learn a lady's name. He proffered his own; truthfully, for Peter was no poor sportsman.

"I am Peter Kensington Durant," he began—but stopped abruptly at the look on her face. There was no denying it, she looked startled! Peter, who had hoped that she didn't know her English school of writers, hastened to explain. "My mother liked Barrie! But otherwise, we're a perfectly normal family."

The girl who stood in the doorway, looking for all the world like an adventure for a man's seeking, wasn't impressed. Peter tried again. "I'm really thoroughly respectable, I—" brightly, thinking that if she had a father, these little things might count— "am an Elk, a Moose, a Beaver and—" triumphantly—"a Hood Owl!"

The girl eyed him gravely. "I'm not looking for a Zoo," she said moodily.

Peter felt that if he couldn't establish himself in her good graces pretty soon, he'd say something he didn't want to say. Like, for instance, telling her she was somewhat like a marigold and somewhat like a dream. Hurriedly, he added, "I'm also a Molasses Spreader!"

He had a startled moment in which he wondered if he'd said by mistake that he was the Prince of Wales, so instantly eager did she become. But that, evidently, wasn't it. She sat down suddenly, hugged her knees joyfully and asked, "Oh—does that mean you can cook?"

[Turn to page 65]



# The GREAT LOVE HEROINES of the WORLD

NELSON goes down in history as one of its greatest naval commanders, but not as a romantic hero. The writer suspects that Lady Hamilton has done some good to the memory of Nelson; if Nelson had not associated himself with an infamous romance, he would not seem to us so human, therefore so real. And indeed Emma Hamilton was such to change the course of careers.

She first saw the light, it is believed, in 1763 at Hawarden in Cheshire, in the home of Henry Lyon, a blacksmith, wedded to a village girl. She was brought up in poverty, in ignorance and in dirt. Had Emma Lyon been merely pretty, she could not have escaped, but beauty was piled so heavily upon that broad low brow that she must emerge—emerge like a seed which forces its way through earth and through manure, benefiting by both.

A man takes her from domestic service, the only thing she was fitted for, and from that time onward other men must support her where he has placed her. Thus she is no longer virtuous, virtue having done for her much less than vice. She encounters Charles Greville, a younger son of the Earl of Warwick, a man of fashion, fastidious in his clothing and in his speech; an educated man who appreciates poetry and music and appears a puzzling figure in the history of the woman who was to become Lady Hamilton. Greville appears to have been entirely without heart. He must have looked upon the radiant Emma much as he would have considered a picture. He makes her realize that to him she is a poor child born in the gutter, whom he has consent to raise because she is a gentleman of taste, and because she pleases his eyes. Not one letter of Greville's shows that he cared for Emma, that she was more to him than a fine piece of furniture.

In spite of this, she must have established some hold upon the emotions of Greville. However, her life with Greville was destined soon to end, not because she disgusted him, not because she wearied him, but because her protector was pursued by necessity. He desired to inherit from a relative the money which his father could not give him, and that relative was Sir William Hamilton, his uncle, who had a great affection for his nephew and proposed to make him his heir. When Sir William came to Edgware Row and was fascinated by Emma, it occurred to Greville that this worked towards his plans. Why not give his uncle his desire, thus securing his good will, and at the same time entangle him with Emma, so that he could not marry again?

Sir William was at once bewitched by the charms of Emma. He is elderly, over fifty, while Emma was hardly over twenty. He had a great position, being British Ambassador to the Kingdom of Naples and the Sicilies; and because he was known only as a rather official wife, the radiant young Emma represented romance. When Sir William realized that he could not do without Emma's company, Greville declared Greville's education, Emma's progress in refinement could be secured only if she went with Sir William to the embassy at Naples. She was to go as a blend of companion, secretary and ward, as a sort of dubious daughter.



NELSON WAS A MATCH FOR EMMA, BUT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR HER CHARM

## LADY HAMILTON

✻ BY W. L. GEORGE ✻

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

*One of a series of stories of the great love heroines of the world by a master analyst of women and also a noted novelist*



Curiously enough, Emma parted sadly from Greville, and he had much trouble to persuade her. He seldom answered her letters, or replied coldly as a pedagogue. She is pathetic then, when she writes to Greville:

"I have been from you going on six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my loved Lord Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands." Five years passed at Naples, Sir William, as he grew older, grew fonder, more intoxicated by this lovely child creature, whose morals corresponded with her spelling. Greville had

wished to enthrall his uncle, and he enthrall him so much that on the first of September 1790 Sir William carried Emma back to London and made her his wife. Emma at the age of twenty-seven became a Lady Hamilton.

The situation in the little kingdom of Naples at this time was peculiar, and the next ten years were epoch-making years in history. They included the French revolution which passed through the Terror, through an orgy of massacre, and at last fired the French people of slaughter that they handed themselves over to a dictatorship of five, with whom was associated a great figure, Napoleon Bonaparte. Between him and Nelson (the English Admiral) the struggle was set, because Napoleon radiated into Italy. It was Napoleon therefore who forced upon the kingdom of Naples the necessity of an alliance with England. And since Queen Caroline of Naples had become the intimate friend of Lady Hamilton, it is not strange that Lady Hamilton was able to affect the politics of the world. Thus, in 1798, when Lady Hamilton was thirty-five, Napoleon prepared that attack upon Egypt which should divide the British from their possessions in the east. The expedition was prepared secretly, so secretly, covered by such clever misreporting, that he was able to assemble at Toulon the French fleet that should conquer Egypt. England heard of this too late, and Nelson, sent in pursuit, arrived at Toulon too late. The French had escaped him, and nowhere was there a port that could be reached with food and water except Naples. So to Naples he went to be confronted with this difficulty.

"I have been from you going on six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my loved Lord Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands." Five years passed at Naples, Sir William, as he grew older, grew fonder, more intoxicated by this lovely child creature, whose morals corresponded with her spelling. Greville had

heart. The British fleet was provided with all it needed, and Nelson sailed south, to the battle of the Nile, one of the greatest battles of history, where he defeated the French. After the victory came the return of Nelson to Naples with his victorious fleet, to be nursed back to health by Lady Hamilton, to whom he owed his victory.

Thus began the association which was to animate Nelson until his death.

It is well here to give some space to the character of Nelson. He was over forty, and though he was married had many adventures. A popular sailor, a man of charm and of energy, he had found favor in the eyes of women. Thus he was a match for Emma, but he was not a match for her charm. Until then he had dallied, and now he loved. Such flatter as attaches to Lady Hamilton is not her own; it is the passion of Nelson, for her which illumines her memory, a passion which would have been fatal to a later man.

Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton had now become intimate friends. When, in 1800, [Turn to page 66]

# MONSIEUR of the RAINBOW

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

**M**ONSIEUR of the Rainbow—"Monieur!" because of his noble French lineage, "of the Rainbow" because the old man had no choice but to follow his luck—had again lost himself to the highroad. And in the heights of the mountains of southern California two men sought a suitable location for the newest of Supertax's feature films. This was the film in which Justin Sellard was co-starring the beautiful Mara Thail and the dark and sinister Spaniard, Marcule Ensalez. But more than a location was found by the two scouts: they came upon a mountain fastness which hid from the world a war-wracked soul and its faithful negro companion. And more they saw and coveted a marvelous horse, the wild Palermio which had been tamed by the soul-sick veteran.

**T**HE eastern side of the basin was a blue with shadow, the coves and derided gulches deepening to black. Justin Sellard, standing with palm on elbow, chin in hand, looked at it all with contemplative eyes, lips tender with appreciation.

"I have something to talk about, Mr. Sellard," drawled the handsome actor, Marcule Ensalez, "at your convenience."

"What?"

"A perfect pippin of a horse I saw out yonder yesterday."

"Wild horse?"

"There was a man with him."

"Oh? I thought this was a wilderness!"

"I saw a man and a horse, a powerful super-horse!" The director shrugged and turned away toward the more enticing interest of the table.

"I'm fed up on super-horses," he said, "that last black super in Arizona cost me seven thousand dollars damages, not to mention the best rider I ever saw buy a saddle. Good morning Mar Thail, I do not ask how you slept."

He had his hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder. Mara Thail hastened to don her make-up and Sellard stood for a moment giving some brief directions to several camera men. And in a little pause that fell for a moment a strange voice cut clear in the still air.

"To what," it said in the thin, high note of anger at the breaking-point, "do I owe this intrusion?"

The men whirled instantly. At the corner of the nearest tent a man stood rearranging them from flinching eyes. A man whose face was white as chalk, a deadly face of hatred and rage. One shoulder sloped a trifle below his arms, and behind him stood a little black negro, more grotesque than his master, balancing on his wooden leg. At the first surprised look at these two strangers Marcule Ensalez threw back his head and laughed. It was the mistake of his life, could he have known. But Justin Sellard had laughed. He saw the white fun of the man's face, recognized its earnestness. Also he saw the worn army clothes. Quietly he came forward.

"Hush!" he said in calm voice, "I do not mean it as such!"

"No? Does the world enter a man's dooryard and sit on his front steps unconsciously?"

"We meant, and mean, no harm. We are taking scenes for a motion picture, and, searching for new and rugged location, one of my scouts found this lovely spot. It is ideal."

"But *min!*" snapped the stranger like a broken wire.

Mr. Sellard smiled in a disarming manner. "Then we transgress and apologize. Do you object to our taking our pictures here?"

A few short years ago the man in the army shirt would have met the courteous words with outstretched hand and eager smile. Now the despairing rage which smoldered always in him flared senselessly. "Surest, thing you know," he said sullenly, "this is my universe, and I intend to keep it. I will take it kindly if you will leave at once."

"Who?" said Ensalez belittlerily, "there is no law against photographing the open country. Are you going to let a couple of cripples drive us out before we get our share of the first time the ex-soldier turned his flashing glance full upon the earth?"

"Marc," said Sellard thinly, "control yourself."

Behind his master the small black negro shuffled close.



MARA THAIL, OPENING THE LETTER, FELT A THRILL OF TRUE JOY

Readers are comparing this novel of Miss Roe's to "The Keeper of the Bees," that great work of the beloved Gene Stratton-Porter which was also first given to the world through the pages of McCall's. Like Mrs. Porter's magnificent novel, this is a story of a returned soldier blended with a moving, poignant love theme. You will be the poorer, spiritually, if you miss a single installment of this engrossing narrative of a soul's redemption



The long arms drew up, the wiry shoulders hunched. He crouched with head out-thrust, presenting a startling semblance to an ape aroused. And just then an apparition of unpeakable beauty came round the tent's corner.

"Why—what!" cried Mara Thail sharply, the glittering rain of her raiment swishing at her sandaled feet with the sudden halt.

Slowly the ex-soldier turned and looked at her. Repal in her gorgeous trappings, gleaming with color, shining with youth and health, this woman was enough to stop the average heart for an enchanted second. Now as she gazed

at the stranger with her wide dark eyes, sober and serious, she seemed a creature from another sphere set down in the virgin wilderness. The man stared at her frankly. For an odd, electric space the world narrowed down to these two strangers, gazing for the first time into each others' eyes. The woman was first to recover herself, to move on her sandaled feet, to put a hand to the jeweled bands that rimmed her head. The man turned at the movement, looked at Sellard.

"For her sake," he said deliberately, "you're free. The road, the basin, the hills, use them as you wish."

And without another word or glance he turned sharply to swing away. He had forgotten himself! The slow foot caught him unawares and all but threw him headlong to the earth.

"Steady, Sir," said the black man, patiently, "hold up a bit. Right—off—forward."

"A Jamaica nigger, as I live!" said Marc Ensalez, "black as ebony, but English to his boot toes! Toe, I should say, to be entirely correct."

Sarphan heard and turned a black face back across a shoulder. The whites of the eyes were two grotesque half-moons. Justin Sellard could not have told why, but somehow he felt a sinister suggestion.

"I thank you, personally," he said gravely; "we will not abuse the privilege."

**T**HE special scenes for "Kings of the Khyber" went forward splendidly. They saw no more of their strange landlord, and though they knew his cabin must be somewhere to the south they kept strictly to their own side, since Sellard had so requested. Only two people were occupied to any great extent with thoughts apart from the production; Marcule Ensalez, watching the eastern slope for a sight of Palermio moving like a spot of gold, and Mara Thail who did not forget that the soul she had met behind the bitter gaze of hard grey eyes.

The owner of those eyes himself was plunged in a sort of savage lethargy from which nothing could rouse him, neither the blandishments of the squirrels nor Sarphan's untiring foolishness. He lay all day in the shade of the trees that flanked the cabin, his head on his arms, and Sarphan could not tell whether or not he slept. He sat jealously to his own place, not even venturing so far as the garden to see how the pole beans flourished. And one there was who missed him, Palermio, stamping his hoofs and scanning with suspicious eyes the basin where such strange creatures circled and where terrifying fires burned by alpha.

So slowly struggling back to normalcy, had sunk once more beneath the bitter tide of physical humiliation. He had heard himself and his Jamaica ally called cripples. In the same second he had lacked womanhood at its peak of perfection. The awful spell between the points of contrast was an appalling thing, a black abyss which there was no bridging, would never be. He had thought himself impervious to this particular lark of life, the thought of love and woman. Now he found himself more hopelessly hurt by it than all the rest.

Five days passed and the motion picture people were on the eve of departure, his "she" had all the available scenery and finished their sequence. It had been a wondrous day. The ex-soldier sat on the bench beside his door looking across the illimitable distance above the roof of forests far down below.

He smoked and frowned, his elbows on his knees, his chin in one cupped hand, and so it was that the stranger stood for a long time at the cabin's western corner unobserved. But presently, yielding to that strange influence of eyes upon him, the ex-soldier started and moved, took the pipe from his lips and looked across his shoulder. Flushing painfully he rose.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

Mara Thail, slim and meek in her de luse outing clothes, came forward, hand outstretched.

"It is I who should do so," she said, "for you want none of us and with reason. I am not a person you are thinking hard of us, of all of us together. I had to come over for a little visit."







# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

## THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



SCENE NEAR EAST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON, A DANGER POINT IN BRITISH STRIKE



CROWS' NEST OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY BRITISH GOVT. DURING STRIKE

## THE GENERAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN

### AS AN AMERICAN MAN SEES IT

BY  
COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE  
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*Do you understand the real roots of the great British General Strike? Here are interpretations of it by Colonel House and by Dean Helen Taft Manning. They constitute the most enlightened of American comment upon this great new event.*

### AS AN AMERICAN WOMAN SEES IT

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING, PH. D.  
DEAN OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE  
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THE industrial disturbance that Great Britain has gone through was not an interlunatic left by the World War, but rather a renewal and termination of pre-war conditions and purposes. Had the war not been in 1914 it is probable that a general strike would have occurred in the spring or summer of 1915. Preparations were being made for it, and it is doubtful if it could have been averted in any way other than by the disaster of the Great War. Therefore the struggle which the labor unions precipitated early in May was merely a culmination of a long time determination to come to a final battle with the wage making powers.

That the strike was doomed to failure was evident to impartial observers, for the means taken were too drastic, too revolutionary to appeal to so unemotional a race as the law-abiding English. Then, too, the consequences of a long drawn out contest, and to be successful it must of necessity be of long duration, would entail more inconvenience, more suffering to the general public than it would willingly bear, even though sympathy at the beginning might be with the strikers. Therefore the general strike seems to have harmed rather than helped to rectify the grievances of the coal miners in whose behalf it was brought.

The fundamental problem in the coal mining industry seems to go deeper than the question of wages. The controversies have arisen largely from the insistence of the mine owners to continue mining certain pits that cannot compete with the mines where the coal is more accessible and where modern machinery is used.

The entire question of mining coal is one of vital importance not alone to Great Britain but to the entire world. Coal is the main source of industrial power, and its cost enters into the price of production everywhere. The manufacturers living in a country where coal can be produced cheaply have an initial advantage over their competitors. Therefore a considerable raise in wages must of necessity disturb industry. But there is another side to the question, and that is the human side. Wherever investigations have been made by intelligent and impartial men, the reports have usually been in favor of the miners as far as recommendations for better and more healthful mining conditions are concerned, and usually recommendations have been made for increased wages. If it is argued that increased wages dislocate industry the answer is why should the miner be required to carry the rest of the community on his back.

Some just arrangement should be brought about, but it is a complex question and requires wisdom, a sense of fairness and involves, in no small degree, disinterested statesmanship.

Great Britain was not a good place to try out the efficacy of a general strike as a lead to a particular strike, even

though it is a highly unionized country. There is something in the make up of the English people that does not take kindly to revolutionary methods. Neither has the aftermath of the Great War been conducive to such an experiment. The Russian Revolution has fallen like a shadow over Europe, and no one wants anything akin to what has happened there. In the effort to get away from it, the world has leaned to the right, and where Communism threatened, conservative dictatorship has been preferred. In consequence, many governments have drifted away from Democracy. For this reason the eyes of the world were fastened upon Great Britain during the strike. She was passing through a test which was of vital interest to all. If Great Britain had been forced to yield to the strikers, something similar to a direct government would have been the natural result, and it would not have been long before other tests would have been made in other countries and no government would have been secure.

Since Cromwell's time the English have exercised a most beneficent influence for liberty of thought and person, and for a wholesome civilization. Honest, courageous, tenacious of purpose, though slow to move to the quickening impulse of modern thought, they are of all peoples the most trusted, disliked and admired. Their qualities, be they good or bad, are so pronounced that they grind through the consciousness of less virile breeds and dominate them. Unhappy these coming within the orbit of their activities who fail to understand them, for of all peoples they are the most self-deprecating. To hear them grumble and criticize one another, and to hearken to the estimate they give of conditions existing in England, is misleading to any save those who understand them. Germany made the disastrous mistake of under estimating them—a mistake which it will take centuries to repair. Loath to enter the war, when once in they fought with that grim determination characteristic of the race.

And as she met the war so she met the general strike—calmly and with inflexible determination and courage. There were no heroics, no lawlessness, no appeal to outside sympathy. They did not minimize the task. They realized that a crisis had come in their domestic affairs which had to be reckoned with, and they did not shrink from it. That is the English way. That is why Great Britain and her Broad of Dominions hold the esteem and admiration of the entire world.

THE general strike in Great Britain has been settled, and affairs in that country may not occupy much of our attention during the next few months. Yet I think that before turning from what might have been one of the worst catastrophes of our day Americans ought to consider the conditions which led up to it. There is danger that being preoccupied with the rights and wrongs of the strike we may not realize how great were the difficulties which England faced and how bravely the nation as a whole met them. While some individuals may well have deserved criticism I believe that we ought to recognize clearly that the situation in England was and still is one that calls for not our blame but for our whole-hearted sympathy.

The English are not accustomed to ask for help or pity from their neighbors; they have always succeeded in taking care of their own problems and it doesn't occur to them to explain their troubles to all the world. That is probably how it happens that we Americans who are usually overflowing with generosity for sufferers in other lands have known comparatively little about conditions in England until the recent events called them forcibly to our attention.

The plain truth of the matter is that since the war most British industries have not been prosperous enough to provide a livelihood for the workers who were formerly dependent on them. In the hundred and fifty years before 1914 an enormous population grew up in the British Isles which was supported by the steady growth of the British mines and factories and shipyards. But her prosperity had been largely due to her control of markets in other parts of the world, and the four years of war for a variety of reasons played havoc with her foreign export trade. Other countries learned to build their own ships; oil took the place of British coal in many enterprises. Since 1919 there have never been less than a million men out of work in Great Britain and they and their families have been supported by the British taxpayer. The wages of those who could still find work have been higher than in many European countries, but so has the cost of living; they have been much lower than wages in the United States.

The crisis came when it was proposed to reduce wages in the coal industry on the ground that it was impossible to operate the mines unless a cut were made. The mine owners announced that the best paid of the miners should receive approximately eleven dollars a week, and many were to receive considerably less. Now eleven dollars a week is scarcely sufficient to support a man and a woman and his wife and children in England that is here. British workers in other industries believed that this was a first step towards a general reduction of wages. We may think that they were foolish and misguided to resort to [Turn to page 57]



## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK

REVIEWED BY  
LAURENCE STALLINGS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

SHERWOOD Anderson's "Notebook" is no great and immortal revelation of a writer's soul. But it is a fine approach to the man who wrote "Winesburg, O." and "The Triumph of the Egg," and "Dark Laughter." It is the nearest approach to this American writer, who—and this is unfortunate—is largely unread by millions who read this magazine.

In this book Anderson sometimes discusses himself as an artist, and, at others, as a tramp preacher going about America exhorting the commonplace people to kick the commonplace in the face.

Anderson, true and original American, is still writing in that simple, terrific style of his that sears and burns. He still goes about America, looking for the heroes of the popular novel, the popular play, the popular movie; and he has yet to find any community where such dummies live or have ever lived.

"After all," says Anderson in his notebook, "there are human men and women in America."

Anderson ought to know.

No other contemporary writer has made so many American "human men and women" come alive in fiction as has he.

In "Winesburg, O.," that short and remarkable book of characters, which is now available for 95 cents in the Modern Library, humanity was his field.

None has a better right than Anderson to know factory hands, stable men, tenement dwellers, farm drudges, river bullies, boarders, bums, failures. He has always written of common people, of unfortunates, of the great masses of humanity, and he has usually sought to show underneath the drab covering of their lives some sort of hidden and powerful beauty of life.

It has cost Anderson something, to do this. He has been called all sorts of names, by writers who long ago may have had such ambitions.

Anderson has never won to popularity, but he has never lied about "the human men and women in America" and he has never written a cheap book.

The present notebook has some pleasurable reading in it.

There is a sketch of New O

and a recollection of forgott

But mostly the notebook is

such as "When the Writer Ta

Life" and "Notes on Stand

is at his old game of act

pretending to discuss himse

Above all, there is "A No

I suppose as well as any w

happened to Sherwood Anderson, cho

people, has never won to pop

It is plain to me anyway

I will never be read a great ar

is the man who has to be cr

Writing of the America he

by most of his brother writ

the good old thing, the sweet

that is, from the Rose Suite

Beach.

Meanwhile, Anderson, as h

going about the country h

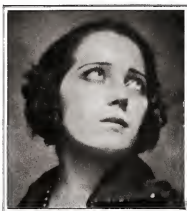
enough to buy a bill farm

under the house. He confi

has passed him by, and all

about dummies.

Sherwood Anderson  
Boni and Liverig



RAQUEL MELLER

THE MUSICAL EVENT  
OF THE MONTH

RAQUEL MELLER

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

THEY call her everything from Miller to Mücke. She herself pronounces it McAlair. She is a young Spanish woman of great beauty of face and figure, with two of the most dazzling and expressive eyes that any human has so far been privileged to possess. She sings the songs of her native land, and after achieving sensational successes at home and in Paris music halls she arrived on these shores amid a blaze of gaudy publicity that made the late visit of the Prince of Wales seem almost futile by comparison.

The unknown who springs into fame overnight always arouses friendly interest; but some one ought to have a sympathetic word for the celebrity whose reputation has preceded him—or her—and who comes among strangers, staggering under the burden of his host's expectations. Senorita Raquel Meller faced a difficult task. As if the bewailings and hosannas that preceded her arrival were not enough, she was required to make her American debut in the Empire Theatre, redolent with memories of Charles Frohman and Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams, and tickets for her opening performance cost the unheard-of sum of twenty-five dollars apiece. Under the circumstances, with many of her auditors virtually daring her to be worth the price of admission, the success of her New York appearance may safely be reckoned a triumph against heavy odds.

There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the exact category under which to place Senorita Meller and her entertainment. Some of her commentators have proclaimed her a great singer, ranking her with Feodor Chaliapin and Emma Calvé, while the opposing camp announces that she is no singer at all, but a great actress, comparable with Duse and Bernhardt. Neither estimate seems wholly exact. Senorita Meller certainly possesses. [Turn to page 27]



## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

AT MRS. BEAM'S  
BY C. K. MUNRO

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG



LYNN FONTANNE

THE play that the Theatre Guild have chosen as the last of their season is an English comedy by Mr. C. K. Munro. At Mrs. Beam's had a long and triumphant run in London, and the reports of travellers and the recent publication of the play (*Alfred Knapp*) have already made it well-known on this side of the ocean.

Mr. Munro has written a comedy of characters, traditional types, and numberless details of their foibles and their relations among themselves as they are thrown together in that boarding-house at Notting Hill Gate, London. But though so much of the play's delight lies in these persons and humors, the story too has a good, strong line to it. What happens in *At Mrs. Beam's* is quite as entertaining as the characters and the world that make it happen.

We see Miss Shoe as the center of things in Mrs. Beam's drawing-room. She is a lean spinster who meddles in every one's affairs, puts her nose into everything; she is egotistical, officious, gossiping, rattle-brained and sentimental. Around her sit an old Irish woman, Mrs. Bebb and her son, whose only ability consists in turning on the gramophone, a deaf old lady, Miss Cherville, moth-eaten Mr. Durrums and two or three other lodgers. Into the house there have lately come two young people of whom Miss Shoe thinks the worst, Mr. Dermott and Laura. They are, and he, Miss Shoe believes, after a thorough reading of the newspapers, is no other than the Bluebeard about whom all Paris is talking, a man who has killed thirty-nine wives and is even reported to have eaten them. The young woman is doubtless to be the next victim, and what is to be done about it all?

The second act is in the couple's bedroom. Mr. Dermott sits making out passport application papers. He finds it hard because Laura will not let him give his mind to it, because their profession is really giving, because Laura does not know who her father was. Laura is a South American Creole, pretty, lovable and pathetic like a child, spoiled, imphal, jealous. She lolls about, looks out of the window at the chaperons, at a child across the way, at anything that will amuse her. She quarrels with Dermott, they throw things, knock the table over, and in the midst of the hubbub Miss Shoe pops her head in the door, as of course she

loans of some coal. She sees to Miss Shoe how cruelly at length confesses also, and has been no marriage at all, yes promptly with the house-its departure of the gay they were after, a prett for jott holds the lodgers in the ns of Bluebeard's tactics, while e goes only a moment before search for two famous thieves - have been robbed of all their all a sorry, crotchety let a m outwitted by that charming is happy and engaging.

e over from London and re- of Miss Shoe. If you see her that roving, busy eye, that happier, that pious nuisance picture of the two thieves and a mingling of good fellowship, truly achieved by the dramatist by Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss e as Laura steps a long way gives us a performance of re-icism as well as charm. For aracter studies, a friendly, keen d a good ensemble of actors l.

## THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

### DICTATORSHIP

By

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G.

CONVERTED BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1926

THE internal politics of Greece do not as a rule interest the outside world. For a time, during and immediately after the Great War, the genius and personality of a single man—Venizelos, himself a Cretan—brought her into prominence on the international stage. Greece was aggrandized in many directions: her ambitions unhappily developed beyond her powers; and she suffered in time a severe setback. The Monarchy disappeared; a Republic took its place. But without retracing its ups and downs of her external fortunes, I am, for the moment, concerned with a feature in her recent history which is of more than local interest.

A year ago, a former War Minister, General Pangalos, at the head of a handful of officers and men, seized the Capital, and expelled the Coalition Cabinet which was then in office. In the course of a few months he dissolved Parliament, proclaimed himself Dictator, banished the leading politicians, and became a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. After a farcical plebiscite, which was boycotted by the Parliamentarians, he has been elected, and whatever the future may have in store, Greece, for the time being, in the hands, and indeed under the heel, of a Dictator.

The incident would hardly be worth dwelling upon if it were merely an episode in the chequered history of the most politically volatile of the European nations. But it is fast taken in conjunction with what has happened during the last few years in two of the larger and more important Mediterranean States—Italy and Spain—it may have more than a passing significance. In both countries Parliamentary Government is in abeyance, if, indeed, it has not ceased to exist; and the so-called Parliamentarians, when they are called upon to meet, are in effect little more than Registry Officers for the decrees, Legislative or Executive, of the Dictator. They have even lost the privilege, or, at any rate, the practice, of free debate. Are we then witnessing the first stages in the break-up of the Parliamentary system, which has made its mark in England, and which, except where—as in the United States—a Federal form of Government prevails, has been regarded throughout the world as the crowning achievement and the indispensable safeguard of Democracy?

Mr. Arnold Toynbee, in his admirable and suggestive Summary, "The World after the Peace Conference" (1925), remarks that "while Parliamentary Government in 1920 was possibly receiving greater lip-service than ever before, there was a noticeable diminution in its actual prestige in almost every country where it was officially established." "This," he adds, "would naturally be most pronounced in those countries . . . in which Parliamentarism was an exotic plant of recent growth." Italy was one of those countries, and though ostensibly there is nothing in common between the aims of Fascism and Bolshevism, yet the *Fasci*, which sprang up during the War, might be described as inspired by the lowest of motives, "in so far as both repudiate parliamentary methods in favor of the 'direct action of physical force'."

As far back as 1847, Disraeli put into the mouth of his hero, Tancred, who was leaving England for Palestine to "penetrate the great Asian Mystery," the words which follow: "to go to a land that has never been blessed by that fabled creature called a Representative Government." Disraeli said almost the whole of his public life in the House of Commons, and though himself an "exotic" among Englishmen, assimilated its atmosphere, mastered its methods, and was justly reckoned among the greatest of Parliamentarians. But it is probable that he never wholly abandoned the creed of the "heroic days" in "Coningsby"—that Parliamentary institutions are a passing phase in the evolution of free government. The alternative to which he looked was not the creation of a Dictatorship, but the revival of the power of the Crown: "A Monarchy," he said, "is a more than a Monarchy, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local Government, ruffled and educated people, represented by a free and intellectual Press." (It will be observed that there is no room here for a House of Commons.) We should then have "a polity adapted to our laws, our institutions, our feelings, our manners, our tradition." This may seem to be, and indeed is, pure fantasy, but it was the dream of a man of genius, if genius can be properly described as a "fixed streak of light" in the brain.

It is not upon these lines that the process of superseding Parliamentary Government has, so far at any rate, proceeded. The two most important of the three countries, which have



REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

### THE GREAT LOYALTIES

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

WHILE others have been talking about the Community Church, Dr. Shutter has made his Church a Community Church in fact—a pioneer in all efforts for the public welfare, a champion of great humane causes. Out of a long and rich life he speaks of *The Great Loyalties*, taking for his text the words of Ezra II:14 "The people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem." "After a long exile in an alien land," said Dr. Shutter, "the people gathered to build the walls and temple of the Holy City, which had lived as a memory and a dream in their hearts. When freedom came they assembled, and the record reads: 'The walls were built, because the people had a mind to work.' These old builders were led by certain Great Loyalties, and the same fidelities must hold us to our task of building the Holy City on earth."

"One of the hardest things in the history of Christianity," Dr. Shutter continues, "has been to get the Church to attend strictly to its own business—a business different from any other under the sun. That business is to reform human life from animism and despair and to put a new spirit into all the work of man. In short, it is to preach the gospel of the Love of God and the oneness of man, and to cultivate the finest of all arts—the art of doing good."

Here is the secret of his long ministry; he has kept the Church with single-hearted devotion to its task, not allowing it to be diverted by any claim of clamor. In the midst of change he has been loyal to the abiding realities. He has no sympathy with the radicalism which tells us that the old is useless and the new a Divine revelation. The great truths endure; the authentic standards stand; some things do not change, because they have in them the quality of eternity.

At the risk of being called a conservative—even an "old fogey"—Dr. Shutter reminds us of the wise loyalties to the great things that make for stability, security and real advance in the life of man. The first is *loyalty to God*—by which he

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

DIRECTED BY SAM TAYLOR

REVIEWED BY

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THERE are few people, outside the ranks of the movie industry itself, who appreciate the amazing popularity of Harold Lloyd.

This breezy, eager, inordinately alert young comedian has established for himself the highest record of successes that has ever been achieved by any screen star, probably by any entertainer in history.

Since 1921, when he produced "A Sailor Made Man" and "Grandma's Boy" (his first feature length comedy) he has offered to the public some eight pictures, all of which have gained not only critical approval from the loftier browed gentry but have earned as well the unqualified plaudits, and the substantial financial rewards, of the public.

The Lloyd comedies know no boundaries—no frontiers. They excite the same immoderate laughter in Africa, in South Bend, in Japan, in Paraguay, in London, in Krakus and in New York.

People talk of the movies as "a universal language"; Harold Lloyd provides proof that this is more than just a hollow phrase.

In his latest comedy, "For Heaven's Sake," Mr. Lloyd personates a rich young fellow who, priding his idly in life is the care and feeding of high-powered automobiles. He lolls back on his shoulder blades, smokes a cigarette through a long holder, and views the world through the unclouded spectacles of excessive indulgence.

Fate—that convenient ally of all scenario writers—brings him to the lower East Side and causes him to endow a mission, which is presided over by an elderly evangelist and his fair daughter. "The man with a mansion and the miss with a mission" (to quote one of the sub-titles) proceed to fall in love, and the hero consequently develops a sudden interest in social welfare.

He dashes madly about through the dives and pool-rooms of the district, rounding up all the stray bums, vagabonds and gun-men, and forces them into the mission to hit the saw-dust trail. He saves souls by the dozen, resorting to all sorts of strenuous methods to accomplish his benevolent purpose.

It is a slight, mild story, with no particular distinction or originality of theme; but it is a story that is told with a dash of materiality. For Heaven's Sake, as in previous pictures, by his principal collaborator, Sam Taylor, who has been working for and with Harold Lloyd for a matter of nine years.

Mr. Taylor shows in several scenes of "For Heaven's Sake" that he is considerably more than a mere "sag-man"; he is a director of imagination and taste. This is certainly the most conspicuous work that he has done, and it is worthy of recognition.

Comedy is frequently frowned upon as a low, vulgar thing, and it is not until it is seen in the hands of a man like Lloyd, who has been working for and with Harold Lloyd for a matter of nine years.

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# Just that delicious flavor you always like in VEGETABLE SOUP !

32 different ingredients



What a wonderful dish vegetable soup is —when it's properly made! It is so hearty and nourishing, yet even when you're not especially hungry it coaxes and pleases your appetite.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is real food—thirty-two blended ingredients—with a flavor that never fails to attract and delight the taste.

This is the soup that housewives are so fond of serving for their luncheon or supper as the one hot dish of the meal, because it is very substantial and also so easily and quickly prepared. And for the children the generous quantity of healthful vegetables and invigorating beef broth make it especially beneficial.

12 cents a can

# THE NEW SPORTS WOOLENS

*Soft and  
unshrunk  
after repeated  
washings*



SPORTS WOOLENS—gay-colored, smart—suey like new all season long—washed in sparkling, bubbling, safe Lux!

**WOOLEN** scarfs, hosiery, sweaters—in every woman's wardrobe, whether she is an active sportswoman or an interested member of the gallery!

You probably own one of the adorable new flannel dresses, too, and a costly little woolen sports suit.

Keep these expensive clothes and accessories immaculate and trim-looking all through the season! Nothing is more dowdy than a faded, shrunken sports dress, nothing

more uncomfortable than rough, scratchy woolen stockings! Their charm, their smartness depend so much on the way you launder them.

Wool is even more sensitive to washing than silk! Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking wool fibres, shrinks them, destroys the trim line of your smart new dress, makes your gay-colored stockings harsh and rough.

With Lux there is no ruinous rubbing! Just a few flakes whip up quickly into a bowlful of rich, bubbling, cleansing Lux suds.

*Designs in fascinating color combinations are woven into the newest sweaters from Paris. Frequent washing in Lux keeps them trim, impeccable.*

Then a gentle dipping up and down and your precious woollens are restored to you as soft and fluffy, as fresh and unfaded as the day you first took them from their enfolding tissues!

Even after repeated Lux washings woollens stay like new. At the season's end your sports clothes are trim, immaculate, presentable on all occasions. Buy a package of Lux today. Follow the directions for washing woollens and keep yours fresh and unshrunk.

Silks are just as safe in Lux as woollens are! Frequent tubbings in gentle Lux suds leave them fresh, unfaded as the day you bought them. You know Lux won't harm anything water alone won't harm.

*For all of Monday's laundry, too!*

Even everyday things are so costly nowadays that women find it economical to use Lux on Monday as well and get more service from everything. They

use Lux, too, because it saves their hands—unlike harsh laundry soaps which roughen and redden. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



*Silk stockings more sheer than ever, more delicate in coloring! Woollen ones have bizzare, colorful designs. Launder both kinds the safest way!*



*Summer scarfs of light wool and cashmere are now being worn by all smart women.*

NOW THE BIG, NEW PACKAGE, TOO



BELLARION feels that at last the great purpose of his life is to be achieved. For, in association with his rival Carmagnola, he is leading the forces of Milan against Theodore, the usurping Marquis of Monterrat. It is Bellarion's aim to overthrow Theodore and restore the throne to the youthful Gian Giacomo, heir to the beautiful Princess Valeria. However, both Gian Giacomo and Valeria distrust Bellarion.

DISSENSIONS at the very outset between Carmagnola and Bellarion protracted by some days the preparations for the departure of the army. This enabled Theodore of Monterrat fully to make his dispositions for resistance, to pack the garrisons of Verelli and otherwise victual it for a siege and to increase the strong body of troops already under his hand, with which he threw himself into the menaced city.

Bellarion, however, did not suspect how acute the situation was until one day, after the siege had endured some weeks, he arrived punctually to attend a council of his captains and found them already seated about the table in debate and conducting this with a vehemence which argued that matters had already gone some way.

A silence fell when he entered, and all eyes at once were turned upon him. He smiled a greeting, and closed the door. But as he advanced, he began to realize that the silence was unnatural and ominous. He came to the foot of the table, where there was a vacant place. He looked at the faces on either side of it, and lastly at Carmagnola seated at its head, between Valeria and Gian Giacomo.

"What do you debate here?" he asked them.

Carmagnola answered him. His voice was hard and hostile, his blue eyes avoided the steady glance of Bellarion's. "We were about to send for you. We have discovered the traitor who is communicating with Theodore of Monterrat, forewarning him of our every measure."

"That is something. Who is your traitor?"

None answered him for a long moment. At last, Carmagnola pushed towards him a folded square of parchment, bearing a broken seal. "Read that," he said.

Bellarion picked it up, and turned it over. To his surprise he found it appended to the Magnificent Lord Bellarion, Prince of Valsassina. He frowned, and a little color kindled in his cheeks. He threw up his head, stern-eyed. "How?" he asked. "Who breaks the seals of a letter addressed to me?"

"Read the letter," said Carmagnola, peremptorily.

Bellarion read:

"Dear Lord and Friend, your fidelity to me and my concerns are noted by Verelli. I desire you to know my recognition of my debt, and to assure you again of the highest regard that I live in my power to bestow if you continue to serve me with the same loyal devotion.

Theodore Paleologo of Monterrat."

Bellarion looked up from the letter with some anger in his face, but infinitely more contempt and even a shade of amusement. "Where was this thing manufactured?" he asked.

Carmagnola's answer was prompt. "In Verelli, by the Marquis of Monterrat. It is the seal of the Marquis that has testified, and it is sealed with his own seal. Do you wonder that I broke it?"

Other amusement overpassed Bellarion's face. He looked at Carmagnola, who fleetingly looked up to answer the question in his glance. "The hand is my uncle's, sir," he said.

He turned the parchment over, and conned the seal with its stay device. Then he contemptuously passed out of his face, light broke on it, and he uttered a laugh. He turned, pulled up a stool and sat down at the table's foot, whence he had been under his hand.

"Let us proceed with method. How did this letter reach you, Carmagnola?"

Carmagnola waved to Bellano, and Bellano, hostess of tone and manner answered the question. "A clown coming from the direction of the city blundered into my section of lines this morning. He begged to be taken to you. My men naturally brought him to me. I have not yet been able to be dealt with by you. He answered that he had a message for you. I asked him what message he could be brought by you from Verelli. He refused to answer further, whereupon I threatened him, and he produced the letter. Seeing its seal, I took both the fellow and the letter to my-



"YOUR LETTER, SIR, TOUCHED ME MORE DEEPLY THAN ANYTHING I CAN REMEMBER"

## BELLARION

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



Lord Carmagnola. That is all I have to report."

Bellarion, himself, completed the tale. "And Carmagnola, perceiving that seal, took it upon himself to break it, and so discovered the contents to be what already he suspected."

"That is what occurred."

Bellarion entirely at his ease, looked at them with amused contempt, and finally at Carmagnola in whose face he laughed. "God save you, Carmagnola! I often wonder what will be the end of you."

"I am no longer wondering what will be the end of you," he was furiously answered, which only went to increase Bellarion's amusement.

"And you others, you were equally deceived. The letter and Carmagnola's advocacy of my falseness and treachery were not to be resisted?"

"I have not been deceived," Stoffel protested.

"I was as close to you with those added heads, Stoffel."

"It will need more than abuse to clear you," Tenda cried angrily.

"You, too, Upolino! And you madonna, and even you Lord Marquis! Well, well! It may need more than abuse to clear me; but surely not more than this letter. Falseness is in every line of it, in the superscription, in the seal itself."

"How, sir?" the Princess asked him. "Do you insist that it is forged?"

"I have your word for it is not. But read the letter again."

He tossed it to them. "The Marquis Theodore pays you what is a poor compliment, Carmagnola, and the sequel has justified him. Ask yourselves this: If I were indeed Theodore's friend and ally, could he have taken a letter away from this of putting it beyond my power to serve him further? It is plainly superscribed to me, so that there shall be no mistake as to the person for whom it is intended and it bears his full signature, so that there shall be no possible mistake on the score of whence it comes. In addition to that he has sealed it with his arms, so that the first person into whose hands it falls shall be justified in ascertaining, as you did, what Theodore of Monterrat may have occasion to write to me. Is there no odious in the fact that the clown should walk straight into your own men, Carmagnola? But why waste time even on such trifles of evidence. Read the letter itself. Is there a single word in that which it was important to convey to me, or that would not have been conveyed otherwise if it had been intended for any purpose other than to bring me under this suspicion?"

"Those are the very arguments I used with them," cried Stoffel.

Bellarion looked in amazement at his lieutenant. "And they failed?" he cried, incredulous.

"Of course they failed, you foul traitor!" Carmagnola laughed at him. "They are ingenious, but they are obvious to a man caught as you are."

"It is not I that am caught; but you that are in danger of it, Carmagnola, in danger of being caught in the web that Theodore has spun."

"To what end? To what end should be spin it? Answer that?"

"Perhaps to set up discussions amongst us, perhaps to remove the only one of the captains opposed to him whom he respects."

"That is very probable," said Carmagnola with a heavy sneer. "Fetch the guard, Eroko."

"What's this?" Bellarion was on his feet even as Belluno rose, and Stoffel came up with him, laying hands on his shoulders. Upolino, Tenda, and the other captain, however, overpowered him, whilst the other two ranged themselves swiftly on Bellarion's either hand. Bellarion looked at them, and from them again to Carmagnola. He was lost in amazement. "Are you daring to place me under arrest?"

"Until we deliberate what shall be done with you. We shall not keep you waiting long."

"Oh, but this is madness! What do you intend by me?"

"You have been arraigned already before us here. Your guilt is clear, and there remains only to decide your sentence."

"This is no proper arraignment. There has been no trial, nor have you power to send him before the Duke."

"And at the same time," put in Bellarion, "you'll send your single witness, this clown who brought that letter."

"Take him away!" cried Bellarion. He raged and stormed. He pleaded, argued, and vituperated them, even the Princess herself, for fools and dolts, and finally threatened to raise the army against them, or at least to do his utmost with his Swiss to prevent them from carrying out their evil intentions.

"Listen!" Carmagnola commanded sternly, and in the silence they heard from the hall below the soldiers had their orders. "That is the voice of the army, answering you. Saving yourself, there is not a captain in the army, and saving your own Swiss, who is not this morning clamoring for Bellarion's death."

"You are confessing that you published the matter even before Bellarion was cited before the Duke. You are daring me to give a free rein to the base jealousy in which you have ever held Bellarion! Your mean spite may drive you now to the lengths of murder. But look to yourself thereafter. You'll lose your enemy head over ears, Carmagnola!"

They silenced him, and bore him out, wherewith they sat



# At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C. 135 WOMEN GUESTS

tell why they  
prefer this soap  
for their skin

IT IS ONE of the thrilling sights of Washington—the dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel.

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attachés—rarely, amid the black coats, the splash of color from some Continental uniform—

And everywhere the beautiful women . . .

Women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—here and there, in the brilliant kaleidoscope of faces, one with a special accent of celebrity—the fair, distinguished head of the most popular hostess in Washington—the dark profile of a visiting Latin princess.

HOW DO THE women guests of The Mayflower—women who can afford the most costly personal luxuries—take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their complexion to?

We asked 188 women stopping at The Mayflower what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It suits my skin better than any other"—they said—"I think it is wonderful for the complexion"—"It clears my skin better than any other soap I have tried"—"I am sure of its purity."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



"WOMEN in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—a brilliant kaleidoscope of faces . . ."

NOW — THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
1508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed trial please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

## COOL MEALS FOR HOT DAYS

*Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



GIVE us something cool!" choruses the average family these far-from-cool days, and then they leave it to you to do it. It isn't often this same family worries about your keeping cool while you help them cool off.

We have been thinking of you, though, and planning ways in which you can do both—satisfy them and enjoy a little coolness yourself. First, there is the favorite American outdoor sport, picnicking. Pack your lunch, pile into the car and away you go—to find a cool spot. But who plans the lunch and packs it so carefully that it will be fresh and dainty at the end of the trip, however far you go? You, of course!

We think it is just as important to have the food good and dainty and refreshing on a picnic as it is at a formal dinner, and this isn't always easy to do. Sandwiches dry out or get soggy, lettuce wilts, the pickles leak on the cake, the fruit becomes bruised, unless one is extremely careful.

We find that it saves time before you start and the sandwiches are often daintier if you don't make them until you are ready to eat. Take the bread, either in a loaf or cut ready to spread, wrapped in wax paper; the mayonnaise in its jar; and the lettuce—made very crisp before packing—with a little cracked ice in a glass jar with a tight-fitting cover.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDWICHES

Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches are delicious on a picnic if the tomatoes are carried whole and sliced onto the bread and the lettuce added just before serving.

Cucumber and Watercress Sandwiches are equally tempting if whole cucumbers are taken, peeled and packed in a screw-top jar with cracked ice, if possible; the watercress, first cleaned and made very crisp, is carried in a covered jar and the two combined in



*A new salad served at a smart New York tarsomeon mold serve it, in a crescent plate*

SARAH FIELD SPLINT

TALKS ABOUT LEARNING TO BE LAZY

IT is the right of every homemaker to have a vacation in the summer. If you do not get one it is your own fault, for one can always make time if one tries. Perhaps you can't go away for a week or a fortnight, but a day or a half-day at a time is possible and it lets you break away from routine long enough to relax. We have done a lot of experimenting this month to show you how to lighten the three-meal-a-day load during the hot season. All the menus and recipes we are giving you are practical and are time-savers. Noodles and Ham au Gratin is a hearty dish your family will like, but it is one which will give you an afternoon or a morning off, if you put it into your fireless cooker or regulated oven with the Escalloped Tomatoes and let it take care of itself until you are ready to serve it. Titled Fish Salad, with simple sandwiches, cake and a cold drink, would be ample for any picnic lunch, yet it takes little time to get them ready the day before and they give you a free day. For your own sake and your family's sake, learn to be lazy now! You will be able to meet the demands of winter with rested nerves and a courageous heart!

mayonnaise-spread sandwiches with crusts removed. Combination or "doubt-deck" Sandwiches will delight any picnickers if they are made of three thin slices of bread, with sliced American or Swiss cheese with mayonnaise as one filling and sliced boiled ham with mustard as a top filling. Or they are just as piquant if minced ham and chopped pickle are used for the first filling and cheese creamed with mayonnaise for the second.

### SARDINE AND CREAM CHEESE IN GREEN PEPPERS

2 green peppers 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 cup cream cheese 1/2 teaspoon salt  
6 sardines 1/2 teaspoon pepper

Wash peppers and remove seeds and membrane. Rub cream cheese and sardines to a paste. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Pack mixture tightly into pepper cases. Chill in refrigerator until ready to use. If for picnic, wrap each pepper in wax paper. When ready to make into sandwiches, spread thin slices of bread with butter or mayonnaise, slice stuffed peppers in thin rounds, putting two or three slices in each sandwich. These make a delicious salad if sliced thin on crisp lettuce and served with French or mayonnaise dressing and a sprinkling of paprika.

### PICNIC SALADS

Salads are somewhat of a novelty for picnics and are practicable if you know the trick of packing them. Your favorite fruit or potato salad can be made a little while before you start, chilled thoroughly in the refrigerator, packed in a screw-top jar which, in turn, is packed in cracked ice in the ice-cream freezer pail or in a covered tin pail. It will be cold and tempting when you unpack your lunch.

The jellied salad we have worked out for you, or any gelatin dish, should be made long enough ahead to become entirely firm before packing and molded in a tightly covered mold or jar. (Turn to page 32)

### Rich Rice Pudding, chilled and served in a gold-banded crystal glass

*What could be cooler than Frozen Fruit Balls served in crystal?*







*One of New York's treasured and most charming debutantes, Miss Strebeigh has the coloring of the lovely "blonde dove," blue eyes, delicate fair skin and red-gold hair. She is particularly fetching in this smart sports costume of one of the smart shades of light but brilliant green.*



UST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, the young daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte — patrician, and delightfully blond — made her bow to society.

"Coming out" in New York brings a deluge of social events to every debutante. But here is one who, with more than the usual share of vivacity and charm, wit, beauty and social *savoir faire*, became indispensable to every party given for the younger set.

She adored it all. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. After a brilliant season of dinner dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre-supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of smart new clothes and went West.

Perhaps you saw her lithe young figure in its chic frocks and hats *pour le sport* as it went swinging along the California Coast, that gorgeous playground that stretches from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Golf in crisp yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshine; driving her car through the finest forests in the world; surfing on an amber beach in the spray of a turquoise sea. All this she adores even more!

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a season in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know. Here are her very own words:—

*"It is wonderful to run away from society, with its crowded days, to the leisure of life out of doors, to leave behind the social duties and obligations which are so much a part of city activities.*

*"But there is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily and simply accom-*

Miss BARBARA STREBEIGH

## The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

*points out that the care of the skin  
is an important social duty*



THE TWO CREAMS THE YOUNGER SET IS USING

*plished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."*

THESE two pure creams made by Pond's, when used together, form a complete method of caring for the skin. Their delicate texture, soft and cool to the touch, their fragrance and lightness are pleasing. So is the knowledge that they are made from costly ingredients after years of experimentation in the Pond's laboratories. You should apply them daily as follows:—

*First Step:* During the day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, especially after exposure to *soot* and *wind*, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to your skin. Leave it on your face and neck for several moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice!—and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice, to close the pores. At night before retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, pat on more of the cream leaving it until morning. When you awaken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

*Second Step:* After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a *use* of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And now, when you whisk on your powder, you will notice that it clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays on too. And using it before you go out, you will find that Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from sun, wind, soot and dust.

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars, and tubes.

**Free Offer** Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H.  
119 Hudson Street, New York City.

Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**E**XCRUCIATING pain is only part of the misery that follows abuse of the feet. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.

What causes foot ailments? Misuse, disuse and abuse. Wrong methods of standing and walking with toes turned out instead of *straight ahead*; lack of sufficient exercise—walking, for instance; ill-fitting or tight shoes—these are the usual causes of foot troubles.

If your feet are normal, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Guard your children's easily molded feet. See that your boys and girls wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly with toes *straight ahead*.

The pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of safeguarding health. It has just published a booklet, "Foot Health," which contains a great deal of valuable information. This booklet tells about the various kinds of foot troubles—and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon foot ailments. It

shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause foot distress and often contribute to bodily ills and mental depressions. It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by  
**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in Force. More new Insurance each year.

## COOL MEALS for HOT DAYS

[Continued from page 30]

Put it into a covered  
pail of cracked ice, stow  
it away in the car and  
see how your family  
enjoy it later in the day.

### JELLIED FISH SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin  
1/2 cup cold water  
1/4 cup mayonnaise  
1/2 cup tuna fish  
1/2 green pepper,  
chopped  
Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes. Dissolve over boiling water and stir into mayonnaise. Add flaked tuna fish, pepper, celery, olives, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Turn into covered mold or wide-mouthed jar and chill until firm. Pack mold or jar in covered pail with cracked ice, for picnic and serve on crisp lettuce. Shrimp, crab, lobster, chicken or ham may be used instead of tuna fish if you prefer.

### RECIPES FOR YOUR ICELESS REFRIGERATOR

Elsewhere in the magazine this month Miss Marcia Mesd has told you about the iceless refrigerator, a splendid hot-weather servant which leaves you free to enjoy life. We have worked out some recipes for an appetizer, salad and dessert which can be from without labor in your iceless refrigerator.

### FROZEN FRUIT BALLS

1 pineapple Watermelon 2 cantaloups

Peel pineapple and cut from it enough balls with a French vegetable cutter to give each person 3 or 4. Halve cantaloups and remove seeds. Cut as many melon balls as you have pineapples. From watermelon cut same number of balls. Sprinkle balls with a little powdered sugar. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze as long as necessary to become thoroughly and deliciously cold.

When ready to serve put several balls of each kind in individual cocktail or sherbet cups, pour over them several spoonfuls of grenadine or fruit syrup, thoroughly chilled, and top with a spray of fresh mint.

### FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
2 cloves  
1/4 teaspoon celery  
1/4 tsp. onion  
1/4 tsp. parsley  
1/4 tsp. green pepper  
1/4 tsp. onion  
1 tablespoon water

4 cups canned or  
stewed tomatoes  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 tsp. onion  
1/2 tsp. parsley  
1/2 tsp. green pepper  
1/2 tsp. onion  
1/2 tsp. onion  
1/2 tsp. onion

Soak gelatin in cold water. Cook together tomatoes, cloves, salt, celery seed, peppercorns, onion, parsley and cayenne, ten minutes. Add soaked gelatin and dissolve thoroughly. Cool slightly and add vinegar. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, fold in stiffly beaten cream and return to refrigerator tray. Freeze until firm. Cut in squares, serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

### BANANA AND BROWNED ALMOND PAFF

1 tablespoon gelatin  
2 tablespoons cold water  
6 ripe bananas  
1/2 cup powdered sugar

Few grains salt  
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice  
1/2 cup almonds  
1/2 cup cream

Soak gelatin in water five minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Put bananas through potato ricer or press through sieve. Add sugar, salt, lemon juice and dissolved gelatin. Add almonds which have been browned in oven and crushed fine. Let mixture stand until it begins to congeal, then fold in stiffly beaten cream. Turn into iceless refrigerator tray and freeze three to four hours. Exact length of time will depend on your refrigerator.

### GRAPEFRUIT SALAD WITH BANANA BALLS

6 grapefruit  
2 bananas  
1/4 cup chopped walnuts  
Whipped cream

Peel grapefruit, separate into sections and remove all membrane. Peel bananas and with French vegetable cutter cut from them as many balls as possible. Put grapefruit sections with banana balls and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Arrange several grapefruit sections on each salad plate on crisp lettuce. Roll banana balls in chopped walnuts and arrange several pieces on grapefruit sections. Top with whipped cream and a cherry.

### MENUS FOR YOUR FIRELESS COOKER

The most perfect cool ways of cooking are in the fireless cooker (electric or otherwise) the electric oven and in the regulated gas oven. We have given you many suggestions for cooking complete and satisfying meals in your regulated oven.

Now we have some menus and recipes worked out for the fireless. Our directions for cooking in a fireless cannot be very detailed or exact, for each cooker operates differently and only you who know how to manipulate your own particular kind can decide in each recipe just how long to cook each food to get the best results. Our ideas in making these menus is to cook together dishes which take about the same length of time to cook. You can use them for your regulated oven, too.

(1)  
Roast Chicken with Dressing  
Escalloped Potatoes  
Buttered Beets  
Cucumber Salad  
Crisp Biscuits  
Rich Rice Pudding  
(2)  
Noodle and Ham au Gratin  
String Beans  
Escalloped Tomatoes  
Lettuce with Russian Dressing  
Fruit Jelly

RICH RICE PUDDING  
2 eggs  
1/2 cup milk  
2 cups cold boiled rice  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons butter,  
melted  
1/4 cup cream  
1/4 cup milk  
1/4 cup milk  
1/4 cup milk  
1/4 cup milk

Beat eggs until light, add milk and combine with boiled rice. Add salt, butter, raisins, nuts and flavoring. Put into greased baking dish or fireless pan and cook in fireless cooker about two hours or according to directions for your special cooker. Serve with or without cream and garnish with a marshmallow. Or bake in oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

NOODLES AND HAM AU GRATIN  
2 cups cooked noodles  
2 cups cooked ham  
2 cups cream  
2 cups milk  
2 cups milk  
2 cups milk  
2 cups milk

Put layer of noodles in greased fireless pan. Add layer of ham, cover with well-seasoned white sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Repeat layers of noodles, ham and white sauce until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle cheese on top. Heat over fire five minutes, put into fireless cooker and cook according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

### ESCALLOPED TOMATOES

Put a thick layer of sliced fresh tomatoes in bottom of greased bread-tray. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a tablespoon sugar. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with thin layer of bread crumbs. Repeat layers until you have used all ingredients. Put bread crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake in fireless cooker according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

Sun or wind or any kind  
of weather need not worry  
you—you can keep your  
skin exquisitely smooth by  
the protective qualities of  
Pompeian Day Cream.



# Protect your Skin

*from exposure  
to the weather*

By MADAME JEANNETTE

*Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories to give authentic advice on the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.*

UNDER the moon your complexion may seem magically fair. In the soft warm light of shaded lamps, it may keep its fairy charm. But when a summer sun shines too long upon your face, or a cold wind blows too bitterly against it, how does your complexion look then? How does it stand exposure in the air of dusty streets?

There is a simple way to protect it from these hardships—a way which women all over the world have found effective. They shield their skin with an invisible film of Pompeian Day Cream. This cream stays there until you remove it. Thus dust and grime are kept out. Thus your skin is guarded from the withering action of sun and wind. Thus all through the day your complexion remains clear and velvety, soft and fresh.

When you give your skin this scientific help it rewards you by keeping its true beauty—remaining radiant, youthful-looking, as velvety as a flower petal.

Pompeian Day Cream is one of the very helpful toilette creams which many clever women take advantage of. It is not only a "protective cream" to shield your complexion against sun and wind, but it is almost magical in the way it takes away undesirable shine from your skin.

If your skin is an oily one you know how annoying are those shining high-lights that come on forehead, nose, chin, and even on the curve of the cheeks. Pompeian Day Cream will keep these spots from shining in that disagreeable manner. Pompeian Day Cream has a slightly astringent action that reduces the activity of the oil. Try it! Just smooth it lightly on your face before you start to dress. Then, by the time you are ready for your powder this cream will have done its work. Wipe any superfluous bits away, and when you apply your powder you will find that the Day Cream has formed an excellent base for that as well as removed all shine.

This delicately compounded cream will greatly benefit your skin if you use it correctly. You will find that both your powder and your rouge will blend better, and will remain on for a much longer time than usual. Pompeian Day Cream is 60c the jar (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

I also suggest Pompeian Beauty Powder to be used over your Day Cream, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.

*Madame Jeannette*  
Specialists in Beauty



Send 10c  
for liberal sample

NO doubt you are saying to yourself, "I would like to try this cream." I want you to try it, want you to see for yourself how Pompeian Day Cream protects your skin from the weather and gives you several other benefits as well. To make this trial easy, I present the following offer: Send me one dime and the coupon. I will send you a generous sample of Day Cream and also a generous sample of Pompeian Night Cream (for cleansing). Tear off, fill in and mail the coupon now—today. You cannot begin too soon to guard your skin from the ravages of sun and wind and dust.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories  
1411 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Dear Madam: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name .....  
Street .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....



## Auto-Intoxication

*-self-poisoning that is a drag upon the health and spirits of so many*

**A**UTO-INTOXICATION is the price we pay for too much luxury—too little work. It is the result of too many miles by motor and too few on country walks.

We spend our nervous energy freely—we force ourselves with many things to do—but we let our bodies "loaf." We over-tax our stomachs and we under-work our muscles.

Food remains within us for more than a span of a day, clogging the intestines—fermenting—setting up the poisons that produce Auto-Intoxication or Intestinal Toxemia.

These poisons cause sudden frigidity—lassitude—dullness. They derange the intestines. They have an extremely bad effect upon the nervous system. They sharpen nerves—they make their subject, man or woman, cross and irritable.

• • • • •

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

Salt Hepatica relieves and prevents Auto-Intoxication because it promptly corrects internal "stoppage" and sweeps away poisons from the intestines.

Salt Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. Through the mechanical use of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution, it induces prompt peristalsis.

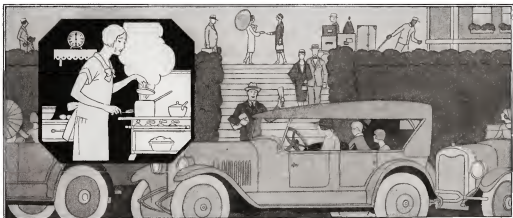
It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so much trouble. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by  
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., N. Y.

## Salt Hepatica



© 1925



*Which woman has an electrical refrigerator? She who tills all afternoon over the stove? Or she who prepares the evening meal in advance, leaves it cool and tempting in her iceless refrigerator, and mothers her family to meet father when he comes home?*

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

By MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect*  
Collaborating with JOHN H. MORECROFT, *Consulting Engineer,*  
*Professor of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University*

MARCIA MEAD SAYS:

*"The Electric Age is upon us in all its magnificence. Already the electrically equipped kitchen is a reality, relieving the homemaker of much of the monotony of three-meals-a-day-and-the-dishes-to-wash." In this article she tells you how, with the help of the electric refrigerator, you can plan meals a week in advance, market only once or twice a week and freeze desserts without labor. This will leave you free to picnic with your children or to devote yourself in other ways to the happiness and welfare of your family. Later articles in this series by Miss Mead will tell you of other electrical equipment which can be installed in your home and which will add to your comfort and convenience*



we can keep them dormant, before they begin to increase prolifically, they will do us no harm.

It makes us uncomfortable and squeamish to think of these things and we should not say anything about them, if there were not a remedy in sight. That remedy is the iceless refrigerator, cooled by automatic electric refrigeration. When this iceless refrigerator is set in the kitchen where your ordinary ice-box would be placed, the automatic electric cooler will maintain uniformly a temperature of about 45 degrees Fahrenheit in the refrigerator, or 5 degrees lower than the temperature of an ice refrigerator. About 52 degrees Fahrenheit is the danger-point at which the invisibles begin hilariously to multiply.

When you buy an electric cooling unit it is not necessary to purchase a new refrigerator. You can buy a unit which will fit into the refrigerator you now have. In that case, be sure you have a good refrigerator. Don't be deceived by the cheap ice-box which is built to receive ice but not to keep it from melting. For the same reason the electric cooler, to be economical, must be in a well-insulated

chamber. A good box should have its inner and its outer insulating walls at least one inch thick, of porous cork or spongy rubber and there should be a constant circulation of air within the storage chamber.

Aside from the essentials of constant temperature and of a temperature sufficiently low for the proper preservation of food, the refrigerating unit will do many other things. It will make real ice cubes for table service, and many kinds of frozen desserts; and it will preserve salads, pastries and cooling drinks prepared hours ahead of time and keep them in their first freshness ready to serve at a moment's notice. It will keep meats and vegetables so successfully that the housewife may buy in quantities, marketing but once or twice a week—a great boon to one who is both systematic and busy.

When there are children in the family, the purity of milk, the most susceptible of all foods to the ravages of the invisibles, is of paramount importance, and the constant low temperature storage possibilities afforded by electric automatic refrigeration are invaluable.

Another feature of electric refrigeration is its dryness, which also helps to preserve the food. The cooling unit, instead of throwing off moisture as does a cake of ice, attracts moisture to it, causing its surface to become frosted.

When one is building a new home, the refrigerator should be planned for, decided upon, and purchased ahead of time, like the bathtubs and sinks, and built into place and painted like the other woodwork.

My first endeavor, as an architect, is always to place the refrigerator where it will be convenient for the housewife, but the ice-man usually wins and it is placed to suit his convenience instead of hers. If an electric cooler is to be installed in the refrigerator, we are relieved not only of the dripping presence of this uncertain person, but we are enabled to put it in any place we choose, with due consideration, of course, for what is best for the refrigerator itself. It should not be placed against a chimney wall, which in winter is usually warm, nor should it be near a [Turn to page 37]





BANANA ICE CREAM—cool and satisfying—one of many desserts described in the new banana recipe book. Send for it.

## A flavor that does not vanish in ices

MANY fruit flavors tend to disappear when frozen in desserts. Syrups are often added to make up for this loss in taste. Bananas, fully ripened, keep all their original flavor in ice creams, mousses, cool salads and other summer dainties.

Ripe bananas, being a tropical fruit, are among the best summer foods.

They are rich in carbohydrates, those starchy food elements which are the chief source of energy in the diet.

As bananas ripen, their carbohydrates pass through a change which corresponds to the change made by digestion. When a banana is fully ripe, its carbohydrates are almost entirely changed to fruit sugars, so easily absorbed into the system that scientists say they are almost fully digested in the ripened fruit.

Ripeness adds more than ease of digestion to bananas—it adds a better flavor that is worth waiting for.

The best way to make sure of ripeness is to buy bananas by the "hand" or dozen, and let

*The taste of a ripened banana, though delicate, is always pronounced and unmistakable*



A successful fruit salad is a balanced blend of many flavors. You must start with the correct individual flavors—and in bananas, the best flavor comes with complete ripeness.

them ripen at home. Do not put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Put them in a bowl or dish to ripen at room temperature.

Bananas are ripe when the last trace of green is gone from the tip and the first freckles of brown appear in the side.

Ask your dealer for bananas imported by the Fruit Dispatch Company. They are the finest in flavor, and

the most choice in quality that you can find. They are grown under ideal conditions, and shipped north in ships especially constructed to keep them at their best.

Send for the new cook book of eighty-three banana recipes, with several pages of well-balanced menus to suit every occasion. This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail this coupon.

FREE: book of eighty-three tested recipes

### UNIFRUITCO BANANAS

Packed and sealed by nature in a germ-proof package. Imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY  
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."  
(Please print name and address)

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# KRAFT CHEESE

## Keep Cool

Keeping cool in warm weather depends a great deal upon what you eat. Hot weather food should produce a maximum of energy with a minimum of heat. . . . Preeminent among such foods is good cheese. And preeminent among good cheese is Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY  
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - POCATELLO, IDAHO  
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
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KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
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Made and Kept in Canada at Kraft Canadian Cheese

¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 5 lb. loaves

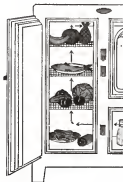
Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Receipt Book C8 "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

~DECIDEDLY BETTER~

# LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

(Continued from page 36)



Arrows show how cold air and odors from food in your refrigerator. The colder, better should be kept, is directly under for strong-flavored foods, is the

gas or coal range. It should be set in as cool a location as possible.

When the comfort of the ice-man no longer has to be considered, we discover that most refrigerators are too low. For one of my clients I set the refrigerator on a shelf about sixteen inches high, lining the space below with metal so that it might be used for the storage of fresh vegetables. This brought the different refrigerator compartments at such convenient heights that the housewife was not obliged to stoop every time she used them.

The smaller the opening of the refrigerator the better, so that less cold air will escape when a door is opened.

One of the best things about the electric refrigerator is that it does away with the annoying mess of cleaning the refrigerator-draw and ice-chamber.

Of course, everything else, the electric refrigerator requires a certain amount of care. The box itself needs to be looked after as usual, and the cooling unit must be defrosted at least once a week, that is, the frost which accumulates on the cold unit from the moisture in the air, must be removed. This frost sometimes grows so thick that it becomes an insulator in itself and does not allow the cold to pass through it, thus raising the temperature of the box. The frost may easily be removed by scraping with a knife or by switching off the motor and letting the temperature drop to such a degree that the frost melts away.

In regard to the care of the refrigerator, it is well, for one's own protection, to follow the manufacturer's directions religiously, because if anything gets out of order and requires the attention of a service

technician's nervous system before we are aware of the strain. But electric vibration is becoming a very conscious part of our lives and brings with it a multitude of blessings compared to which its drawbacks are few.

The opening cost of an electric refrigerator varies directly with the cost of production of electric current. Current produced by water-power is naturally much cheaper than that produced by fuel, and some localities are able to produce it more cheaply than others.

But a fairly definite idea of the comparative costs of electric refrigeration and ice refrigeration, with which we are all familiar, may be learned from the result of a careful laboratory test of two high-grade refrigerators of the same make, one ice, the other cooled by the electric unit, the ice refrigerator being kept at all times fully iced. In this test

put the little girl on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—the baby food most nearly like breast milk. Mary Margaret thrived on her new diet—and when, at six weeks, she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gray, they continued with Eagle Brand.

Her foster-mother writes, "At 6 months she weighed 18 pounds, at 18 months 30 pounds. She walked before she was 9 months old. She has never had any serious illness, and is a healthy, happy, normal baby."

Wherever mother's milk fails or is not satisfactory, Eagle Brand is the accepted choice for bottle feeding.

This rich cow's milk, modified with pure refined sugar, meets all

the exacting requirements for a baby food—easy digestibility, high nutritive value (the all-essential vitamins, too), absolute safety and uniformity. Easy to buy and use.

If you are faced with a difficult feeding problem, put your baby on Eagle Brand. Three generations of mothers have used it with success. Some of their stories are told in

*What Other Mothers Say*, a booklet that also contains feeding charts for babies up to 2 years. Send the coupon for free copies of this and *Baby's Welfare*, a booklet by a physician on the practical care of your baby.

**Borden's EAGLE BRAND**  
CONDENSED MILK



THE BORDEN COMPANY  
223 Borden Building, 320 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.  
Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*.

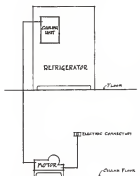
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



WIRELESS ~  
Margaret thrived  
on the Eagle Brand diet



Mary Margaret at 6 months—weight 18 pounds and radiantly healthy



IN THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, THE MOTOR PUMPS OUT THE HEAT.



# the FINE ART of BEING YOUNG

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

IF you've ever tried to make a sunny morning mood last through the day, you know that it isn't easy to do. How often we wake up with the world smiling in at our windows, only to find, when we go out, that everybody around us is going on in the same unsmiling, inexpressive way, oblivious to the joy of the day. Sometimes I find the mood comes back in snatches while I work, and then again it doesn't come back at all.

On the evening of a day not long ago when I felt I had completely lost this sense of happy well-being, I went to the theatre. Like the rest of the audience, my face had slipped on the tired mask of habit. But in the back of my mind I was still looking for my fresh, early morning mood, hoping, like the child and the comet, to catch it by the tail. Suddenly the lights went down, the chattering around me ceased, the curtain rose, and from the shadow of the wings tripped a slender, laughing girl in a dance frock of black tulle with a tight bodice. Her hair, bound with a wreath of silver roses, made a cloud of bronzed gold about her chin face. With her came an adoring young man in evening dress. During that brief scene (it was little more than a prologue) the audience caught from the girl some mysterious spark that held them all through the performance. In a twinkling I found myself glowing again with my early morning exuberance. It had happened like magic, in fact, I think it was magic—this gay, fresh spirit that seemed to come from another world. But it was a simple enchantment, after all, nothing more or less than the magic of just being young.

The beautiful actress was Helen Chandler, whom I had seen before as poignant little *Heartsie*, in "The Wild Duck," and as tragic *Ophelia* in a fascinating production of "Hamlet," presented in modern dress. But in neither of these plays did I thrill to the effect of sheer youth: dancing, laughing, weeping, seeking youth, chasing the bubble of happiness that blows just over the next hill. In this particular play the heart of every girl in the world beat in this slender body, whether it was covered by a simple white silk sports dress or a flesh-colored dance frock of chiffon that made her look like a blown bit of thistle-down.

On the next night I sought her in her dressing-room, with a little fear. I'll admit, that I might be disappointed. What if this exuberantly young creature of the play should prove, off stage, to be some one quite different, some one not at all like the person I wanted to tell McCall readers about? But I might have saved my fears, for the girl who sat in the pool of light at her make-up was the same girl I had followed with eager eyes the evening before. She had just washed her hair and was putting it into a water-wave under a turban of pink chiffon veils. Her lovely light-brown hair, with the golden high lights made a charming contrast to her wide-set, blue-gray eyes. I had the fleeting fancy that she had been the very loveliest of sixteen-year-old girls getting ready for a party, instead of an accomplished young actress about to appear in a modern play before a large audience. As she put on her make-up, I noticed that she did not use any more than many young girls do for the street. Just an accent here and there, the rabbit's foot brushed lightly over her forehead, cheek to bring out its natural contours. Like many young actresses today, Miss Chandler uses little make-up for the stage. She is content in having a natural clear pallor that needs only a dusting of powder. Then, too, her hair, when she is dressing, with the hairbrush she is so becoming to young girls, forms a frame for her face. It occurred to me that many of us, heedless of the chinted and clipped as we are, forget one important fact: our face becomes framed with hair does not need a lavish amount of make-up to give it character. Hair makes character. Her lovely eyes, her hair, her nose, the forehead and eyes, and in front of the ears. If Miss Eighthen sides her new bob unbecomingly, let her try, with the hair-brush, to make this lovely aura about her face. If she has long hair, her task will be easier, for she will have time to work with it.

Our dressing-room talk turned naturally to exercise. The busy girl under twenty, slender and lithe, who eats plenty of fruits and vegetables and drinks her quota of water, does not need the strict régime of exercise that her elder sister must follow in order to iron out worry



WITH this article, McCall's begins a series of woman-to-woman talks on beauty. Do you make the most of your type? We believe that the experiences of distinguished women who have succeeded in doing just this will help you to reach your own good looks ideal. ■ And watch this space each month for last-minute suggestions from the great beauty salons. ■ "Vacation time is no time to take a vacation from the care of your skin," says one specialist. Make a place in your dressing-case or trunk for a good cleansing cream and an astringent lotion, at least. One firm offers a handy, ready-packed metal box, with all that the average girl needs to keep her skin in condition away from home. ■ For the business girl, caught between work and social engagements, another firm has a dry or liquid nail polish for emergency use. It comes in a form which she can quickly slip into her handbag. ■ In the hottest weather, a bath is not completely cooling without a dusting powder. Choose one that absorbs moisture, cools and refreshes the skin. Good bath powders, once a luxury for the favored few, are now recognized as hot weather necessities by all dainty girls. ■ Skint! Hair! Hand! Fillmore! For help in your own special beauty problem, write Miss Fillmore, enclosing a two-cent stamp for reply, or send ten cents in stamps for our booklet, *A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman*. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

lines or reduce a too plump figure. Miss Chandler's own cure for fatigue and general let-down is walking. She and her mother go to the country every week-end. She slips on her oldest clothes, and walks and walks and walks. On Monday morning she is renewed and ready for that trying ordeal, rehearsing for a new play.

A chance remark of mine brought a quizzical smile to Miss Chandler's mouth. It was saying that, to me, at least, one of the greatest temptations of the teens seemed to be that of imitating an exactly opposite type of beauty.

"When I was about fourteen," she confessed, "I decided that I wanted more than anything else to be a siren. I managed surreptitiously to procure a slinky, black satin dress, long jet earrings, and I plucked my eyebrows to a thin line. I had read that such eyes darken the hair, so I washed and washed my head in the mixture. When I came home at vacation time in this outfit, Mother wisely kept still about the dress and earrings, but set me to work getting the natural color back into my hair. As a would-be vamp I was kept so busy washing and rinsing that I got over my longing to look sophisticated and never wanted to try it again."

"Quite seriously, though," she continued, "I do believe that the greatest danger to a young girl's beauty is the danger of growing up too soon. Sometimes, when a younger girl from school comes to visit me I have the queerest feeling that they are years older than I am. You see, except for that one funny attempt to be grown up, I've been too busy to amuse myself. When I was little, I played child parts in Shakespeare; *Macbeth's* son, when Lionel Barrymore did "*Macbeth*," and the little *Richard of York*, when his brother did "*Richard III*." Like other stage children, I had private teachers. But when I was twelve, Mother took me away from the theatre and put me into a girls' school in the country. That was a lovely interval, I thought, in the real business of life. Even as a tiny girl, I think I knew quite well that stage people worked hard to succeed. When my course of study was over, I was ready for the hard work ahead of me."

As she unbound the veil that bound her head, I pondered this simple explanation which tells so clearly Helen Chandler's story. I rather wished that all girls knew that one secret of happiness (and of beauty, too) is to be busy. Playtime and working go hand in hand throughout life. There is never a point where one ceases entirely and the other begins. So it isn't strange, when we know her straight-forward outlook on life, that this delightful girl, whose life, except for a few years at finishing school, was lived in the glow of the footlights, should possess the blessed, unspoiled bloom of youth.

Older women may have to worry about keeping young, but the girl in her teens need only remember that she must be happy. Her secret to beauty are enthusiasm and intelligence. Miss Chandler has both in abundance, and shows the result of applying them.

O, yes, youth has its handicaps, too. How many of us have suffered from self-consciousness, hot-and-cold fits, and the like. We know us when we have to meet strange people or go into large, public gatherings? Miss Chandler would say that this is nothing more than stage fright, and it can be corrected by applying the remedy that many actresses use. If you feel yourself getting nervous, stop and take four deep breaths slowly. And you'll find yourselves wonderfully calmed. That is using intelligence to strengthen the weakest point in your beauty armor. And you can begin to apply it early to find these weak points. When you have found them, don't try to cover them up, but correct them. Remember that an actress's hair, her face, her coiffure won't count neglected hair. Too much make-up, exotic and heavily applied, won't hide a hair's imperfection. The best and safest experiment for Miss Eighthen is a blurring of powders that exactly matches her skin, whether it is peach bloom or olive, or one of the in-between tints. Well-known and well-tested face preparations are usually glad to send samples free or at small cost, so, your experiments in getting just the right shade need not be expensive. For exercise, supplement your school gym work with your favorite sport: tennis, basket-ball, swimming, hockey, or just walking in the open. Don't worry about reducing until you have to. As a matter of fact, if your diet is right and your exercise regular and chosen, you won't have to worry for a long time to come.

Above all, in Miss Chandler's own words, "Don't be afraid to be 'just young.'"





## Truth from a child

THE next-door neighbor in this little girl's town used to call every now and then. And each time when he came he would pick her up and kiss her.

Always she remonstrated, tried to escape; for it was really a sort of ordeal to her.

Finally one day the visitor determined to find out why the child acted so curiously.

It was really a surprise to him, but so often you get the real truth only from a child.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

OF  
HALITOSIS



OF  
LISTERINE

### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



## "He Said My Teeth Were Diamonds in the Moonlight"

WE had just danced together for the last time. Dick's vacation ended the next day, so we went to the beach to talk a little . . . and to say goodbye.

"Helen," he said, after we'd found a seat on a fisherman's up-turned boat, "Your smile is the most joyful thing there is . . . your teeth are diamonds in the moonlight . . ."

I could have added "Thanks to Colgate's", but why give away one's beauty secret?

\* \* \*

Do you possess the charm of beautiful teeth?

Do yours flash white and lovely when you talk and smile?

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty.

But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

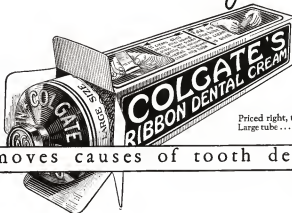
Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

### No Grit . . . No Harsh Chemicals

Colgate's contains no grit. It can't scratch or "ride" the thin enamel of your teeth. It contains none of those chemicals that burn or harm the delicate mouth tissues.

Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.

*Colgate's*  
Established 1806



Priced right, too!  
Large tube . . . 25c.

removes causes of tooth decay



Primitive people alternately fasted and feasted

## FASTING-ITS BENEFITS AND DANGER

By E. V. McCOLLUM and NINA SIMMONS

*School of Hygiene and Public Health,  
Johns Hopkins University*

**F**ASTIDISTS are constantly attempting to promote the idea that prolonged fasting has a remarkable value in the cure of many diseases. Physicians, in general, advise against abstaining from food for any great length of time. But many radical practitioners, especially those who treat persons suffering from digestive troubles, advise their patients to fast for periods of two weeks or more before putting them on some special diet which is supposed to have curative effects.

The chief interest Americans have in fasting lies in its possible value in reducing weight or in regaining lost health. Since fasting is heralded by so many fastidists as a panacea for almost all existing ills, every one should understand the dangers as well as the possible virtues of denying oneself food for shorter or longer intervals.

Judging from the experience of religious enthusiasts and others who have undergone prolonged fasts, no great harm results when a healthy person abstains from food alone for periods up to thirty or forty days. Succi, an Italian, fasted forty days but took as much water as he desired. Persons have died within eight days, however, after going without both food and water. Under famine conditions many people die within a short time, but the cause is usually fear or pestilence or lack of water, rather than lack of food.

The condition of professional fasters at the end of several weeks shows that few human beings have ever gone without food long enough to endanger life, although some have fasted until they have lost about one-fourth of their body weight. In fasting, the secretion of all the digestive juices is soon lessened, even when the person takes as much water as he wants. On the seventh day of his famous fast, Succi, by chewing for three hours a substance which was not food, secreted only as much saliva as is secreted under ordinary conditions in five minutes. The stomach, intestines and pancreas also stop actively secreting their digestive fluids.

The digestive tract, however, does not become entirely empty when one fasts. There is sufficient saliva swallowed to provide material for bacterial putrefaction, there are small amounts of all the digestive juices produced by each of the

secretory glands and, what is more significant, the bile continues to secrete a considerable amount of bile. The gall bladder is always full and continues to pour this bile into the intestines. All these secretions undergo putrefactive decomposition and the bacteria which cause the decomposition spread throughout the entire digestive tract. The tongue becomes coated and the breath acquires a very bad odor. By the ninth day the amount of putrefactive products in the kidney excretions has reached five times the amount observed at the beginning of the fast. From this it is evident that fasting does not cause a cleansing of the digestive tract, as many suppose.

The fasting body feeds upon itself but it does not draw on all the different body structures at the same rate. The fat deposits are the principal tissues drawn on for energy as long as they are abundant. After the fat is gone the next demand is made on the muscles which tend to waste away. Then, in much less degree, the organs and glands are used as sources of food material to keep life to wade away. The more important organs, as the heart and brain and the glands which produce the so-called internal secretions containing hormones or regulators of metabolism, are spared longer than the parts which can be lost with less harm to the individual.

All these facts apply to fasts which last two weeks or more. The situation in such long fasts is very different from that which exists during short fasts of one to several days. During a brief fast—less than a week—a considerable reduction of the body fat may be made. Total abstinence from food for a few days, taking a small amount of moderate exercise, would doubtless be a satisfactory way for healthy persons to reduce, if they can afford to take the time to be idle, or nearly so, as is necessary while fasting. There is said to be little discomfort in fasting after the first few days are over.

Modern science has generally found that the precepts of religion constitute good physiology. Brief periods of fasting such as are practiced by certain religious sects are doubtless beneficial because they help to reduce the

(Turn to page 59)



# You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheers frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every 10 of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. *Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.*

#### These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

#### Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

In this *NEW* way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

## Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



- ① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



- ② Tissue protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



- ③ Easy to buy anywhere.\* Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

"Ask for them by name"

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:  
60¢ per dozen  
Kotex-Super:  
90¢ per dozen

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets  
in rest-rooms by  
West Disinfecting Co.

No laundry—discard as  
easily as a piece of tissue

# *We all like the easiest way—*

IT'S human nature to prefer the easiest way of doing things . . . Practically every important invention that has marked the progress of the times has been aimed at simplifying some job or other. Take the typewriter, the sewing machine, or any one of a hundred others that you think of.

We are constantly studying out new ways to make things easier to do; partly because we want to speed up, get more accomplished; but also—and this must not be overlooked—because we like to pamper ourselves. About a great many things, to be really honest, we're all fundamentally lazy.

And particularly, we're lazy about some of the small important things of life.

Even in that simple matter of brushing the teeth—a daily duty we owe to our own well-being—many of us are negligent.

At night we're tired; in the morning we're in a hurry.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish

the *easiest, quickest* way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us. Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

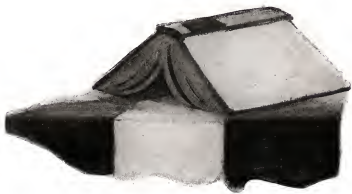
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel\*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

*P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.*

\*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.



# LISTERINE



*"—even for lazy people"*



TOOTH · PASTE  
*— — — easy to use*



## "GLORIFIED RICE"

*It's as good as  
it's healthful*

Mrs. A. H. TWILLMAN  
of IRETON, IOWA.

*says that it is  
a favorite in  
her home.*



Like so many Hawaiian Pineapple favorites, it is one of the simplest dishes imaginable. Just ordinary boiled rice with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, a few marshmallows—and whipped cream.

This is just another example of the way Hawaii's "King of Fruit" puts refreshing new appetite appeal into every-day foods. Salads, fruit cocktails, pies, tarts, ices, puddings—these, of course, are recognized Hawaiian Pineapple staples. And it is equally delightful with meat and vegetable dishes. Several unusually good ones are included in our new recipe book, illustrated below.

And bear in mind that the same top-quality, golden-ripe fruit is packed in two forms—Sliced and Crushed—for your convenience in preparing hundreds of dishes and for quick service right from the can. Keep Hawaiian Pineapple within easy reach always. You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen cans.



**Don't Overlook  
Pineapple Ice Cream  
and Ices!**

Always refreshing!  
Order at the soda fountain or restaurant—or  
your grocer's store—and  
a brick or carton home.

# HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



**Sliced Crushed**

For serving right  
from the can and  
for quick dinners  
and salads.

For soups, ices,  
pies, cake filling,  
salads & hundreds  
of made-up dishes.

**SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!**

Dept. 24, A. H. of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,  
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California  
Please send me, free of charge, your new book,  
"Hawaiian Pineapple in 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*This log cabin has many interesting features. The hooded porch, sturdy chimney, walls painted with mortar, and double row of shingles in every third course, are all in accord with the rugged scale of log construction*

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

BY HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE



THERE is a perennial charm about the cabin built of logs that lures countless city dwellers to the great open spaces, where they build for themselves shelters in the wilderness for rest, recreation and study. While this phase of home building is of little concern to the realty operator, nevertheless it is a piquant and highly entertaining experiment in home making. The peculiarly engaging feature of the movement is that it is founded upon the romance of life, rather than upon the too often stupid realities.

Up to the present time the log cabin has been more or less of a makeshift for summer occupancy, but the idea of utilizing it as an all-year-round abode is fast gaining a foothold, although to make it winter-proof adds at least one half to the cost, as there must be a heating-plant, plumbing, insulated floors and roofs.

As a week-end retreat of comfort and beauty at any season of the year, its advantages are manifold. It provides the relaxation sought by numbers of city dwellers, who, in their recreational activities, prefer to view the maddening crowd in far distant perspective. From every point of view it fills a fundamental need in the lives of busy folk. A goodly proportion of log cabin enthusiasts come from the ranks of the professions, and the outward

and visible sign of their freedom, the little house in the woods, may be discovered in all parts of the country, both east and west.

Strange to say, the ruggedness of the house of horizontal logs laid one upon another harks back, not to our Colonial forefathers, who built their first houses of logs set vertically in stockade fashion after the old English manner, but to the hardy northerners of the Scandinavian countries who fashioned their dwellings of marvelous workmanship, before even windows had come in fashion.

Always there is that about these habitations which stirs the blood in an uncustomed way—a flow of sentiment for which tradition is largely responsible. The little log cabin is tenderly reminiscent of some of the first rude homes, and symbolizes those simple domestic joys, which, somehow, seem to have lost caste amid the exotic pleasures of modern life. But reverence for the hearth-stone still exists, and, for the old-fashioned sort of person, the appeal of home in the sturdy charm and rough beauty of the log cabin possesses a witchery difficult to withstand.

Some of the log cabins we see approximate in size and equipment the more ambitious country house, but these often lose the old-time simplicity, which is one of their most potent charms. Many may be placed in the luxury class, but the entrancing thing about log cabins is that the cheaper ones, which are within the reach of persons of moderate means, are the most alluring.

It is quite possible for the prospective builder, at a reasonable outlay, to have a one-room cabin with a kitchenette, from which he can extract as much fun and relaxation as if he spent many times the amount. The cost, of course, will depend upon the location and the availability of logs. If the logs must be transported long distances, it is obvious that the cost will be too much, and, what is worse, the house of logs will seem to be out of place in a location where there are no trees to be found.

To build one's own log cabin adds not a little to the joy of ownership, and a one-man-built shack is entirely within the realm of possibility with no other assistance than the trusty ax. However, if one can afford it, it is better to secure the aid of a competent designer who understands the problem and the principles of log construction. (Turn to page 46)



*This detail shows the use of lock-notches at corners, and treatment of the joints*

*The doors also should be in keeping with the sturdy charm of log buildings!*



*The round-log shelf and fieldstone of the fireplace lend this interior beauty*

## RAMPARTS

(Continued from page 21)

devices of today are so numerous and so remarkable, as to be past my enumeration or explanation. Electricians, inventors and scientists of today are indeed carrying on in a noteworthy manner, and they need have no qualms of conscience as to their industry, integrity, and skill.

It must be a motley array—this procession of spirits which I fancy I can see gazing over the ramparts at us. Each one interested in the development and progress of the one particular thing which was essential and all important during his life on earth. I think it might be good for all of us to sing out in our imagination, the one spirit who may be watching us—the one who was most interested in our individual ambition or desire—and ask ourselves if we are keeping the faith, and if we are giving the very best that is in us. It might be a great help to us, in this age of stress and hurry, to select something even as intangible as a spirit to be our guiding light and inspiration. We are inclined to

forget ideals in our mad rush for money and pleasure. It would be something to work for, and to work toward—just to feel that the spirit of some lost loved one, or of some notable person interested along the same line as ourselves, was hovering over us, watching and waiting to note our development and progress. It might aid us in accomplishing bigger and better things.

So when you are asked to donate to memorials, do what your conscience tells you the spirit of the departed one would like. Our dead are happy and peaceful; at least, no tributes we can pay them here on earth will add to their comfort if they have lived honorable lives. If the proposed memorial is a help or a pleasure to those in whom he was most interested, give; but if it is only a slab of cold stone, or other useless monuments, let it alone, and give the money to his pet charity; remembering that always there remain hundreds of needy children.

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

(Continued from page 16)

only got that interview through you. In other words, I didn't come by my coup honestly. And then you were such a brick about it all, I—I felt I owed you something and wanted you to think well of me."

"Then you meant to tell me—?"

"As soon as I could manage it without getting on the suspect list of the powers that be and ceasing to be useful if you should happen to need a friend again."

"As today!" Denise cried with a look for him now in which gratitude burned openly.

"Luck was with me today—the luck that sent this excellent fog. Good old Tibor, back there in the tunnel—chances are, he's just beginning to realize it wasn't Cestie Hill that saved him on his poor dear head. So I'm still unknown to the enemy, and good for service yet another time—another comes."

"You think another will—?"

"You don't imagine—do you?—you've seen the last of Szamuelly!"

"Who?" the girl cried in a start.

"Tibor Szamuelly, the pale lad with the pane in his face. Mean to say you didn't know who he was?"

"I know now," Denise admitted. "I've just remembered . . ."

Now, truly, did Denise remember. That name, coupled with Brull's quaint characterization of the single eye—has—a decision, which hadn't been in evidence during their clash in the storm, though it had caused the less of memory to stir that afternoon—had at once recreated the face of her first acquaintance with the animal.

It had happened on one of her visits to the villa in the hills. This man, calling himself Tibor Szamuelly, had one day warned his way into the villa, choosing an hour when neither of her parents was at home, and presented a letter of introduction to Denise which was later found to be a forgery. Denise recalled the pathetic figure he had cut, ill at ease in the drawing-room, but due to his shabby bent to carry things off with an air; self-consciousness in formal costume whose pretentiousness sat absurdly on his vulgar person. A pale type, ill in all of the scheming, unscrupulous, petty pressman whose bent toward blackmail earns him in Buda-Pest the name of "pistol journalist."

The fellow had screwed up his impudence to approach Denise with a purpose slow to transpire. Whether or not he had ever before looked on the maid-of-honor and found her fair, it was sure her presence had excited him, as soon as she came into the room, to surveilling attention. He had so openly and so desperately yearned for one kind look, one small sign that might be construed as, at worst, toleration . . . Pleasant to remember that one had given him nothing even remotely resembling what he wanted. Denise had been half-handed with him from the first, impatiently demanding to be acquainted immediately with the nature of his errand and declining to be in

any way aware of his efforts to be ingratiating.

At last, however, it had come out: Szamuelly had pleaded guilty to having assumed that the maid-of-honor might be bribed, by threats half-hinted, and worse, the intimation that a sum of money might be placed at her disposition, to betray her Queen, give in confidence "facts" concerning Zita's private life which would lend color to the unspeakable scandals which were already being bruited by enemies of the Habsburg dynasty.

As soon as able to grasp the infamy of his stammered intimations, Denise had left the room and sent servants to boot the beast out of the grounds; and then, for all her flaming indignation, had been fain to let the rushing tides of those times whelm the incident into oblivion.

"Now I remember," she told Andrew Brull. Her dark eyes, holding his, seemed singularly large in a face suddenly pale with reminiscent anger. "That vermin!"

"Vermin!" Brull agreed. "Is Tibor's maiden name. All the same, it won't do to despise him, the man is armed today with mysterious powers—he has friends in high places here in Buda-Pest. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing more than that he is a common blackmailing. What should I know of such wretches?"

"It's sometimes useful to know things," Brull reasonably submitted. "I ran across the man for the second time a few days after we got here, lending his moral support to Bela Kun, that comic monstrosity you saw just now in Franz Josef Square. I got hold of Szamuelly's name, and made discreet enquiries."

"Well? Were you impressed by what you found out?"

"Too much to forget any of it. He's had a busy life since the War started. Before that he seems to have been a sort of village idiot in journalistic circles here. He drifted from one newspaper to another, failing to deliver the goods even as a police-report courier. During the War he ducked service as long as he could. In the end, however, they pinched Tibor and shipped him off to the Eastern front. He deserted within two hours and picked up with this Bela Kun, also a deserter, in Moscow. They made a deal with Lenin and his lot, and were given the job of organizing Bolshevik cells among the Hungarian prisoners-of-war. Szamuelly is known to have ordered the massacre of a hundred and fifty officer-prisoners who wouldn't be corrupted. The ink they wrote the Armistice with wasn't dry when he bobbed up again, as bold as brass, with pockets full of rubles, in the country where the best he had to hope for was a deserter's breakfast—a blank wall and a firing squad. Ever since that time we ran afoul of him outside Vienna he's been hanging in the cafe here like a bull. I rather thought he'd overdone things a bit about three weeks back, when this hold Republic plucked up spunk enough to jail him for the murder of those poor fellows in the . . . (Turn to page 46)



## "Every Drop Awakens Flavor"

Heinz Pure Vinegar brings out the delicate flavors of a salad, while imparting an added goodness of its own, because it is more than just a raw, sour taste—it is *flavor* itself.

This ripe, mellow flavor of Heinz Pure Vinegar is developed by long aging in wood. No other method can produce it. That's why Heinz Vinegar improves every food it touches and why you should always ask for vinegar by name—Heinz.

4 kinds to suit all tastes—Cider, Malt, White and Tarragon.

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**HEINZ**  
PURE **Vinegar**  
IN BOTTLES **57**  
The taste is the test

SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS FOR NEW SALAD RECIPE BOOK . . . H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH



## Chafing For a young baby doctors require this special care



**T**HERE is no fragrance in the world more appealing than that indescribable sweetness—part just clean babyhood, part soft little woolsens, part delicate powder—which makes a baby's skin so adorable.

But that tender skin is a responsibility. It needs the most faithful care to save it from the misery of chafing and other eruptions which assail it.

After the baby has been bathed and dried with a soft towel, powder should be sprinkled in all his little folds and creases to absorb the last stray bit of moisture. And every time he is changed he must be liberally powdered.

There is nothing—except the nipple of his bottle—which comes into just intimate contact with the baby as the powder. One cannot be too careful in its choice.

The powder should be exquisitely fine, soft, absorbent and pure beyond question.

### Mothers Trust this Powder

Because Johnson's baby powder has these qualities in such superlative degree, more mothers choose this than any other powder.

It is made under ideal conditions in the wonderful laboratories which serve the medical profession so faithfully with hundreds of antiseptic articles.

Moreover this powder was made at doctors' request and by their prescription. When these doctors wanted a powder they could safely recommend for young babies, what more natural than that they should turn to this firm for a product of such purity?

The skin of the young baby is very delicate and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of talcum powder.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt  
in "The Happy Baby"

NOTE: To those mothers who do not already know the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering a free sample together with their helpful little book, "The Summer Care of Babies."

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. C-12; New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

(Continued from page 44)

While this old method of framing seems a simpler proposition than the usual method of house construction, and is easily understood by the layman, when it is properly explained to him, there are few builders who know how to apply it. The woodman will instinctively know what to do, for he has a feeling for logs and trees, but the average time-job carpenter, who is accustomed to having his material practically cut and fitted for him, is at a loss when up against a problem of natural framing.

With an architect's detailed plan and one skilled workman it is possible for a layman to turn out a very creditable job, while, without this assistance, he may fall into serious difficulties. He may also be tempted, because of his partial point of view, to dabble in ginger-bread and paint to the ruin of the beauty of his home, whose keynote should be simplicity itself.

Any of our native trees are suitable for a log cabin, such as white pine, spruce,



This rumbling log cabin with its picturesque bark roof suggests an English wattle cottage

"Of such materials as  
around  
The workman's hand  
readiest found;  
Lopped of their boughs,  
their four trunks bared,  
And with the hatchet rudely  
squared."

SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*

A log cabin in such surroundings is a  
fisherman's idea of paradise

oak, chestnut or hemlock in the east, and Douglas fir, yellow pine, cedar or hemlock in the west. Hardwood is, of course, more difficult to work, so the pines and cedars are to be given preference. A most picturesque and charming material is unpecked silver birch, which may be employed with delightful results. The cabin on the estate of Byron B. Horton at Barnes, Pennsylvania, shown in the illustration, is constructed of this wood, and the effect is entrancing.

The natural beauty of silver birch, with its exquisite sheen and reflection of light that illuminates the dark recesses of the woods, makes it an excellent material for the log cabin, where it is available in sufficient quantities. This silvery effect is quite as attractive for the interior as for the exterior, and may be used for the staircase, for mantels and for furniture. It gives just the woody atmosphere that we are wont to associate with the primitive log cabin.

When the plan is determined upon, the logs cut and drawn to the site and the land graded, it will probably take from three to eight weeks to build your house and install the desired fittings. The cost and the time for construction depend upon the size of the structure and the simplicity of its finish; and, as stated before, the simpler it is, the more satisfying it will be.

The true woodman selects ten or twelve-inch logs for the walls and fits them at the corners with the "lock-notch"—that is, the top log is cut away to fit over the log below, which runs at right angles to it, thus forming the corner of the house. As each log runs the entire length of the wall and is similarly lock-jointed at the other end, the whole cabin will be firm and strong. Of course the logs must be carefully cut to form the door and window openings, which must be strongly framed to hold the log-ends in place, and the filling of the joints with water-proof mortar is the most particular

detail of all, if one would have a comfortable, dry well-built house.

To be in keeping with the log walls the roof beams should be formed of small logs with one side cut away, to provide a flat nailing surface for the roof boards, which look best rough-sawn. If the span is wide, tie beams will be required at intervals to strengthen the roof. If the cabin is to be an all-year-round affair, some form of insulation should be laid on the roof before applying the roofing material.

The roof itself should receive careful consideration, for it should be in keeping with the walls. A cheap modern roof is most disappointing with log construction. The small cabin shown with the hooded porch has a simple

shingled roof, which is eminently satisfying to one's sense of the "fitness of things." Stone, which is generally available in one form or another, plays an important part in cabin building, and, to an unusual degree, the beauty of the masonry de-



Stone adds its beauty to the silver birch walls of the Byron B. Horton cabin



Delightfully harmonious proportions distinguish this all-year-round cabin



The log shelter has its roof tiddled and planted with wild flowers



Old Norse log cabins had carved posts. Grille work was used instead of windows

pends upon its wise selection. Set up with plenty of mortar it is always attractive, and lends a definite character to the building that no other material will produce. It gives the structure a feeling of rigidity and strength, appropriate both outside and in. The natural stone fireplace has a sense of rightness in the log cabin, impossible in the usual plastered and trimmed room, where it is distinctly out of place.

A slaty or blocky stone is always better looking than the rounded field stone, and care must be observed to avoid rotten stone, which all surface stone is liable to be. Where possible it is well to use a water-washed stone which may be taken from the bed of a brook or stream near by, where it has lain for centuries until the color has mellowed to soft hues. The stone for a certain Canadian log cabin was taken from the Bay of Fundy. Quarried stone is, of course, always the best, and in some localities may be found in beautiful colors. It should be left in its natural state, unpeeled, and the joints kept fairly deep to show the full beauty of the stone.

Casement windows seem to be the most appropriate for the log cabin. They are cheerful and attractive, and, if made to swing out as casement windows should, are easy to make weather-tight. The windows in any case should not be too small, especially if the cabin is set among the trees, or the rooms will be dark and stuffy.

The cabin which has no cellar, if built in a dry location, may have a small pit about five feet deep underneath and reached by a trap door in the floor. This will be found most convenient for the storage of food and other supplies.

To be most successful a harmony of native materials should be kept throughout. Doors may be quaintly fashioned from slabs and fitted with smart iron hinges and catches made by the local blacksmith; they may be of band-bend slabs pegged together. (Turn to page 61.)

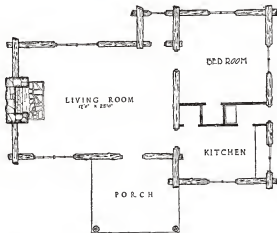


## WHY NOT BUILD YOUR OWN LOG CABIN?

Especially designed for McCall's Magazine by  
CARL GILDERSLIEVE, *Landscape Architect, Collaborating with*  
MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect*



A small and attractive log cabin which can be built most inexpensively



TO one who loves the out-of-doors, the log cabin has a fascinating appeal—its construction is so reasonable, so truly a part of its surroundings. It makes one's fingers tingle for the feel of an ax in his own hand; one's heart quickens with the desire to build his own habitation.

In order that each and every one so inclined may have a chance to try his skill and have the joy of his own handiwork, we have secured a real out-of-door man with a love of trees to make the design and plans for the attractive cabin shown at the top of this page.

The hooded porch of this cabin is a pleasant diversity of style. The sturdy chimney is of excellent masonry and where fieldstone can be used in the construction of chimney and fireplace the combination of it with the rough logs is peculiarly

fitting and gives a picturesque touch.

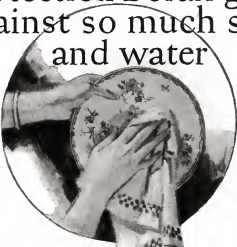
Mr. Gildersleeve's plans will show you how to make the lock-notch joint at the angles, how to span the roof rafters, and how to form the fireplace of stone. You may build a three-room cabin as shown, or only a one-room cabin, such as the living-room might be built alone without the other rooms; or you may build more rooms at the other end of the living-room. In fact, with the help of these drawings and specifications you will be able to plan just the kind of cabin you want.

Imagine the walls erected and the roof in place. How is it going to look then? To build one's own shack in this way will help more than anything else to see all around a problem—its height, its depth and its various dimensions, whether it is a problem of building or of business.

ONE complete set of plans and descriptive specifications, with details showing how a log house should be built, will be sold for \$15.00.

Or, if you desire to see plans and designs for other houses, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four to seven room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## HANDS that do housework will be grateful for the protection Borax gives against so much soap and water



"HOUSEWORK simply ruins my hands!" How often have you heard this?

The use of Borax for all household cleaning offers the best way we know to protect your hands. Why? Because Borax softens water and neutralizes the effect of the caustic in the soap. Borax eliminates the need for strong chemicals and disinfectants, too.

Try it in the dishwasher. This will show you quickly how Borax saves the hands. Also it makes the dishes bright with true cleanliness, banishes food odors, keeps glass and silver shining. Nothing is so good as Borax for this purpose.

Use it for all cleaning. To wipe off woodwork, to sterilize the ice-box, to keep the porcelain in the bathroom shining, use Borax. Borax does any cleaning job better, with no harmful effects to anything it touches.

All laundry work can also be done more efficiently with Borax. For Borax whitens the clothes, helps the soap to do better work, sterilizes as it cleans. Borax is safe for colored fabrics, too, for it actually tends to set colors. It keeps them from fading and makes them look

brighter by removing all harmful substances from the fabric in the rinsing. And just as Borax whitens without injuring the fabrics and preserves colors in colored clothes, so too, it saves your hands.

There is danger to your hands in every bit of housework you do. Send for our booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, and learn all the places you can substitute Borax for harmful cleansing agents. And learn too, just what Borax is and why it helps to protect the hands. Though it is now considered a simple household product, Borax was once used as a toilet aid by the early Egyptian beauties and many toilet products sold today contain Borax. It is good for the skin because it is a harmless emollient.

If for certain uses you prefer Borax and soap combined in one product you can secure this combination in Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips. They are especially recommended for laundering and dishwashing, whether done by hand or by washing machine; and are equally satisfactory for general household use. Write us if your grocer doesn't carry them.

The famous Twenty Mule Team Borax is on sale by your grocer, druggist and department store. Include it in your next order.

## Twenty mule team BORAX

To the PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.  
100 William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, telling all the uses for Borax.

Name .....

Address .....





## Don't let his tender skin suffer

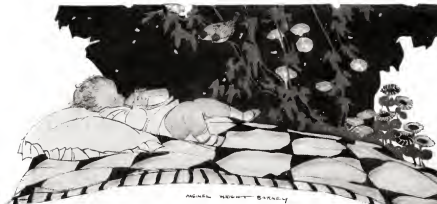
A **WEE** baby feels so acutely any rough, scratchy surface next to his tender skin. Especially in summer when the heat itself is about all he can bear!

Dress him ever so tenderly and carefully—each pin securely fastened—yet he will be peevish and fretful if the folds of his dear, fat little body are irritated by scratchy, shrunken garments. And there is danger, too, of infection from these irritations—danger of diaper rash, of eczema.

These troubles are often traced to the washing of diapers and woollens with harsh soaps containing free alkali. It is difficult to rinse out alkali—it clings to baby's garments and irritates wherever it touches.

Lux contains no free alkali. It is so pure, so utterly harmless that it cannot injure the daintiest of fine fabrics. Baby's sheer dresses, washed in Lux, will look like new, and his dear little shirts and socks will be fluffy and unshrunken—his diapers, fresh and comfortable. Directions on the package tell you the safest, easiest way to wash baby's clothes. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Baby's bottles washed in Lux so sparkling clean you know they're safe!



*It is much easier to prevent the summer troubles of infants by the use of clean milk and clean feeding apparatus than it is to cure them*

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

**MRS. WISE:** Good morning, Dr. Syntax. I came to discuss with you the summer management of my baby. He is perfectly well and I did not think it necessary to bring him.

**Dr. Syntax:** How old is your baby?

**Mrs. Wise:** He is 4 months old and weighs 14 pounds and is bright and lively—a very happy baby, but he is my first baby and I have heard so much about the dangers of hot weather for babies that I wanted to know just how I should take care of him.

**Dr. Syntax:** Is he breast or bottle-fed?

**Mrs. Wise:** He is fed entirely on the bottle. I tried my best to nurse him but just couldn't.

**Dr. Syntax:** That is unfortunate, as breast-fed babies pass through the heated term with little trouble. If the young mothers of the country only knew how much safer breast-feeding is from every standpoint, they would make greater efforts to feed their infants the way nature intended.

**Mrs. Wise:** What dreadful things do bottle-fed babies have during the summer? I have been reading a Board of Health pamphlet and it contains a lot of advice about cholera infantum, summer diarrhea and dysentery.

**Dr. Syntax:** All of which are terms employed to describe the different types of stomach and bowel trouble to which infants are particularly susceptible during the summer months.

**Mrs. Wise:** The health bulletin stated that these diseases were due to infection, a poisoning of some sort. Is that true? What do they mean by infection?

**Dr. Syntax:** The statement is quite true, and by infection is meant that by some means poisonous germs have entered the gastrointestinal tract and their presence and activities gives rise to illness.

**Mrs. Wise:** How do babies take in the poisonous germs?

### ANGELO PATRI

says:

*A CHILD is to be judged by his conduct, not his pose. The quality of him shows in action and if he do nothing one may well be suspicious of that quality. I have no faith in the wisdom of the owl. I prefer the more wide-awake birds though they make a bit more trouble.*

*Buddie came home bearing the traces of battle and his mother was outraged. "You've been fighting again, Buddie Bacon. Disgracing me. I wonder if you will ever learn to behave like a human being. Look at Dicky. That child has never given me a moment's trouble since he—"*

*"Yeah, Look at Dicky. Snooky called him a mut and he made out to hear him and sneaked home by the back alley. I licked tar out o' Snooky and, believe me, Dicky gets his next time he ducks a fight. You got to stand up for yourself in this burg."*

*Buddie was facing life bravely while Dicky was dwelling in false peace. Mother cheered the shirker and blamed the trouble-maker who was the better man of the two. So do we love our ease.*

*Child growth is loud and crude and often mistaken, but it is tremendously active. Raising a family is a twenty-four hour duty for about twenty years and the calm hours are few. If silence and brooding result in action, fine; but if not, better study the stillness and stimulate the child to deeds. Mistakes can become stepping-stones but the folding of the hands is death.*



**Dr. Syntax:** In different ways. The most usual means is in the use of unclean milk, milk that has been carelessly drawn and cared for. Milk is most susceptible to

contamination. Only milk bottled at the farm should be used, and when it is delivered at the home it should be placed at once in the ice-box, in the upper part where the ice is kept until the mother is ready to prepare it for the baby's use.

**Mrs. Wise:** Should the milk be boiled before using?

**Dr. Syntax:** All milk not previously pasteurized should be brought to the boiling-point during the hot months.

**Mrs. Wise:** What is meant by pasteurized and sterilized milk? Also what is certified milk?

**Dr. Syntax:** Pasteurization means that the milk has been heated to a certain temperature usually about 155° and kept at this point for about 30 minutes. Many large milk producers now supply the pasteurized milk. Sterilized milk is nothing more or less than bottled milk, milk that has been heated to the boiling-point. Certified milk indicates a high quality of milk as regards its purity and freedom from contamination.

**Mrs. Wise:** It is much easier to prevent the summer trouble of infants by the use of clean milk than it is to cure them—that is what the pamphlet claims.

**Dr. Syntax:** Undoubtedly, but the use of clean milk is not the whole story; infection of the baby's digestive system with resulting diarrhea and vomiting may take place through other means than the milk supply.

**Mrs. Wise:** Do tell me all about it, I am so anxious to take my baby safely through the summer. By what besides milk may my baby be made ill?

**Dr. Syntax:** Through unclean feeding apparatus. The bottles must always be boiled and cleansed with a stiff brush and a solution of

borax in water—one tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water. They then should be rinsed with boiled water and placed upside down to dry. Likewise the rubber nipples should be turned inside out and scrubbed with the borax solution. [Turn to page 61]

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 45]

Russian prison-camps. But he was loose again before you could say snap. Now he knew no bones about his contempt for the government or anything else but his own importance—and Bela Kun's. It looks bad for the new regime."

"Is that what you of the Missions think?" Denise demanded in a flash of hope. "The Republic hasn't long to live."

"With Robbevisen eating it alive like a leprosy? If you ask me, its normal expectation of life is a few weeks at most." The American made only a brief wait before doubling back to the first cause of his forebodings. "What's worse and more of it, this Stannum rap is added about you. You did something or other to him some time that he's never forgotten and hasn't any idea of ever forgiving. I got that much from the talk I overheard from my nest in the straw that night. And if my guess is any good, his plans for getting level are apt to be peculiarly nasty. I do wish you'd take a friend's advice and clear out noiselessly and be as far from Buda-Pest as you can get till things have quieted down and Tibor has been given his headings."

"I know, but . . ." The driver switched on the headlamps, and the misty blue of gloaming in the hills was no more but a purple little less profound than that of night. "The trouble is, I can't very well run away. With my father and brother ill, and the few servants we have left every day harder to handle—I simply cannot leave my mother to bear the brunt of everything." The American said something under his breath, and clear eyes sought his with a smile which even the dark couldn't quite dim. "I haven't the least doubt you are right in everything you say, but . . . What can I do?"

"Then that's that!" This strange man seemed bent on proving himself a comfortably dogged philosopher—or fatalist. "And we've just got to put the best face on affairs we can. Does your telephone ever work out here?"

"We don't have too much trouble. Only our friends who are active counter-revolutionaries complain of poor service and espionage on the wire."

"I'm at the Ritz," Brull volunteered. "And since my standing here is entirely unofficial, you needn't hesitate to call on me. I can put my spoke in whenever it's needed without embarrassing the Mission."

Grey gate-posts swam into the state of driving lights. The car, supple to its brakes, sedately wheeled between them. "But what right have I to involve you in my difficulties? You have been too kind already."

"Then you owe me something, don't you?" the American reasoned, chuckling. "At least a chance to make it up, and having played it so low down on you at Eckartau?"

"Please!" as if that mattered . . . Why remind me that I am that much too deeply in your debt, as it is?"

"Sorry," Andrew Brull unlatched the door and jumped down to the stone steps. "Guess I'm hopeless. But thank you anyway, for reminding me. Friends and debts, credit and credits, and that's a fact."

How odd to remember that the last time her hand had taken his, in that seltsame spot, it had condescended to a common soldier's! "Please," the girl said in a little breathlessly, "if you can't come in for a moment? My mother would want to add her thanks to mine."

"Must you tell her?" Brull deprecated, forgetting to release her. "I wouldn't, with all she's got to worry her already. It's best if I'm not seen by her. I mean, perhaps by some possibly untrustworthy servant. Times like these, you can't play too safe."

"But suppose so. I am grateful, most grateful, and I hope it won't be long. . . ." She stammered over words that were words for Denise Vay to be saying to any man. "Oh," Andrew Brull laughed, "trust me."

The Mission automobile whisked away through the rift its bright blade slashed in the clinging night. And several minutes later, that had been the noise of the door at her back, which her mother came wondering to open, started Denise out of

a reverie whose nature, when she woke to recognize it fully, a little shocked the girl. It was so out of temper with every caste-tradition she had been bred to reverence.

THE villa was a tomb of biting cold in all but the two rooms where the convalescents were quarantined. There, in porcelain stoves, poor fires smoldered, of twigs and scraps raked up in the park, giving out little to blunt the edge of the chill. Away from these apartments, one could be comfortable only in bed. In her own Denise lay awake for hours whose cause, measured by the music of household clocks, was otherwise flayed only by occasional murmurings from the room where her mother sat by her father's bedside.

The open night was not so tranquil. The authorities, incompetent even to check the carnival which the lawless kept in Buda-Pest, made no attempt elsewhere to discourage highway robbery or pillage of homes whose owners had fled to the city, where at least loneliness was subtracted from their terrors. Every night one or another forsaken villa in the neighborhood was looted, and the marauders, making free with well-stocked cellars, browsed in their cups and slew one another for possession of more precious spoils. Denise had witnessed from her pillow too many skies lurid with the glare of dwellings given to the torch to cover proofs of burglary and foul crimes.

Something after midnight she was started out of her first drift into dozing by a specially vicious fusillade from the direction of the gates. The girl got out of bed, wrapped a fur-lined cloak round her night-clothing, and making no light, crept through the black corridor to the door of her father's bedchamber, to be at hand if needed. While she waited there, shivering and listening, the disturbance passed on, the final sturges of shots died out afar, and she was slipping back to her room when she noticed a line of gold beneath the door to her brother's.

Nicholas was sitting up on the side of his bed, in breeches and a woollen dressing-gown, trying to worry on his boots, and uttering querulous cursors on the weakness that made his efforts clumsy. Denise somehow managed to wangle him back beneath the covers, then, to prevent his getting up again, should new alarms occur, made up the fire in the stove and, perching on the foot of the bed, set herself to lull the invalid asleep. But Nicholas was more bed-weary than drowsy, and in a savage rift.

"It was bad enough to be beaten and winged. I don't know I'll never be a whole man again; but to be keeled over by this filthy fly just when I was getting in shape to do some use to father and mother and you—and Hungary!"

"Don't, dear," his sister begged. "We'll manage somehow if you'll wait again a little longer. Hungary, too, we can trust. Only give it time; it's sure to win back its health and be again the Hungary we love."

"You're only talking—saying words to pacify me. The King's army is more armed and as for the Republic—why, the day it was proclaimed Linder, the new Minister of War declared: 'I don't want to see any more Hungarian soldiers'—and the mob applauded."

"Whose service? The King's or the Republic's? The King's army is more armed and as for the Republic—why, the day it was proclaimed Linder, the new Minister of War declared: 'I don't want to see any more Hungarian soldiers'—and the mob applauded."

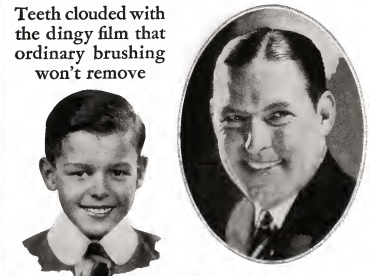
"If we let that cry of a cur go to the world undisputed, how long will it be before there isn't any Hungary left to do with?"

"What can you do?"

"How can I know [Turn to page 50]

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is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

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"Good House-

—and after a moment, in a tone that killed one beat of his sister's heart: "That settles it. I'm gone to get up tomorrow, no matter what."

"What for?"

"If we let that cry of a cur go to the world undisputed, how long will it be before there isn't any Hungary left to do with?"

"What can you do?"

"How can I know [Turn to page 50]

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while I lie here and nobody tells me anything? But give me twenty-four hours in my chits in Pest and I'll have my hand in whatever they may be planning."

His eyes blazed to hers; and Denise knew a breath of panic. Nothing now would hold the infuriated boy; and for him to venture out in his condition would be suicidal. She had said too much, and now must say more—give up the secret she had patiently withheld against a day when her brother would be strong enough to be trusted with it.

"You must keep away from them, Nicky. Promise me you won't go down there and get yourself involved in their plans, whatever they may be. Do nothing to make yourself suspect. It would be fatal—"

"I'm not afraid."

"I don't mean that, dear. I mean, if you were to be put under surveillance for any reason, you could do nothing for the King, who needs you."

Nicholas narrowed his stare. "What the deuce are you driving at, Denny?"

She told him then the story of her summons to Eckartau. "And now," she concluded, "won't you give me your word to pull wire of known counter-revolutionaries? It can't be long now, if you'll only be patient, till you are well enough to do what the King asks of you in his hour of need."

"No fear!" the boy laughed with his new glad note that put warmth into his sister's heart. "By Heaven, Denny, you've given me something to live for, something to do—I see here: could you draw me that plan from memory?"

It was three in the morning before he would suffer Denise to leave him. She went back to bed so weary that even his sheets could not for two minutes on end stave off sleep. And when he left her rest till she woke up of her own accord toward noon, dressed in contrite haste, and ran downstairs to find the household rejoicing. About mid-morning, it appeared, a wagon-load, a whole wagon-load of coal had been delivered.

Save on the theory that Providence had miraculously intervened to thaw the coal-dealer's heart, this sort was unobtainable to every one but Denise; she, passing the front door, noticed a gleam beneath it, and found it to be an envelope bearing the name plus initials of the household. It held a curious message, penned in a schoolboy's foppish longhand:

"I send you proof of my power to protect and make you happy, gracious Denise Vay. Does this amaze you, after yesterday? But if I am impatient, it is because I know how to make patience serve my ends—which, believe me, I never fail to gain. I am content to take my time to ferret. Tell that to the fool who struck me down from heaven."

To-morrow I shall expect you, Denise, to have luncheon with me at the Hotel Hungaria. We have much to say to each other, you must know that now, much to discuss—not forgetting the question of further allotments of coal.

"I shall be waiting for you at one o'clock. I hope very truly you will not be so ill-advised as to disappoint me. I should be sorry to feel obliged to prove my power again—and in another fashion."

"Till tomorrow, then and always,"

"Your most devoted and humble servant,"

This the girl straightaway destroyed. She could foresee no profit of seeking Briul's advice, but only the peril which he had warned her, should their friendship become known. Then, too, he could only tell her to do what she meant to do in any event, treat the invitation as though it had never come into her hands.

It was not until the third day following, that occasion arose to take her sedan to Buda-Pest. Nothing more had been heard of the carriage or their old Szelek coachman. Denise had to walk several miles to the nearest tram-line, with every prospect of finding, when she got there, no trams running. But the day was one of the few rare days that fell Autumn cold out to a people destitute of every ordinary encouragement; and she addressed herself to the journey in better spirits than she had known since her return from Vienna. Only Nicholas chose to worry her a little at the outset. She had not seen him since shortly after breakfast,

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

[Continued from page 49]

when she had dropped into his room to find her brother up in his dressing-gown, and busy sorting out an accumulation of papers, putting some aside, thrusting others into the porcelain stove—preparing, he didn't need to tell her, for the great mission his head agents of the People's Council to search the villa. They had spoken then of his great improvement, and Nicholas had eagerly promised that he would be out and about before the end of the week.

Now, however, as Denise swung down the driveway, she saw Nicholas waiting for her between the gates, a soldiery figure of a staff officer in full uniform, the hedges of his rank shining like new gold and his bosom brilliant with decorations.

"Nicky! you're not going out!"

"Why not? It's too rare a day to lose frowning indolence. Besides, you're only a frail and timid little woman; you need a strong man's arm to lean on."

Denise balked dead. "You're not coming with me, and that's flat. You're not strong enough even to walk as far as the tram, and I may be away all afternoon."

"Oh, very well," Nicholas grinned. "Don't fly at me in my enfangled condition, it might be fatal. Besides, I was only pulling your leg: I need a walk, and it won't hurt you to let me tag along part of the way."

"That's different," the girl laughed, reassured. "I was afraid for a minute you meant to go to town with me and lug me in trouble in your wretched chits. If you were mad enough to try it in that day, you wouldn't stop at all, you'd go so far."

"In my uniform, you mean?" The boy's face colored as he dropped into step. "What's wrong with that?"

Nicholas except his Crown Livery and out of style; and only idiots who want to see how the hospitals are doing wear their decorations in positions of honor.

After this he turned their talk to St. Stephen's emeralds, pointing out that he could have made a magnificent plan to abstract them without knowing the number and disposition of the guards in the castle, and that even the old Count Hazy ought to know, Nicholas thought; as likely as not Denise would find the old man at the Szapary's, where she proposed to go.

She promised to do what she could, and succeeded presently in persuading Nicholas that it would be an unwise tax on him to make this first constitutional overlong.

About midway between the villa and the tram-line he consented to turn back. The ported at a turning in the road, and from the next Denise looked back to see her brother and his friend.

She blew him a kiss, and took with her a warm memory of the farewell he waved—as gallant and handsome an officer, she was sure, even in the plain cloth had graced.

Toward the end of the afternoon a stroke of bad herald just when it was most needed, when Denise was beginning to feel a little faint with weariness and lethargy, and was wondering whether it would be wise to take tea with the Szapary's, in spite of her promise, seeing that it would be dark before she could get away and her chances of hiring a conveyance of any kind more than ever problematic. Then, when she held up a corner of the fashionable shopping district, dubiously declaring her most sensible conduct, an automobile slipped in to the street, and the Countess Stephanie Zikes called to her.

Denise! Frances Szapary told me you were coming to tea to-day, and I'm going on there as soon as I have stopped at the National Casino to pick up Stephen. Don't you wait for me, you see? I'll be there later, if you like; you can have the motor to take you home."

"You are an angel from Heaven!" Denise declared, and jumped into the car before anything could come between her and this bubble of fortune.

The most luxurious motor in Buda-Pest, not even excepting that which yesterday had been the King's, moved on in majesty through the narrow busy streets that with the Inner Town, but necessarily

made slow progress. Not that either of the young women was in a hurry, or cared anything untoward till the car was obliged to make a full halt in Városház street near its junction with the main road. A crowd had formed there, found the entrance to a business building, blocking the sidewalk and extending out into the street, and Denise and Zikes saw that the collective matter, like wave-crests, braving on the surface of an ugly sea. The Countess Stephanie Zikes, however, enquired of the chauffeur what the matter was, and the man rose from the wheel, and glanced at the crowd. Stephanie's tone reported that an officer of the army was apparently on the point of being mobbed.

Prememorial told Denise by the throat. She jumped up and stared over the heads of the rabble, and gave a low, guttural cry such as a woman might give.

Congspicuous both because the press had forced him up on the doorstep, and because he wore still his uniform, Nicholas stood a-baze with insignia, Nicholas stood hemmed in, hack to the wall. Several men in the hubbub of the mobbed officer, thus of the most vicious description, heading the mob, held him in a mercenary grip.

Nicholas saw that his fellows was savagely demanding something of Nicholas in terms of which, thanks to the threatening rumble of mob, Denise could make nothing but black blasphemies. When the fellow paused for reply, he got it in words from his lips that cut like so many stripes of a knout. He drew back snarling and flung out a hand into which another pressed, and the Countess Zikes, instead, and began to hack at his decorations.

For one moment more Nicholas permitted the sister to have her way. He was not aware, to hope he would suffer his humiliation meekly. Then, without warning, he snapped a fist to the jaw of the fellow who had been striking his shoulders. With a roar of fury the pack surged forward in a mass to make the point of the Countess Zikes' hand a swimmer between under by a murderous snarl.

Gladys Zikes made a vain snatch at the girl's cloak; the chauffeur moved too late to stop her. Without knowing how she came to be there, she found herself in the thick of the rabble, screaming, kicking and clanking for help. Men turned on and cursed her and struck down her hands.

A brutal elbow was jammed into her breast, and the girl recoiled and moaned, taken with a lancinating pain that blinded her. But her strength like water from her limbs.

When she was able to see again, her position was pitiful. She lay on her back, dazed, disintegrating, clanking away in every direction, as if in dread of instant retribution, and her hands were clenched.

The girl tottered on and sank to her knees by the side of the trampled horror that had been her brother.

Countess Zikes, leaning down to go to her, saw, and, sickened, covered her eyes and sank back against the car.

The girl, propped up by the crouching woman and the sky. If she felt, she did not heed it. A hand took her by one shoulder, and she was borne by the chin till she looked up into a colorless face.

"My dear, bleed for you, Denise Vay," Thor Seamusly said without the faintest accent of emotion. "But those who would flout the Deity are very poor pay. If I had only let me know this party was contemplating any such madness, I might have saved him."

My dear, bleed for you, Denise Vay," Thor Seamusly said without the faintest accent of emotion. "But those who would flout the Deity are very poor pay. If I had only let me know this party was contemplating any such madness, I might have saved him."

Receiving no response, only that vacant stare, he released Denise, and turned away. She dropped in a faint against the body of her dead.

[Continued in SEPTEMBER McCall's]



# Mrs. Strack will never do another wash with soap alone Here's the reason

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From a letter written by  
MRS. MARY A. STRACK,  
Washington, D. C.

## IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE WOODS

BY DOROTHY GILES

EVERY boat, train, trolley and incursion—not to mention the twenty million automobiles that America is driving itself about in—that takes the road these midsummer days is crowded with eager vacationists. Fifty million holiday seekers in holiday mood! A million "hikers" gaily following the gipsy trail over mountain ridges and upland pastures, and along disused, moss-carpeted tracks in the deep woods where lately the deer ventured shyly, and where, at any moment, the crack of a dry branch under foot may startle a rabbit, or scare a fat, brown woodchuck out of his snug-hole.

If you are starting out, either for a day's motor picnic, or for a camping trip of several weeks' duration, there are several "Do's and Don'ts" that you will want to know about, the observance or neglect of which will have much to do with the success of the vacation trip. Because "Do's" are so much pleasanter than "Don'ts" let's take them first. And the first of these is: Do learn to recognize that you can avoid the two evil geni that sometimes haunt even the most innocent looking woodland picnic spots—the poison-ivy and the poison-sumac. Poison-ivy is, as the name implies, a vine. You may know it by its glossy, ovate leaves which grow in groups of three, distinguishing it invariably from the quite harmless Virginia creeper which has five leaflets. The berries of the two vines vary greatly—those of the poison-ivy are whitish and grow in a thick cluster; the berries of Virginia creeper are carried in a loose spray and are colored a rich dark blue.

Poison-sumac—poison-elder is another name for this tall shrub that grows in damp or swampy spots—sometimes attains a height of twenty feet. It is handsome at all times, but never more so than when the first frost turns the leaves to a rich crimson. Then, one is sorely tempted to gather sprays of it to carry homeward but with disastrous results, alas! The harmless sumac grows in dry soil, by the roadsides and on upland slopes. The fruit of the swamp variety, which replaces the loose panicles of small whitish flowers, is smooth and colorless, quite different from the upward thrusting bunches of furry crimson berries that make the upland sumac so decorative in autumn and even after the first snowfall.

Be on the alert for the "Do-Do." Do squeeze into your knapsack, briefcase, or duffle bag, a hook on wild flowers. A very small

hook is best—one that can be slipped into a pocket and taken along on a hike. There will be so many flowers and will want to "look up" and to be able to make one's study on the spot is not only more fun but more effectual.

Every true lover of wild flowers must shudder at thought of the thousands of automobiles turning cityward on Sunday evenings with their running boards piled with bouquets of dogwood, wild azalea and laurel. I wonder sometimes how many of them find their way to the dust heaps that same evening? For all of these plants, which are so tempting to the casual woodland visitor, wither almost at once after they are exposed to the sun and wind, and it is seldom that they revive in water. But for all this, year after year, thousands of "trippers" carry away from the woods armfuls—amounting to tons—of drooping vegetation in the pathetic hope of creating in city rooms and offices the atmosphere of the great out-of-doors.

There are so many wild plants that are not only unharmed by being picked, but which, being flowers of the open fields, do not wither so quickly as to make the cutting of them a wasted effort. The handsome Ironweed, which is now so decorative along our roadsides, is one of these; so too are the many late summer asters, goldenrod, loosestrife, Bouncing Bet; toadflax—once a garden plant but now escaped to the freedom of the fields; Queen Anne's lace, which with orange field lilies makes a particularly lovely bouquet, and one too which will last in the house for three or four days.

Best of all, by picking our wild flowers with economy—and how I wish that every seeker after flowers would carry a pair of scissors or a sharp knife and cut flowers instead of pulling them—we are going to have more and not fewer wild flowers every year.

Reforestation is going forward in many sections of the country. Only the hiker who is careless with matches, the picnicker whose gipsy pattern is an empty smoking tin, and those motor-handitis who ravage the roadsides of every spray of hitherwest—and are not any too careful of the farmers' orchards. When these thoughtless ones—for they are usually more heedless than willful—whose plea is that they "just love wild flowers" are content to "leave 'em and leave 'em," there will return to our hills and woods the beauty that was theirs long ago.



### In using La France follow these directions!

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water two heaping tablespoons of La France and  $\frac{1}{2}$  less soap than usual—flakes, powder or chipped hair soap. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it only half the usual time.) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done! La France has loosened the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.

P. S.—Make your ironing easier, too! Add *Satinia* to hot starch. It prevents ironing from sticking, makes the clothes glossy and smooth, and gives them a sweet fragrance.

Use it with  
soap



It is hard for you to believe that two tablespoonfuls of La France, added to your laundry soap, can make such a difference? ... Read more of Mrs. Strack's letter! It tells you just what you, too, can expect from this marvelous cleanser.

Mrs. Strack writes: "La France saves you both physically and financially; it saves soap, it saves bluing, it saves rubbing, and so saves the clothes. By saving the clothes it saves a great deal of money. Last but not least, La France saves a woman's strength, which means so much!"

And Mrs. Strack isn't the only one! Over a million other women are using this wonderful cleanser each washday—adding it to their regular laundry soap, in a washing machine, a washtub or a boiler. . . . La France saves hours of labor and makes your clothes snowy-white and sweet-smelling, whether they're dried indoors or out.

La France is absolutely harmless, of course. Use it for dainty lingerie, linens and wooleens—white or colored. And trust your hands to it, too! It really tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only ten cents a package—enough for three washings. Get La France from your grocer—or, if you wish us to send you a trial package, mail the coupon below.

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.  
111 Sanson Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

MC-24

Enclosed is 5 cents—to cover mailing charges on a full size package of La France (regular price 10 cents) and a sample of *Satinia*.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Name Grocer.....  
Grocer's Address.....

# for all your crushed pineapple recipes these hot summer days

Why not specify **DEL MONTE**?  
All **Del Monte Pineapple**—  
Crushed or Sliced—is pineapple at  
its best—rich, luscious and juicy—  
grown in Hawaii—packed ripe, with  
its full natural flavor intact.

A label worth knowing! And such  
a simple way to get the quality you  
want!



## WRITE FOR THIS MENU HELPS

Let us send our special **Pineapple**  
recipe folder, together with "The  
Del Monte Fruit Book." Both free,  
if you Address Department 603,  
California Packing Corporation,  
San Francisco, California.

# Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

# Crushed HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

BY ELON JESSUP

Author of "The Motor-Camping Book"

OUR car had stirred  
up dust and wal-  
lowed through  
mud in nineteen states.  
Two and one-half months  
of go-as-you-please tour-  
ing from Connecticut west to Idaho, south  
through Utah and then east again to our  
home fireside showed a mileage of seven  
thousand miles.

I dug out a much-thumbed blue-covered  
cash account and added up expenses. We  
had written down every cent paid out  
from start to finish, just to see what an  
extensive tour of this sort would cost.  
The grand total came to exactly three  
hundred and seventy-five dollars and  
eighteen cents. This amount represented  
all living and traveling expenses for two  
people—including ice-cream sodas, car re-  
pairs, gasoline and a new set of tires—  
from July the second till September  
fifteenth.

Some time later I quoted this total to  
a friend and his wife who had made a  
motor-tour of only two weeks' duration  
through New England during the same  
summer. He wouldn't believe it until I  
showed him an itemized account. He  
then proceeded to give me a rough esti-  
mate of his own trip's cost. About five  
hundred dollars. Of course, he hadn't  
skimped, but neither had we.

Two and one-half months on tour for  
three hundred and seventy-five dollars as  
against two weeks for five hundred. Why  
the illogical difference? I can give you  
the answer in one word. **Hotels!**

My wife and I didn't spend a single  
night under a hotel roof throughout our  
entire seven-thousand-mile trip. We had  
a hotel of our own strapped to the run-  
ning-board of the car which could be  
erected in about five minutes whenever  
we needed it. Not once did we even step  
inside the door of a restaurant. Our own  
food cooked over campfires or portable  
stove was better.

Similarly, we ran on close-to-home  
tours every now and then. It may be  
only an overnight jaunt. But we invariably  
camp out. Our reason for doing so  
isn't solely to save money. We really en-  
joy ourselves more that way. When you  
camp even for a single night, intimacy  
with the countryside and your general  
sense of freedom are much more complete  
than would be possible under a hotel roof.

But how about the physical discomfort  
of the thing? There are some people who  
are wholly unfamiliar with camping and  
there are others who have known two or  
three unfortunate experiences which have  
caused them to vow "I'm cured!" To  
them a camper is a queer sort of being,  
closely akin to a savage who takes unwholy  
joy in discomfort; does upon sleeping on  
a rock pile, running short of provisions



and getting drenched to  
the skin. Needless to re-  
mark, such a camper is a  
mythical character. No  
sensible person intention-  
ally invites discomfort.

But through force of circumstances there  
are some types of camping that are  
distinctly more comfortable than others.

In this respect, camping with a motor-  
car holds a position that is unique. The  
car shoulders the pack and you can carry  
two or three hundred pounds of equip-  
ment as against the hiker's twenty or  
thirty. Fresh food markets are always  
within easy motoring distance. Compar-  
atively few of the difficulties and drawbacks  
of other types of camping are applicable  
to motor-car camping.

Therefore, one's ordinary every-day  
standard of living at home can be duplicated  
to a great extent when you go  
motor-camping; which means in broad  
terms, dry shelter, a sound night's sleep,  
satisfying meals and agreeable environ-  
ment. In case a motor-camper consumes  
poor food, tosses all night on a hard bed  
and lives in a tent that leaks, the fault  
rests with himself. He hasn't properly  
equipped himself for the trip. Adequate  
preparation is nine-tenths of the story.  
Whether the camping tour be a close-to-  
home week-end jaunt or a trip all the way  
across the continent, the amount of plea-  
sure derived is largely dependent upon the  
amount and nature of preparation before  
starting.

The popularity of motor-camping has  
brought with it an amazing array of new  
ideas in the way of equipment. For ex-  
ample, there is the trailer: an unpowered  
vehicle towed behind the car which is a  
folding bedroom, dining-room and kitchen  
all in one. It is practically a portable  
house ready for light housekeeping. Then,  
there are other devices whereby the in-  
terior of the car itself can be utilized as a  
sleeping compartment. Another type of  
outfit is a double-width bed, its head  
bolted to the running-board, its shed-like  
tent attached to the top of the car covers  
the head. And of course, there are various  
kinds of tents that can be pitched inde-  
pendently of the car. Any one planning a  
trip should write to various manufacturers  
for catalogues and visit outfitting stores.  
In that way you find best what may fit  
your particular needs.

Perhaps a description of my own equip-  
ment and how it is ordinarily used will  
throw some light upon the technique of  
motor-camping. In general, the tent and  
bed are set up independently of the car,  
although when we are traveling they are  
folded in a roll four feet long attached  
to the right hand running-board. This  
weighs about seventy-five pounds, the  
chief reason being the *(Turn to page 57)*

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS..

# When children keep well mothers stay young



WORRY makes the years creep on you faster. Every mother knows that she is happier—more buoyant—youthful—when her youngsters are bubbling with ruddy health. Think what it would mean not to worry about colds—mild epidemics—dangers of infection from little cuts and scratches!

Lifebuoy antiseptic cleanness does relieve you of that constant underlying fear. With millions of mothers, you too can know that your children are *safely* clean. Your doctor will tell you that there is no better every-day protection.

Start using Lifebuoy to-day. Put it into *every* soap rack. Not only for your children's sake, but your own as well.

Lifebuoy is different from other soaps. You come from a Lifebuoy bath exhilarated—tingling with a sense of vigor—skin soft, satiny, glowing with splendid health.

## Stops Body Odor

Women have discovered in Lifebuoy a means of preventing any suggestion of embarrassing body odor. Such odor results from the constant accumulation in pores of fatty waste and the acids of perspiration. Under-arm applications or surface cleansing do not remove the cause—Lifebuoy does. Because of its wonderful antiseptic, Lifebuoy lather penetrates deeply into pores, emulsifying and rinsing out all of this waste. After a stimulating Lifebuoy bath, your body keeps delightfully fresh and sweet all day, no matter how hot it is.

Try Lifebuoy and know the joy of this super-cleanness.

*The Health Doctor*

LIFEBUOY is a health soap because it gives antiseptic cleanness. The clean, antiseptic odor rinses away completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red, the color of its pure palm fruit oil. LEVER BROS. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

# Lifebuoy



HEALTH SOAP



"I'm convinced! This is proof enough for me!"

## Make this test today—it's worth it

SETTLE in your own mind and to the entire satisfaction of your palate that the world affords no finer oil—no more delicious oil—regardless of price—than Mazola.

Just follow this recipe for French Dressing—taste it—eat it on your favorite salad—and convince yourself.

Mix together one half teaspoon salt—one teaspoon sugar—one eighth teaspoon paprika. Add eight tablespoons Mazola and three tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar. This delicious dressing may be made in TWO MINUTES!

Isn't it quite logical that Mazola is America's most popular salad oil? A wholesome, clear, pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels—a food itself as delicious to eat as the corn from which it comes.

The genuinely high quality of Mazola is satisfying to the most discriminating taste—and its economy appeals to the modern housewife who practices thrift in her home.



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originality as well as daring. He would have completely deceived Jane if she had not happened, by the merest accident, to discover the relation between him and certain love letters she had begun to find in his desk. She was shocked at first, for the typewriting of these was precisely like that in the letters by Frank Owens. She had been suddenly aware of a wild start in his capture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious condition of her own heart. But she happened to know that Andy, the writer of these missives, and her dream was shattered, if not forgotten. Andy certainly would not carry any letters to her that he did not write. He had merely learned to use the same typewriter, and at opportune times he had slipped the letters into her desk. Jane now began to have her own little aching, haunting secret which was so hard to put out of her mind. Every letter and every hint of Frank Owens made her remember. Therefore she decided to put a check to Andy's little double-dealing. She addressed a note to him and wrote: "Dear Andy—That day at the train when you thought I was your schoolroom boy, you swore you were not Frank Owens. Now you swear you are! If you were a man who knew that truth is yours to have a change, you would—No! You are a monster of iniquity. I don't believe you." She left the note in plain sight where she always found the letters in her desk. The next morning the note was gone. And so was Andy. She did not see him for three days.

IT came about that a dance to be held at Beacon during the late summer. Jane was wild to go. But it developed that she could not accept the escort of any of her cowboy admirers without alienating her neighbors. And so she began to see the wisdom of this wonderful dance fade away when Springer scouted her. "Who's the lucky cowboy to take you to our dance?"

"He's as mysterious and doubtful as Mr. Frank Owens," replied Jane.

"You don't mean you haven't been asked?"

"They've all asked me. That's the trouble."

"See, but you mustn't miss it. It'd be pleasant for you to meet some of the ranchers and their wives. Suppose you go with me?"

"Oh, Mr. Springer, I—'d be delighted," replied Jane.

"Thank you. That's settled. I must be in town all that day on cattle business—next Friday, I'll ask the Hartwells to stop here for an drive you in." He seemed grudging, kindly interested as always, yet there was something in his eyes that interlarded with the regular beating of Jane's heart.

The spent much of the remaining leisure hours on a gown to wear at the dance which promised so much. The Hartwells turned out to be nice people whose little girl was one of Jane's pupils. On the drive toward, through the crisp fall gleaming, while at least one of the boys, the children, and the talk of the elder Hartwells, she could not help wondering what Springer would think of her in the new gown.

They arrived late. "Reckon it's just as well for you an' the children," said Mrs. Hartwell to Jane. "These dances last from seven to seven."

"Well, I am a tenderfoot from Missouri. But that's not going to keep me from having a wonderful time."

"You will, dear, unless the cowboys fight over you which is likely. But at least there won't be any shooting. My husband an' Springer are both on the committee an' they won't admit any gun-totin' cowhands." Here Jane had concrete evidence of something she had begun to suspect. These careless, love-making cowboys might be dangerous.

Jane's first sight of that dance hall astonished her. It was a big barn-like room, roughly raftered and with a floor high enough with colored burling to take away the bareness. The volume of sound amazed her. Music and trample of boots, gay laughter, deep voices of men, all seemed to merge into a loud hum. A swaying, wheeling horde of dancers whirled just before her nose. There was a score of her to clarify the spectacle,

## FROM MISSOURI

(Continued from page 7)

for Springer suddenly confronted her. If Jane needed assurance of what she had dreamed of and hoped for she had it in his frank admission. "Sure it's something fine for Bill Springer to have the prettiest girl here," he said.

"Thank you—but, Mr. Springer—I sadly fear you've met a cowboy before you became a rancher," she replied archly.

"Sure I was. An' that you may find out some day. Of course I could never come up to—say—Frank Owens. But let's dance. I shall have little enough of you left to get me out of here."

So he swung her into the circle of dancers. Jane found him easy to dance with, though he was far from expert. Jane felt strange and uncertain with him. Then soon she became aware of the cessation of hum and movement.

"Sure that was the best dance I ever had," said Springer, with something of radiant in his dark face. "An' now I must lose you to this outfit soon." Manfully he meant his cowboys Tex, Nevada, Pandane and Andy, who presented themselves four adroit, shiny of hair and face.

"Good luck to the winner. If you get into trouble let me know."

What he meant quickly dawned upon Jane. Right at that moment, she was absolutely no use in trying to avoid or refuse these young men. The wisest and saintest course was to surrender, which she did. "Boys, don't all talk once I can dance with only one of you at a time. So I'll take you in alphabetical order. I'm a poor old schoolroom from Missouri. I'll be Andy, Nevada, Pandane and Tex."

Despite their protests she held rigidly to her plan. Each one of the cowboys took shameless advantage of his opportunity. Outrageously as they all hugged and kissed her, she did not offend by her tried to stop dancing, but he carried her along as if she had been an child. He was so sure that there seemed an imp of mischief in him.

"Tex—how dare you!" panted Jane, when at last the dance ended. "You ought to be ashamed of me! I'll dance with you again."

"Aw, now," he pleaded.

"I won't. Tex, so there. You're no gentleman."

"Alah! he ejaculated, drawing himself up stiffly. "All right, I'll go out an' get drunk an' when I come back I'll clean out this heap hall."

"Tex! Don't go," she called, hurriedly, as he started to stride away. "I'll take that back. I will give you another dance if I promise to—be behave." Thus she had him, and she carried him to the Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to ranchers and their wives, to girls and their escorts. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. He did not know quite what to make of him. He talked all the time. He was witty and caressing, and she had a most lovely flustering tongue. Jane could not fail to grasp that he might even be worse than Tex, at least that he did not make love to her with physical violence. She enjoyed that dance and admitted the singular, charming, and in some ways, the Jones demanded, rather than begged, for another dance, and though she laughingly explained her position in regard to her partners, he said he would come after her anyhow. Then followed several dances with new partners, between which Jane became more than ever the center of attraction. It all went to her head like wine. She was having a perfectly wonderful time. Jones claimed her again, and she felt whirled her out on the floor; and it seemed that the irresistible rush of the dancers was leading her to the door.

Twice again before the supper hour at midnight she found herself dancing with Jones, and she was so sure that she did not know. He just took her, carried her off by storm. Jane did not awaken to this unparagoned condition of hers until she discovered that a little while before she had promised Tex his second dance, and then she had given it to Jones.

Then came the supper hour. It was a gala occasion, for which, evidently, the dance hall had heretofore kept awake. Jane enjoyed the supper immensely. She sat with the numerous Hartwells, all of

whom were most kindly attentive to her. Jane wondered why Mr. Springer did not put in an appearance, but considered his absence due to numerous duties. When the supper hour ended Jane caught sight of Andy.

"Andy, please find Tex for me. I owe him a dance, and I'll give him the very first, unless Mr. Springer comes for it." Andy regarded her with an aloofness that she knew to be real. "Well, I'll tell him. But I reckon Tex ain't presentable just now. All of all of us are through dancing tonight. There's sure no one out here."

"Oh, no!" cried Jane. "Who?"

"Wal, when you cut Tex's dance for being late, you sure put me out in a bad way," replied Andy calmly. "At that, there wouldn't have been anything of me if here it Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face at the time she started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too, I'm sorry to say. Wal, we had a deken of a time keepin' Nevada out of it. But we kept them apart till Springer come out. An' what the boss said to that outfit was sure awful. Beady once kept talkin' back, nasty like—you know he was once one man for us—I'll Springer got good an' mad. An' I don't know if you once because you was a little too slick for our outfit, an' I'll give you this, if it comes to a pinch I'll tell you the same. I can't thrashin' a cowboy over a cowboy over you. You can bet that shut Beady Jones' loud mouth."

After that rather lengthy speech, Andy left her unceremoniously standing there alone. Jane looked for Springer, hoping yet fearing he would come to her. But he did not. She had another uninterrupted dizzy round of dancing until her strength was gone. She was so tired she was scarcely able to walk. Her pretty dress was torn and matted; her slippers were worn and ragged. And her feet were dead. From that time on, she was a shadow. Hartwell looked on, and trying to keep awake.

At length the exodus began. Jane went out with the other girls to be received by Springer, who was decidedly cool to Jane. All through the long ride out to the ranch he had no word for Springer's sister, and the matronly housekeeper was waiting for them, with friendly welcome, and invitation to a hot biscuit.

Presently Jane found herself momentarily alone with the rancher. "Miss Stacy," he said, in a voice she had never heard, "you've been a fine time. Beady Jones made trouble for the Springer outfit."

"Mr. Springer!" she exclaimed, her head going back.

"Excuse me," he returned, in cutting, dry tone that recalled Tex. Indeed, this westerner was a cowboy, the same as those who rode for him. Only a little older, and therefore more reserved and careful of speech. "If it wasn't that—then you sure were made taken with Beady Jones."

"If that was anybody's business it might have stopped, then. I don't care to talk all over with some feeling she could not control. If he was a splendid dancer. He did not. He had a fine, really had a chance to breathe during my dances with him. Then, too, he could talk."

Springer showed her dignity. His dark face flashed but he did not speak. Jane that there was something intense in the moment. She began to repent of her hasty pride. "Excuse me," he said. "Please excuse my impertinence. I see you have found your Mr. Frank Owens in this cowboy Jones, an' it sure is no my place to say any more."

"But—but—Mr.—Springer—" faltered Jane, quite unstrung by that amazing speech. The rancher, however, bowed again and left her. Jane felt too miserable and weary for anything but rest. Alone, mid-stillness, Jane felt miserably refreshed and relieved, and strangely repentant. She dressed prettily and went into the courtyard, and naturally, as always, gravitated toward the corral and barns. Springer appeared, accompanied by a rancher. Jane did not know. She beckoned Springer to stop her for a few pleasant words as was his wont. This time, however, he merely bowed, mid-stillness, and passed on.

Then she went on down the lane, very thoughtful. Jane's sharp eyes caught sight of the boys behind her again. She sat when she looked up. [Turn to page 56]



## The Concealed Value in Stand Lamps

The Heart of the Lamp is the Cluster

Like the covers of a book, the exterior of a stand lamp is not all. Beneath the shade is the lamp cluster—the heart of the lamp. It must respond instantly and always.

The leading manufacturers equip their first quality lamps with Benjamin Adjustable Clusters because the pull-chain sockets are adjustable to any angle from horizontal to vertical and permit you to control the direction and quality of the light and show off the shade to its best advantage. With fine silk or parchment shades it eliminates any danger of scorching.

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*Irresistible  
is the charm of a  
smooth clear skin.*

NO other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unduly and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem the daily use of Resinol Soap, for three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to be desired for a toilet soap.

For special instructions, apply a little Resinol Ointment to the face and neck, and quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for the relief of itching, burning skin conditions. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

Write today for free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment.  
Dept. E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



**Resinol  
Soap**

*Resinol Soap*

again every 11th he turned back was turned. She went back to her room, meaning to read or sew, or do school work. But instead she cried.

Next day was Sunday. Heretofore every Sunday had been a full day for Jane. This one had fair to be empty. Her attention was attracted by sight of a superb horseman riding up the lane to the ranch-house. He seemed familiar, but she could not place him. What a picture he made as he dismounted, slick and shiny, booted and spurred, to dismount his huge sombrero! Jane heard him ask for Miss Stacy. Then she recognized him, Ready Jones! She looked at him with horror and something else she could not name. She remembered now he had asked if he might call Sunday and she had refused, not refused, but for him to come after the fight with Tex and the litter case with Springer! What manner of man was this cowboy Jones? He certainly did not lack courage. But more to the point—what idea did he have? Jane rose to the occasion. She had let herself go for this, and she would see it through. She would let Springer see she indeed had learned Ready Jones for Mr. Frank Owens.

To that end Jane made her way down the porch to greet her guest. He was made herself charming and gracious, and carried off the embarrassing situation—or Springer was present—as it were perfectly natural. And she led Jones to one of the rustic benches under the porch. Manifest, indeed, was it that young Jones felt he had made a conquest. He was the most forceful and bold person Jane had ever met. Soon he waxed ardent. His line was accentuated to the sentimental talk of cowboys, but this feeling was neither amusing nor interesting. He was then courteous. When Jane pulled her hair, by main force, free from his, and said she was accustomed to allow men to pull her hair, he grimaced at her. "Sure, sweetheart, you ain't missed a heap of fun," he said. "An' I reckon I'll have to break you in."

Jane could not get insulted at this brazen lot, but she certainly raged at her. Her instant impulse was to excuse herself and abruptly leave him, but Springer was close by. He had caught his dark, wondering, covert glances. And his eyebrows were at the height of their long perch. Jane feared another fight. She had brought this upon herself, and she must stick it out. She was sure it was an increasing torment. At last it seemed she could not hear the false situation any longer. And when Jones again importuned her to meet him out on horseback she stooped to deception and lied the interview. She really did not concentrate her attention on his plan or take stock of what he agreed to, but she got rid of him with ease and dignity before Springer. After that she did not have the courage to stay out and face them. Jane stole off to the darkness and loneliness of her room.

THE school teaching went on just the same, and the cowboys thawed out. Springer returned to her duties with her kindness, but Jane missed something from her work and in them. At heart she grieved. Would it ever be the same again? There came a day when Jane rode off alone towards the hills. She forgot the risk and the admonitions of the cowboys. She wanted to be alone to think. Her happiness had sustained a subtle change. Her work, the children, the friends she had made, even the horse she loved, were no longer all-sufficient. Something had come over her. It was late fall, but the sun was warm that afternoon. Before her lay the valley range, and beyond it the foothills rose, and above them loomed the dark haze of the mountains.

She rode fast until her horse was hot and she was out of breath. Then she slowed down and for the first time she looked back toward the ranch. It was a long way off—ten miles—a mere green spot in the gray. And there was a horseman coming. At usual some one of the cowboys had observed her, let her think she had slipped away, and was now following her. Today she amended Jane. She wanted to be alone. She could take care of herself. And as was unusual with her, she used her quiet on the horse. He broke into a gallop. She did not look back again for a long time. When she did it was to

## FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 55]

discover that the horseman had not only gained, but was now quite close to her. Jane looked hard, but she could not recognize the man. Once she imagined it was Tex and again Andy.

Jane rode the longest and fastest race she had ever ridden. She reached the low foothills and, without heeding the fact that she would at once become lost, she entered the ridge in the canyon to her left. At times her horse had to walk and then she heard her pursuer breaking through the ovals her horse had left. She saw her horse's tracks, and so she was able to keep in the lead. It was not long until Jane realized she was lost, but she did not care. She rode up and down and around for an hour, until she was thoroughly tired out, and then up on top of a foothill she turned in her horse and waited to give this pursuer a piece of her mind.

What was her amazement when she heard a third of hoofs and creaking of branches in the opposite direction from which she expected her pursuer, to see a rider emerge from the cedars and trot his horse toward her. Jane needed only a second glance to recognize Ready Jones. Suddenly she knew that he was not the pursuer she had been so wrongly aware of. Jones' horse was white. That checked her mooning anger.

Jones rode straight at her, and as he came close Jane saw his hold, dark face and gleaming eyes. "Howdy, sweetheart," sang out Jones in his cool devil-may-care way. "Reckon it took you a long time to meet me as you promised."

"I didn't ride out to meet you, Mr. Jones," replied Jane, spiritively. "I know I agreed to something or other, but even then I didn't mean to meet you."

"Yes, I had a hunch you was physin' with me," he returned, darkly.

He reined up, he turned back and grunted her arm. "That do you mean, sir?" demanded Jane, trying to wrench free.

"Sure I mean a lot," he said, grimly. "You stood for the love-makin' of that Springer outfit. Now you've got to get a taste of my own medicine, my lady."

"Let go of me—you—you ruffian!" cried Jane, struggling fiercely. She was being held by the arms and the legs.

"Shucks! Your fightin' will only make it interestin'. Come here, you deceitful little thing, and let me hear out of your saddle over in front of him. Jones' horse, that had been frightened and plunging, ran away into the cedars. Then Jones proceeded to embrace Jane. She managed to keep her mouth from contact with his, but he kissed her face and neck, kisses that were not to be forgotten.

"Jane, I'm ridin' out of this country for good," he said. "An' I've just been waitin' for this chance. You see you'll remember Ready Jones."

Jane realized that Jones would stop at nothing, and she fought to disengage herself, but he was too strong for her. He was away from him, and to pitch herself to the ground. She screamed. She beat and tore at his buttons, and he turned his head toward her. She saw his face, and the blood flowed. And as her struggles increased with her fight, she gradually slipped down between him and the pomel of his saddle, and her head hanging down on one side and her feet on the other. This was awkward and painful, but fortunately for Jane, he was crushed in his arms. He was riding off with her as if she had been an empty sack. Suddenly Jane's battle with her captor was on to something to lessen the severe jolt of her position, came in contact with Jones' head and shoulders.

"What's all at once her ears filled with the tearing gallop of another horse. Instantly Jane was able to see and recognize Springer's face right at Jones' side, and she cried out in a cry, and she was pierced by the next. Next she felt Jones' hard jerk at his gun. But Jane had hold of it, and suddenly she had a little hands left. The fierce energy with which Jones wrestled to draw his gun threw Jane from the saddle, and she lay on the drooping clear of the horse the gun came with her.

"Hands up, Ready!" she heard Springer cry out. She lay on her back, and she was in the dust. Then she struggled to her knees, and crawled to get away from Springer. She still clung to the heavy gun. And when, startled and almost collapsing, she fell back on

the ground she saw Jones with his hands above his head and Springer on foot with leveling gun.

"Sit tight, cowboy," ordered the rancher, in a hard tone. "I'll take mighty little to mess with you."

Then, while still covering Jones, evidently ready for any sudden move, Springer spoke again. "Jane, did you come here when you said that?" cried Jones. "Almost sohhing."

"Springer's face," spoke up Jones, coolly. "She let me make love to her. An' she agreed to ride out an' meet me. Wal, she come here when she said she would. She come she was shy on the love-makin'. I was packin' her off to scare some sense into her when you rode in."

"Ready, I know your way with women. You can save your breath, for I've a hunch you're going to need it."

"Springer's face," spoke up Jones, getting to her knees. "I—I was foolishly taken with this cowboy-at first. Then—that Sunday after the dinner when he came on me at the ranch—I saw through him then. I heartily despised him. To get rid of him I did say I was in love with him. I never meant to. Then I forgot it. Today I rode for the first time. I saw some one else, and I was sure that he was the one or the other of him. Finally I waited and presently Jones rode up to me. . . . And Mr. Springer—he—he grabbed me off my horse—he handled me most brutally—shamefully. I fought him with all my might, but what could I do?"

"Springer's face," spoke up Jones, and then he threw his gun on the ground in front of Jane. "I didn't ride out to meet you, sir, to death," he said grimly, and, leaping at the cowboy, he jerked him out of the saddle and threw him to the ground.

Springer threw aside his revolver, his vest, his spurs. But he kept on his gloves. The cowboy rose to one knee, and he measured the distance between him and Springer, and then he went on the ground. Suddenly he sprang toward it. But Springer interposed his arm, and he kicked that tripped Jones and laid him flat.

"Jones, you're sure about as low-down as a snake," spoke up Jones, and he said, "I've got to be satisfied with heatin' you when I ought to kill you."

"Jane, you're sure about as low-down as a snake," spoke up Jones, and he said, "I've got to be satisfied with heatin' you when I ought to kill you." "Jane, you're sure about as low-down as a snake," spoke up Jones, and he said, "I've got to be satisfied with heatin' you when I ought to kill you." "Jane, you're sure about as low-down as a snake," spoke up Jones, and he said, "I've got to be satisfied with heatin' you when I ought to kill you."

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Then Jane saw him go to his horse, untie a canteen from the saddle, remove the cork, and he was trying to get a wet sack. Next he poured some water on Jones' face. "Come on, Jane," he called.

He tied the bridle of Jones' horse to a cedar, and leading his own animal turned to meet Jane. "I want to compliment you on gettin' that cowboy at the ranch," he said. "But for that they'd sure have been somethin' had. I'd have been ridin' with you. You got them the guns. . . . You poor little tenderfoot from Missouri. No, not tenderfoot any more. You're a regular cowboy now."

His face was bruised and cut, his dress dirty and bloody, but he did not appear to care. He was leaning forward, and his legs scarcely able to support him, and he had apparently lost her voice. "Let me put you on my saddle till we find your horse," he said, and, as he spoke, he as a feather to a seat [Turn to page 56]

## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

[Continued from page 52]

steel construction of the bed. With the exception of an air mattress, a really comfortable bed is bound to weigh a good deal. Distributed over the running-board and left running-board are such articles as a portable stove, cooking-kit, one folding-table and two folding-chairs, a refrigerator-basket, food-box, a suit-case containing clothing and other personal belongings, a thin wool mattress and several blankets. Various bundles on the left running-board are secured in place by a metal luggage-carrier along the outer edge of the board.

The construction of cars and nature of equipment varying as those do with different camping parties, a packing system that goes for one might not do for another. In all cases, however, various articles of equipment should be in as compact a form as possible. Bulky pieces are likely to prove a nuisance.

Most camp furnishings are manufactured essentially from the standpoint of compactness, which is one of the chief reasons why articles made especially for camp use prove more satisfactory on a trip than do corresponding home furnishings. Cooking utensils are a case in point.

Compactness implies utensils which when being transported take up only a fraction as much room as they do when in actual use. There is no loss of cooking efficiency, and packing problems are a waste simplified, when a dozen utensils of varying sizes nest one within the other. And thus, you have only one package to pack instead of twelve. This is accomplished through the absence of protruding handles, spouts and ears on ordinary utensils. For example, the camp frying-pan and coffee-pot are provided with folding handles. Camp cutlery sets sell complete nesting outfits of this sort designed respectively for two, four and six people. In case you don't care for metal cups and plates, you can readily substitute, with unmarked waste without disrupting the nesting capacities of a given set.

All bundles attached to the outside of the car should be wrapped in waterproof canvas covering, a necessary precaution against dust, rain and mud. For example, in dry weather on dirt roads a good deal of dust will edge its way into a suit-case or the case is provided with an outer covering. And because of the inevitable jouncing of the car, all bundles should be doubly secured. Another point in this connection: distribute your load in such a way that the car will not ride lopsided.

When my wife and I tour we usually quit for the day and make camp at about four o'clock in the afternoon. There's not much fun in tumbling and fumbling around in the dark. Presently we are occupants of a mighty comfortable canvas dwelling. The canvas roll on the running-board has become a spacious tent having living quarters at one end and a four-foot-wide bed at the other. The bed, with quilt frame, steel springs and mattress is as easy to sleep upon as any in our own home. Various manufacturers make comfortable beds of this general type.

We set up our folding-chairs, table and portable stove. In case the weather is clear and there are no local rains resulting from the building of wood fires, we are not likely to use the stove; for there's nothing

quite comparable with the cheerfulness of a campfire. None the less, the stove always carries its way, especially in wet weather. At such times we cook under the tight shelter of the tent. The stove is a two-burner affair having the general appearance of a small suit-case. It gives a hot blue flame that compares not unfavorably in its intensity with that of a gas range at home.

Rain doesn't worry us. Of course there are tents that do leak. But that means inadequate preparation. A prospective camper should always take pains to learn what manner of canvas he is buying. There are two types on which reliance can be placed. One of these is cloth that has been through a thorough waterproofing process. The other is standard U. S. Army duck. In this connection it is worthy of note that the general term "army duck" may mean almost anything. But the term "standard U. S. Army duck" means only one thing: the best quality you can get.

A night's sleep is of the utmost importance. A comfortable bed is one-half the story. Require amount of covering is the other half. Take plenty of blankets, especially if you are headed toward high altitudes. Nights up there are considerably colder than you think summer nights could be. Blankets should be of pure wool or as close to this as possible.

All camp clothing should be selected primarily with a view to service and comfort. The knickerbocker suit, either of khaki or tweed is the most satisfactory sort of outer attire. A man, as a rule, carries in reserve a suit of unlinings which he draws over his clothes when about to tinker with the car; otherwise, his clothing would be ruined by oil and grease. Any woman who expects to act as her own garage-man may be guided accordingly, and in making preparations it should be remembered that all laundry work has to be done on the road! Any one planning to camp in the mountains or other sections where cold nights are prevalent should have medium-weight wool underwear and wool stockings to fall back upon. So far as stockings are concerned, wool is the most suitable material for almost all camping conditions. A sweater is a useful item.

The necessities of a comfortable motor-camping trip might be summarized briefly as follows: dry tent, a comfortable bed, plenty of blankets, good food, suitable cooking and dining utensils, portable stove, suitable clothing and an ice-box. To small ax, small shovel, flashlight, water-lug or pail, soap and towels, water and dust-proof coverings for equipment, tools and extra parts for the car.

To your list, as you deem fit, can be added numerous other items such as folding furniture and an ice-box. The needs and facilities for carrying equipment varies with different camps. There is perhaps a common tendency to load up with too much. Any article for which you will not have definite and fairly continual use should be left at home.

Preliminary attention to various details mentioned in the foregoing means all the difference between comfort and discomfort. Once having acquired the right sort of outfit, you can pack it away neatly in the attic until needed. Then at any time on about ten minutes notice, get away to the open places for a night, week or month.

## SOFT delicate baby skin cannot stand harsh, impure talcum—be careful, Mother

Leading physicians and skin specialists caution great care in the choice of baby talcum. There are a few real baby talcums. They alone are worthy of a mother's trust. Make sure, for the little one's sake, that you choose carefully.

In "Uses of the Skin," Dr. Henry W. Stelwagon, a very famous skin specialist, declares that grittiness must be avoided in dusting powders used for children.

Dr. J. P. Crozer Griffith, another famous physician, in his book

"The Care of the Baby," advises against the use of any strongly scented powder for little ones.

Some powders, not intended for baby use, are so drying that they increase friction and irritation, instead of lessening it. Others actually burn a child's skin. These powders might not trouble adults. Yet the skin of infants is too delicate to bear their harshness. Your own family doctor will tell you this.

Highly scented talcs, intended solely for adult use, are adequate for their purpose. But they carry too much perfume for Baby. It even gets into and irritates the membranes of the child's nose. A headache results. The baby cries—and the mother doesn't know why.

There are many types of talc, varying in chemical construction, varying in fineness, in color, in absorbent qualities, etc.

Talcums not made especially for baby use, and not medicated, may be gritty, irritating or caustic. They may contain mica, or lime which burns, or tiny, flint-like particles. Too small for ordinary eyesight, they can cut and grind infant skin until it's raw.

### Medical Endorsement

Mennen's was the first borated talcum of all. The first medicated talcum for babies. It had, still has, complete endorsement by the medical profession. For nearly 50 years it has improved constant-

ly—progressing, advancing with science. Nothing ever has taken its place. Ask your own physician.

Constant chemical analysis in the Laboratories assures the purity and unvarying high standard of Mennen's Borated Talcum.

Medicated to soothe Baby's skin, Mennen's has helpful therapeutic value. It protects the delicate skin from infection—is antiseptic. It shields the skin from friction—from the rubbing of clothes, of blankets, of Baby's own skin-folds. It absorbs all irritating moisture—perspiration, urine and bathwater.

On the other hand, some talcums may be too drying. These increase friction and irritation, rather than lessen them. But you can be sure of Mennen's correct medication.

Remember this, Mother: Baby talcum is good for adult skins. But adult powder can't be depended on for Baby's.

### One for Every Mother

Let Belle Roberts send you a copy of the wonderful Mennen Baby Book. Every page is helpful. From planning his layette and furnishing the nursery until the little youngster, romper-clad, is romping—in it guides and counsels each phase of Baby's development.

### —And for your Own Use, Madame

Mennen's is as wonderful for your skin as for Baby's. Use after the bath. Shower body and feet to prevent friction and give ease of movement.

### NEW! Baby Ointment

When skin gets dry, rough or inflamed, apply Mennen Baby Ointment. Wonderfully cooling and alleviating. Heals sores, soothes, lubricates. Softens scales so that scalp may be gently, safely cleansed. Invaluable for dozens of nursery uses.

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Enclosing 25¢ (Canada 35¢). Please send me postpaid, in plain wrapped, copy of The Mennen Baby Book.

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# McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS



**PARTIES ALL THE YEAR.** By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Going to Chintown; the Barefoot Trail in August; A Rainbow Party. Many other parties, too. **WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES.** Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Appealing cool drinks; Chicken Mousse; Macadone of Vegetable Salad. Not to speak of a Porch Breakfast menu, as a novel summer suggestion. **THE NEW HOSPITALITY.** By Lillian Purdy Goldborough. Correct table service for every party of home occasion, including hospitable afternoon teas and Sunday night "company suppers."

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Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents; or any twelve for a dollar. Each leaflet is two cents. Enclose money (or stamps) and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

# "Wouldn't think of making jam or jelly without it...."

say women who use this simple method to overcome the variation in fruit which once caused jam and jelly failures



Nine-tenths of jam or jelly failures are the fault of the fruit. You can have success now every time.

## A WHO'S ZOO PARTY

IF you would like to get the most amusing and unusual party of the summer—when original parties are so hard to think of—try a Who's Zoo Party. Our new leaflet gives



explicit directions for the party may be had by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## FASTING—ITS BENEFITS AND DANGER

(Continued from page 40)

contaminating substances in the body fluids. Most persons eat too much protein-rich food and their blood tends, year after year, to contain more waste products. Consequently the kidneys are taxed greatly by the constant demand upon them to excrete the nitrogenous wastes. Frimitive people were generally accustomed to alternate fasting and feasting and evidence proves that the short abstinence from food was not nearly so detrimental as over-indulgence when food was available.

Fasting creates in the normal person an imperious demand for food, so it may be wise for one who is about to undergo a period of over-feeding for the purpose of increasing the weight first to go without food. It then would not be such an effort to eat the extra food as it would if one tried to eat freely when he had no appetite. Those who suffer from so-called "sick

headache" caused by over-loading the digestive apparatus day after day, generally know from experience the benefits of going without food for a day or two. The practice, followed by those enthusiasts who treat persons suffering from pronounced gastro-intestinal disturbances, of fasting their patients for two weeks or more before placing them on a diet which is planned to correct the supposed cause of the condition, is certainly to be condemned. Shorter fasts would, we believe, accomplish all that "resting" the digestive tract ever could accomplish. Exponents of fasting often assert that long fasting brings about the rejuvenation of the body tissues. This is true in the case of certain of the lower orders of animal life such as mites and the buffalo moth. But the many observations on the higher animals and on man do not show that one can regain youthfulness this way.

**NINE-TENTHS** of the difficulty in making good jams and jellies has been due to the fact that the jelly forming substance in fruit is constantly changing—always decreasing in quantity as the fruit ripens, so that when the flavor is finest, the jellying power is lowest.

Very few fruits have enough of this jellying substance to jelly all the juice they contain.

That is why by the old-fashioned method the juice had to be boiled down until the jellying element was concentrated enough to jelly the remaining juice.

But now you can use any fruit you like—when it is ripest and best flavored—and, even without previous experience, you can make

perfect jams and jellies every time. For after long study and investigation of the nature of fruits, the way has been found to extract the jellying substance from fruit in which it is abundant so as to produce a highly refined, liquid concentrate which, used with any fruit juice, gives it the required amount of natural jellying quality.

This concentrate of the natural jellying element in fruit we have named Certo. With Certo you get perfect jam or jelly with only one or two minutes' boiling. "My jams and jellies taste just like fresh fruit," women say when they use Certo.

And because you do not have to "boil the juice down" you get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. A slightly larger amount of sugar is needed to jelly this extra juice, but there is no more sugar per glass in jam or jelly made the Certo way. Douglas-Peterson Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. In Canada address Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.



You just bring your fruit or fruit-juice and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal.

Send me for half-size bottle—enough to make 6 to 10 glasses of jam or jelly, depending on the recipe used.

DOUGLAS-PETERSON CORP.  
616 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with the recipe book. I will close to cents (less or stamps) to cover postage.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

(Continued from page 37)

the feed refrigerator required about 200 pounds of ice a week, and the electric refrigerator in the neighborhood of eight kilowatt hours. In the average household where the refrigerator is constantly used and the room temperature varies, it is reasonable to estimate the cost of running a refrigerator at twice these amounts. If, then, your ice costs 60 cents a hundred pounds, and your electricity 12 cents a kilowatt hour, it would cost \$2.40 a week

for ice as compared with \$1.80 for electric current. Refrigerators are invariably too small to allow the storage of food in any considerable quantity. The refrigerator should be big enough, as well as efficient enough, to do its work properly. You are compensated for the cost of running a larger refrigerator by being able to do quantity—buying and so saving much time in marketing.

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### They Disappear While You Sleep!

Why let FRECKLES mar your beauty? With Stillman's Freckle Cream you can bleach them out quickly and surely, and no one will ever know about it.

This magic snow-white cream, cool and fragrant, banishes freckles and leaves your skin softened, whitened and refined. It's a beauty boon for freckled girls.

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Please send me your FREE booklet, "Beauty  
Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and  
skin treatment used by stage and screen stars.

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### Contains Loose Powder

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THIS is Norida, the ingenious Vanitie for loose powder. You can carry it in any position—hold it upside down—but the powder cannot spill. A patented feature prevents that. Just a twist, and the loose powder comes forth in any desired quantity. And when

it's empty, you refill it with any kind of loose powder you prefer.

Norida Vanities—Single for loose powder—Double, for loose powder and rouge. Thin, dainty cases—as beautiful as they are ingenious. They come filled with Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) powder and rouge.

Buy one at any drug or department store.

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# Norida

The Vanitie for Your Favorite Loose Powder

It Cannot Spill

A genuine sample of Norida's Fleur Sauvage in your favorite shade of powder, Blanche or Rosette. Simply and name and address.

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

[Continued from page 58]

the solution of the problem was an inspiration from the Divine.

"All my life," he said, "I have wanted to do something for broken down preachers and missionaries. I wanted to do something in memory of my father, who was a Baptist preacher, working without salary and supporting his family by farming. In his old age his church excommunicated him because he advocated Sunday Schools, a salary and education for ministers. Even today the minister comes to old age without enough income to care for him. Often he is tired out, needs change, a year in another climate. It was revealed to me that I could put these cottages in good condition, and say to the boards of different churches and missionary societies: 'Here are comfortable houses, close to a good town and a beautiful river, live oaks all around them, room for gardens. I will give them rent free to any tired out people who wish to send here.'"

He immediately carried out his scheme, painting the forty or fifty houses inside and out, putting in electricity, and making things comfortable, if simple. As soon as they were ready they were filled. There is no time limit. If you like it and are a good neighbor, you can stay on and on. We went from house to house, calling on the people—a young man broken down—two or three missionaries, women, one who had spent forty years in Persia, another as long in China. Several of the men had gardens. Others had good fishing. Everybody seemed happy.

Mr. Penney's joy in this enterprise is genuine, but it is too good a business men not to see that eventually, this tract of land must be used for something besides frame cottages, so he has taken a square in town and is building there three hundred small apartments to be used in the same way as the lumber cottages, as a permanent memorial to his father. The location is so beautiful, the town so pleasant, the Springs so health-giving, that this is bound to be a blessing to a large number of broken down people. This time over, we started for the land.

"In order that you may understand what we are going to do," Mr. Penney told me, "I will have to tell you something about myself. When I was eight years old, my father, who you know never had much money, told me that from that time on I must earn all the clothes I had—and I did. For a number of years I clerked in stores in one state or another. Finally, Wyoming, where I had been some time, my employer said to me, 'Jim, I want to start a store. If you will put in your savings and take charge I will give you a half interest.' That was my chance! My wife and I had saved \$500. We put that in, borrowed a little more and I became a partner. Finally I was able to buy the store. Then we began to think about our obligation to pass on the opportunity that had been extended to us. I had a clerk, who was honest, energetic, reliable, thrifty, so I looked around and found a town that needed a store and I made him the same proposition that had been made to me. He jumped at it. But I had other ideas coming on, just as good men—all they needed was a chance and so I made it my business to find way to give it to them. The idea developed until now there are six hundred and seventy-six Penney stores and last year they did a business of \$91,000,000."

"A great many of these stores are in farming communities and the difficulty of the farmers in real estate led me to thinking that perhaps the Penney Chain Store idea could be used in farming. I couldn't get it out of my mind, I felt it. I saw no chance to apply it until about a year ago when I learned that 120,000 acres of land, five or six miles from Green Cove Springs, 10,000 of it cleared and fenced, was to be sold at a receiver's sale. Let him help me. I immediately bought the land and I am trying by colonization to pass on opportunity—to give people who are willing to work a chance to own a farm and a home."

A man who has been able to find partners fit for developing six hundred and seventy-six stores and carrying on the tremendous business of supplying them with goods and supervising their methods

can be trusted, if anybody can, to find partners for such an enterprise as he now proposes. It looks as if he had succeeded admirably, for you rarely find an organization, even in Florida, more devoted to an undertaking than these Penney associates.

Mr. Penney had a definite idea of the kind of farmers that he wanted on his tract. It was not the broken down, the failures, the runaways from hard situations at home, he wanted only men and women who had the intelligence and character to carry through what they undertook. He began to get them together. Nobody came on any misunderstanding, as the following extracts from the out-and-out statement of plan and qualifications show:

"Our plan is to ask no one to pay anything down when he selects his farm. We allow him free use of the farm for one year. The only thing we ask the farmer to do is to insure the house at least \$750.00. This will cost approximately \$8.50 for one year. The price of the farms range from \$4,500 for farms which will be on the highway, to \$3,000 for those located some distance from the highway. This price includes the house, the land cleared, fenced and plowed. It also includes in some instances a few acres of such as shelter for mule and tool shed."

"Upon the completion of the first year it is our intention to divide with the farmer and agree with him upon the amount which he can and should pay at the end of each year, so that at the end of a certain period the operation of his farm out of the profits taken from the place. This is the plan which Mr. Penney has in mind, and which we carry in connection with his store managers, who pay for their stock interests out of the profits obtained some distance from the highway. When I made the rounds with Mr. Penney in April of this year, forty-four had been in the community. They were working eagerly, hopefully and cooperatively. Most of them were under thirty-five; all of them had had other practical experience at farming or had the land-tradition and mind."

Most of them came down because of the dearth of social, educational and religious life. These features are being very carefully and minutely cultivated in the new colony. But the living force in the colony is the feeling on all sides that there is opportunity for independence. Mr. Penney himself is that person, a man of wealth—very great wealth I believe—who has not forgotten that an essential factor in his career, his first opportunity, came from outside. He seized it and built on it, but he did not create it. He believes there is an obligation to do for others what was done for him, and he believes the world is full of young men and women who are as ready as he was when the opportunity came as he was in his day."

This idea, as well as the principles of scientific colonization are not exclusive to wealth and power; that is, it does not require a Penney or a United States Government to put them to work. The man on moderate means, if he is intelligent, can pass them on, if it be to but one individual. There are numbers of men in this country in a position to take advantage of the opportunity to earn a home on a farm. The great industrialist, employer of thousands, always concerned about their attitude towards the industry, their failure to understand his problems as they believe it is fair to understand theirs, Mr. Penney's idea and in these principles of land settlement a tremendous opportunity to spread knowledge of the land and the home on a farm. The man on a few acres of land, with the ability to establish the greatest labor college in existence, for the farm is the greatest of teachers."

The soil teaches the relation of capital and labor; that capital is the seed which must be sown if we are to have future crops. Russian peasants fleeing from famines starved rather than touch the seed corn, which they were told to plant at home. On a farm is not only a road to economic independence, it is a school in reasonableness, patience, understanding.

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

[Continued from page 48]

They should then be rinsed with hot water until feeding time. The mother or nurse should always wash her hands with soap and water before beginning the preparation of the baby's food. The habit of thumb and finger sucking and the use of pacifiers and the like are all dangerous, as they furnish a means of conveying harmful bacteria to the mouth of a child.

**Mrs. Wise:** Are all healthy babies, who have been properly cared for, apt to have summer diarrhea, Doctor? It would seem that a little germ or two might not do much harm to a healthy baby.

**Dr. Syntax:** It is not a case of a germ or two but of millions of them. The growth of bacteria in neglected milk or in the digestive tract is extremely rapid—I have known some of the finest babies who have been made violently ill by means of unclean milk. It is quite true, however, that the baby who has never been ill, never been subjected to digestive disorders possesses a much better resistance than the one who has had frequent stomach and bowel disorders.

**Mrs. Wise:** What is cholera infantum?

**Dr. Syntax:** Cholera infantum is a term used to express what is really gastro-intestinal intoxication of a most severe character. The child usually becomes ill suddenly with active prostration, high temperature, persistent vomiting and loose watery evacuations. It is the most fatal form of the summer disorders. So-called summer diarrhea and dysentery, while less dangerous, are often followed by fatal results.

**Mrs. Wise:** What can one do when a child becomes ill with summer troubles?

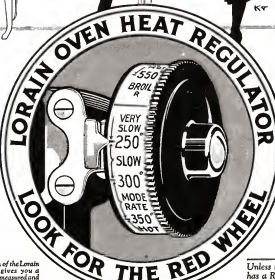
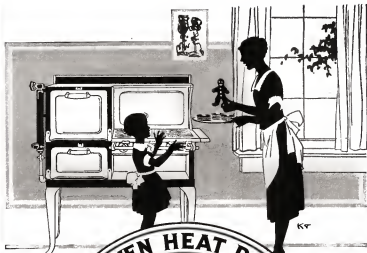
**Dr. Syntax:** The first step is to send for the family physician. While awaiting his arrival, stop all milk feeds, even breast-milk if the baby is nursed, and give barley water. No mistake will be made if one teaspoonful of castor oil is at once given the patient. If there is fever a sponging with alcohol and water or plain water for 15 minutes will give much comfort. The important thing, however, is to stop all milk as a food. The mother should never attempt treatment of the mildest case without a physician's directions. The province of the mother lies largely in prevention. Keeping the baby cool and comfortable during the hot months helps not a little and whether in the city or country, on hot days, two or three fifteen-minute sponging periods with water at 60° is advisable.

**Mrs. Wise:** The health pamphlet suggested that the food strength be reduced on hot days—is that a good plan?

**Dr. Syntax:** Very good indeed, for the reason that the infant's digestive capacity is lessened at such times and a convenient way for doing this is to pour out an ounce or two of the formula allotted for one feeding and replace it with boiled water—a couple of ounces of plain water given between the feedings occasionally is also a beneficial custom.

**Mrs. Wise:** Thank you very much, doctor. I will remember and follow out all your suggestions and I am sure my baby will keep well during the summer.

**Dr. Syntax:** I am sure he will, if you exercise extreme care in his management and avoid the gratuitous advice of any friend that is contrary to what I told you.



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## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

[Continued from page 46]

and fitted with wooden latches and pulls; they may consist of two thicknesses of boards set vertically and spiked to wooden cross-pieces with large-headed cotter nails. Even roughly constructed, they are simple protection and artistic as well.

A stairway of split logs adds a note of interest, if put together with dovetails, after the manner of medieval craftsmanship. Hand-made furniture of unpainted cedar saplings is both picturesque and appropriate in the cabin, its construction according to primitive joinery. But most in-

triguing is the simple furniture of our forefathers, such as the flat-back chairs of New England, the trestle table, the open-shelved plate dressers with up-standing cottage china decorated in gay colors, the pine and maple tables belonging in such a setting and the high-backed settle by the open fire. Such furnishings, with an abundance of hooked rugs and crocheted hangings of colors to match the flowered plates, are reminiscent of the spirit of the past, which has been carried over to a living present of loveliness and comfort.

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 13]

Alaine, he returned home to find Birrel waiting. She was in evening-dress and had knelt over her wraps.

"Good luck! I didn't expect to see you. Going out to dinner?"

She raised her eye-brows in a puzzled manner. "Going out to dinner! No. Alaine asked me to dine here, but—"

He glanced around, annoyed and embarrassed. "Where is she? Hasn't she come in yet?"

His eyes fell on a note, placed conspicuously against the clock on the mantel piece. It was addressed to him in his wife's hand. It read, "I've invited Birrel to dine. At first Dan was anxious; he spent his time in listening for her step. He heard hardly anything of what Birrel was saying. Then his anxiety was replaced by a sense of anger at her injustice. She hadn't any right to treat him cavalierly. It was unlike her. Besides, he hated to quarrel. He missed her most confoundingly. Later, came the child's desire to show how little he cared."

He looked at Birrel. He noticed the deep red-gold of her hair—how it lay like metal against the whiteness of her forehead, the gleam of her eyes, and discovered that he could make them shy if he gazed too

long at them. He found that by giving her his attention, he could make her thoughts leap out towards him and could intercept them—the way he can the thoughts of people who are more to us than friends. He became interested in the discovery—a little proud of it; he was a piper with a kind of magic, seated at the edge of his seat, and he would make the eyes of those around him steal out from cover spell-bound. That was how it all commenced.

After dinner she seated herself at the piano, singing, humming, wandering like a bee from flower to flower of sound. He stood near her, his eyes fixed on the woman of dreams as his illusions had conjured her. He pushed his chair nearer to the autumn-woodland, compelling wild things to steal out from cover spell-bound. That was how it all commenced.

"You're not happy?"  
"Her voice quivered. "And you?"  
He shook his head.  
She bent forward. Her hair touched his. He caught its fragrance. She breathed, hardly spoke, the words: "Can I help?"  
He awoke to the risk of his foolishness. "It's too late for that."  
She laughed tremulously. "It's never too late to—"

Her hands flashed [Turn to page 85]

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# The FAIRY from the RADIO

BY HELEN MORRIS

CAROLINE sat alertly beside her daddy's radio. She had the earphones carefully held to her ears, the way her daddy had showed her. She was listening to a lovely story about a princess and a prince, and what a dreadful time they had with a cruel witch who hated the princess because she was so lovely, and who made her go through many cruel tasks to win her prince. The voice that was telling the story over the radio was so low and pleasant, that after a while Caroline settled back in the Morris chair, and didn't try to listen too hard. The story was coming closer and closer to the happy-ever-after place, and Caroline rested her head against the chair-back, and had the snug feeling of hearing a wonderful lullaby. She felt as though she were sitting on her mother's lap while mother telling her her very quietest sleepy story.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright and the earphones hung tipily on her head for a moment and then fell into her lap. For the soft voice had suddenly broken into an equally soft laugh—a twinkling sort of laugh that came from over her head. She looked up, and there, perched on the tip edge of the loud-speaker, sat the dearest fairy, prettier than even the colored pictures of fairies in Caroline's books. Her little dress was of palest green silk and fluted as if it were made of wee leaves at the very minute that spring uncovers them from their winter nap. It floated around her as if a little breeze kept it moving. Caroline stared so hard that the fairy laughed again and floated a little kiss up to her.

WHY are you so surprised to see me when you weren't a bit surprised to hear me out of the loud speaker?" she asked.

"Was it you telling that lovely story?" asked Caroline. "I thought it was a different sort of voice at first. The first voice was like a schoolteacher—you know, nice, but she wants you to hear every single word. You made it like a happy song. Was it you or her or who?"

"Oh, such grammar," laughed the fairy. "Yes, it was both of us. I know children get tired of that kind of voice now and then, and so sometimes when the story-lady doesn't know it, I get right in front of her at the microphone—you know that that is—the little instrument that people talk into."

Caroline nodded. Daddy had told her all about it long ago, when he first bought that radio.

"Well, then, sometimes I get right in front of her and finish her story for her. It doesn't hurt her, for she doesn't know I'm doing it any more, and I know the little children like the difference."

"But," asked Caroline suddenly, "they can't ever announce you, can they? Do you have to say 'Hi' to her?"

"Yes, indeed I do, even if they don't ever announce it. My name is Tempa. I have some other names, but I like that one best of all, because it means time, and I know the other ones can say that easily, no matter what language they speak."

"Do you know children in other countries?" asked Caroline eagerly.

"Yes, my dear, wherever there is sound—and that is everywhere in the world—the children know me. And little, long-ago children knew me before clever men found out about radio and learned how to tell stories to you from far away over a little wire that goes into a wall in your house. Long ago I used to catch sounds I liked very much, and I saved them to listen to later and sometimes I wove them into stories to tell children at bedtime. Now you see it is an advantage to be a fairy. Other people can just let you hear the sounds that are happening at that minute, but I bring you sounds from the past."

Caroline's eyes shone. "Tempa, if I'm very good, will you tell me some sounds from the past? Please, please."

TEMPA's eyes danced into Caroline's. "If I do," she said sternly, "will you listen—really listen—and will you stop pretending to the lady on the radio who tells you to eat spinach and brush your teeth carefully three times a day?"

Now Caroline blushed a little, for mother was always so anxious to have her hear the health-lady's talk on Friday evenings, and sometimes Caroline was rather naughty about not wanting to listen.

"Honest, I will," she promised. "Every time I speak."

Tempa swung a little green-slipped foot back and forth. "Now what would you like to hear?" she asked. "Sit back and shut your eyes and I'll tell you the picture with your eyes while I'm bringing the story out of the past for you. That," she chuckled, "is more the radio can do for you, as you may say. Now shut your eyes."

So Caroline obediently closed her eyes and listened to the fairy humming a little buzzing



sound—just the kind the loud speaker makes before music or talk comes through it.

Suddenly before her eyes came the picture of a queer place, a queer room. It had tall white columns painted in purple and gold, and one wide space opened like a window out upon a lovely garden, full of flowers and busy bees. A woman in a white dress, with long, fair hair drawn back with ribbons, stood beside a queerly shaped cradle in which lay a lovely little boy fast asleep. You knew from the way she looked at him that she was the baby's mother. Another woman who looked like a nurse was busy in a corner. Suddenly Caroline saw a dozen bees come in from the window and fly about the child's cradle. Some settled on his lips and his little pink hands. The mother started



Suddenly a dozen bees flew about the queerly shaped cradle and settled on the baby's lips and his little pink hands

forward in alarm, but the nurse stopped her. And now Tempa's sweet voice began, and Caroline settled back easily, with no headaches to bother her.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, in the stately land of Greece,

Where olive trees smile and gay bees hum in a lazy southern peace,

A wee boy lay in his cradle soft and his mother over him bent,

And rejoiced at his bonny baby strength and his smile of sweet content.

But while she watched, from the garden near, with its fragrant mass of bloom,

Through the window-space some straying bees flew buzzing into the room.

They flew round the lovely baby head, they sat on his warm red lip.

As if they had found to their delight the loveliest honey to sip.

The mother hurried in wild alarm to brush them off, but her arm

Was stayed by the nurse who drew her away and quieted her alarm.

"They will not hurt him a bit," she said, "and in days that are yet to be

The reason they came will be clear to all—they are only a prophecy.

This boy will not be great with the sword, nor conquer his neighbor's land.

But the lords of earth will bow to his words, to the work of his brain and hand.

Poems he will write and songs he will sing and sweet words he will say.

That will fall from his lips like honey, in a future grown-up day."

And sure enough, there were the bees flying away again through the open window, as if they were perfectly satisfied, and there was the boy's mother smiling now at her fear, and looking more proudly than ever at the sleeping baby.

And then the picture changed, and there was a tall, beautiful man standing up very straight before a great crowd of people. All were in long queer clothes, and the tall man had a wreath of green leaves round his head, and he was reading to the people from a long scroll in his hands. She could hear a lovely singing sound, but what the words were she did not know, for they were in a different language, but she knew it was lovely, and all the people listened very eagerly.

That was how Tempa's voice.

THE little boy, whom the bees had loved, grew up a famous man.

And from his lips, like honey rare, the loveliest poems ran.

Around his lips he placed a crown to honor his gift of song.

For when he sang, they saw life fair, and they hated fear and wrong.

And when he read, they forgot their wars, and thought of naught but peace.

So did he sway them, the man with the wreath, Pindar, the poet of Greece."

The picture faded away, and Caroline opened her eyes to look at Tempa, still perched on the loud speaker.

"Is it a true story?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," nodded Tempa. "I used to go to see him when he was a baby, and when he was a tall man I often listened to his songs. Perhaps some day when you study the beautiful language called Old Greek you will read some of his poems, and know the bees spoke the truth, for his poems are wholesome and sweet like honey. But, my goodness, I must be going. I must help out a story-lady in a few minutes."

CAROLINE looked sad, as she saw Tempa folding her green ruffles. "But you will come again some time?" she begged.

"Oh, yes, some day when you don't expect me, and then I'll tell you a story of another great country of long ago called Rome and of a little boy who helped to build it. And another day you shall hear the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table."

The next time I come—I'll tell you about a little girl who lived in France and fought and died for her country. The loud speaker buzzed a little and Caroline looked down into it, and when she looked at the top again, the little green figure was gone. Caroline felt more lonely than if one of her playmates had gone home just when they were having a lovely time.

But Tempa had promised to come again and Caroline was pretty sure that a good fairy always keeps her word.



## ALIBI

(Continued from page 11)

clerk had not told him what time she had it her room.

Another thought occurred; he went back to the telephone, called up the night-porter of his apartment house, and explained that he was expecting a guest, and that she was to be shown directly to his suite.

This attended to, he opened the door of his suite so that she would not be obliged to ring. Also, because from where he sat he could listen for the elevator and watch the corridor, now dimly lighted from the landing outside. . . . The corridor through which he had watched for her so many times—so many times.

How often, in the waning light of the studio, he had laid aside palette and brushes and had seated himself here in this deep chair to think of her, wait for her return from shopping tour or social gaiety in the gray of approaching evening.

"To listen for her. . . as he was listening now. . . . Heaven help him. . . . Still listening. . . . Through all these years.

Always he had seen a gay little greeting—a light gesture as she hurried through the corridor toward her bedroom—"Hello, dear! I'm late—"

Well, it was a dark world—a vast, dim space between dark horizons—difficult to see one's way about. . . .

Her taxi should have arrived. . . . It should have arrived. . . . He lay deep in his chair, listening.

About three o'clock both candles burned out. But the corridor was lighted from the landing. He listened from his arm-chair in the darkened room. He did not hear the distant clash of the elevator—nor any sound at all when

she came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same light gesture—the faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late—"

Blindly he got to his feet, to the corridor, and saw her near the door of her bedroom—locked during all these years. . . . He saw her—or thought he did—in the obscurity. . . . Near her bedroom door. When he had searched every room from landing to terrace he went once more into his bedroom and sank down by the telephone. After a moment he called her hotel. . . . Her room did not answer.

"I'll speak to the maid on duty on that floor," he said. . . . And, presently: "Are you the maid?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say she has not yet returned?"

"No, sir."

"What time did she leave her room?"

"About one o'clock."

"You saw her?"

"I was on duty; yes, sir."

"You saw her leave her room? And you have not seen her return?"

"No, sir."

"Listen to me. I am her husband. Open her door with your pass-key and say that I must speak to her—on—on matters of life—and death."

"Yes, sir. One moment—please hold the wire."

After many, many years, the maid's voice, thrilling on the wire:

"She's in there on the floor! I've rung up the house physician. . . . The night-clerk says she is—he says that she—"

"Yes," he said, "I understand. . . . I'll come. . . . at once."

"Yes, sir. One moment—please hold the wire."

## MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

(Continued from page 21)

and raised the lid of Sarghan's small stove but put it jealously away again, ashamed at himself.

And then came the day when he faced the issue and marched across the haun to sit on his accustomed stool. He opened it with fingers that shook a bit despite himself and gazed at its few treasures with dilated eyes.

"David John," it said abruptly, "the earth is dry down here. There has been little rain and all the rounded slopes of this gentle country are brown with drouth. I think

often of your green hills, slinging with their waters. Also I think of you and the look of your eyes, which is never the look of a soldier's eyes."

"The war is done, I hear you say. No, it isn't; not for you. You are in the trenches yet and are likely to be for many weary years; and you are all hurt swamped by the enemy coming over the top. Forgive me for saying this—it is unparliamentary presumption—but I cannot see a soldier lie down on his job. Bite on the bullet, David John. There's another ounce of fight left in you—shell it out."

All but swamped! Yes, he was. The sheet in his fingers shook with his shaking. He gazed somberly at the green slope before him and was not conscious of the shining shape which started it, did not see the tooting bell in its cloud of creamy mane. Palermine, watching his idol with dark eyes, was astonished at its silence. It was only when the wild horse stamped with a striped white hoof and reined shrilly that David Buchanan shook himself literally and came back to the present. He thrust the letter back in the pocket and slid off the stump.

It had not been pity after all! It had been an order, stern and sharp. Thank God! It had not been pity. A strange feeling of civilization swelled his throat. With some inner flash he saw a bridge spanning a rugged gorge. What that vision of achievement could have to do with Mara Thail's command he could not have said; yet it was there. A slow surge of something very like hope went through him painfully. He flung up a hand, snapped his fingers.

"You yellow nuisance!" he said, "come here!"

And there came into his handling of the horse today a new touch, a firmer confidence. Twice he slipped the skinning hide with resounding blows, pushed the muzzling head with playful roughness.

Palermine squealed and strutted and for once David Buchanan laughed at his antics outright, and when he marched away across the meadow the golden stallion came with him far out, obedient to the hand upon his mane.

MONSIEUR," said Buchanan that night as he smoked in the matchless twilight, "what are the signs of a soul's defeat?"

Sitting primly in the same chair where Mara Thail had sat in another twilight, he put his fin hands on his ragged knees, considering. The long white hair was immaculately dressed. The Vandeyke beard was next as care could make it. He wore the shirt with the only slightly frayed cuffs, the smaller hoes at elbows, the missing collar.

"Signs of ze soul's defeat, M'sieu?" he repeated, "I would say—after ze mature contemplation—I would say there es one—la Mort."

"B'p?" said the younger man.

"La Mort," said Monsieur firmly. "No living soul es defeated so long as zere comes another day. Only death can end ze fight, M'sieu."

Buchanan frowned in the shadows. So! Only death could end the fight!

Monsieur, hands on knees, peered earnestly at his companion. His old blue eyes were alive with the hope that sprang eternal in him.

"In Denver I know a man," he said earnestly, "without his legs. He es ze owner of five news-stands. Een his employ es seven men who all his members. An' he es ze best boss, M'sieu, without ze doubt. He wears a medal on his breast—And there es a woman, too, who stood by; an' still stands by; she loves him."

Buchanan stirred on his bench.

"I didn't think they made that kind these days," he said.

"Today an' while ze [Turn to page 64]

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[see Young Feet from 1 to 21]

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## TIPPITY-WITCH

(Continued from page 17)

flapjacks?"

It didn't, having something to do with the fact that Peter belonged to the interesting profession of producing—not acting—in-motion pictures. But, under the spell of her blue eyes, he would have sworn it meant a chef's certificate if she'd asked for one. "Can I?" he cried. "You ought to see me! Nice, crispy brown ones, you know. Sort of stirred around the skillet. The kind that melt in your mouth—a great golden stack of 'em!"

With sublime recklessness, the captivated, "Oh, you may turn out to be an escaped convict! But would being murdered be worse than starving? If I eat another cracker, I'll turn into a parrot!"

"Crackers?" He eyed the wagon. "She read her look. 'The stove never up,' she confessed. 'Twice. It's funny—I never had a stove to do that before. So it was a choice between crackers and cold hot dogs. I ate three—but I was afraid I'd hark.' She went so far, now, as to plead with him. The thought of those flapjacks obsessed her. 'Perhaps you may understand stoves, being a Molasses Spreader. There's flour and cans of things—and hot-ties of things, inside. Will you?' and she looked pleadingly down at him. And Peter, did. Because, having served as everything from aviator to K. P. in France during a certain War, he could. Leaving the wheel still perched on his bumper, he went into the van itself. And, sure, out of the confusion, he evolved something that looked very much like a tall stack of flapjacks.

They smiled quite as convincing as the cooked. Whereupon the girl with the bright, tawny hair reached out greedily. But, Peter, who could be quite as firm with little witches as he could be successful with the trying-pan, moved the plate out of her reach.

"I told you my name," Peter reminded her. "My real name," he added. "D'you think I cook flapjacks for perfect strangers even if they are tipptity-witches?"

"Tipptity-witch? What is that?"

"You!" and she smiled engagingly. "The girl thought of all the things people had told her about encountering strange young men. She also sniffed at the flapjacks. The latter won.

"I'm called Tamielise Dhu McKay!" she said. "Now, can I have them?"

"Not so fast!" He shook his head. "It's a funny name. Almost as queer as mine!"

"It's merely Scotch," she said defensively. "My father is. So are my brothers. But I'm a heathen."

Peter was compassionate. "All right, little Miss Tamielise Dhu. Dig in. But, remember, you'll tell me about it while I'm putting its cunning wheel back on," and he pushed the flapjacks under her hungry little nose.

But Tamielise Dhu, fortified with some ten flapjacks or so, regained her caution, and cleverly though he led the conversation, Peter had to put on the strident wheel without learning much more.

"If you are running away—you ought to hark," he suggested.

"Does any one run away," she asked logically, "with a horse called Primrose?" But Doug, a wagon that looks like a stick of candy?"

"To be perfectly candid," he returned, "except by a wish, who told you I would possess such a van or such a horse. So I'd say that, in all probability, you live, when you are at home, in a pumpkin. And your father is a black eye."

"My father," she said conclusively, "is as red-headed as I am. He is not a black eye. He's a barrel man. And when I live with him it isn't in a pumpkin at all. It's in a state of argument!"

Peter didn't look surprised. He felt, inwardly, sympathetic to her father. She might be just a kid, he thought, from the grin of her dress. But that was the style, he reflected. And Tamielise Dhu had two good reasons for wearing hers very short.

"Now I think I'd be going," she said. "Primrose has a weakness for habits. If he stands very long, it sort of grows on him. And—"

"As an afterthought," "I've my business to attend to."

Peter felt as if he were being dismissed. "Aren't you going to tell me the something at all?" he asked despondently.

She was sitting up on a narrow little

seat behind the docile Primrose. In her hands she clutched, unscientifically, two slick rings. "Oh, yes!" she cried brightly, and she screwed her radiant head about so that Peter feared for her balance. "I wasn't going without that! Goodbye!" And with a jerk of her reins, and a duck of her head, she was off.

Peter, hack in his car, drove on. And with a look that was like a stiffly controlled young man, inwardly he was a raging fury. For Peter was curious, and his curiosity was quite unshared. He was interested, and his interest had been disregarded. Had he passed, at that moment, either a Spanish hacienda or an English lane, he'd have given both a cold eye. For what was the use of discovering places, when people—and particularly, one person—remained unfathomable.

Whereupon he put his foot down on the throttle with such efficiency that by dusk he had made good many miles between himself and Miss Tamielise Dhu McKay.

It had been, Peter had noted, an extraordinarily lovely September day. It became, perversely, a cloudy twilight. And the twilight turned to a dark evening. Peter, of course, had no special interest in whether or not the moon chose to hide its light behind a cloud, but he couldn't help reflecting upon the thought of a red-headed girl facing a dark, moonless night with only a horse called Primrose for company. "And if she gets hungry—"

But that thought was too much for him. Like every man, he loved to reform people. And, next to that, to rescue them. From anything, it mattered little what! And so, turning his car about, he started back through the dark to the point where he had left the "tipptity-witch."

He didn't need to do a great deal of hunting. Even in the gloom of the shadows, the outline of the van loomed up. Seeing, Peter stopped his horse. The van was pulled to the side of the road, and a pale object that shifted at his approach, turned out to be Primrose.

The van was empty! He called sharply. "Hi!" Then, wondering if his approach had frightened her back into the field beyond—"I say—it's only me! Peter Durant! Are you all right?"

A sound—fendishly shrill in the darkness—filled the night! A thin, piercing shriek, inhuman sound that made his blood run cold! And almost instantly, desperate, terror-stricken screams! A girl's screams! Peter dashed across the field in the direction from which they came, and as he ran he called: "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Simultaneously, the night became hideous with sound. The persistent, unceasing sound as of a hell ringling—gasp, panic cry from a girl's lips—the thudding of running feet—gusting.

And then into his very arms she ran! A tiny, scurrying figure whose progress was hindered by a long blanket that was muffled about her, mummy fashion, and dragged behind her in a long, tail-like train. "Oh—oh—oh—," she was gasping, and Peter caught her close to his arms. "Who—who are you?" she panted.

"Peter Durant! From this afternoon, you know! Here—Tamielise—dear—," he couldn't hear her trembling. He picked her up in his arms. And Tamielise Dhu, bring contented in them, snuffed a bit and then grew quieter.

Peter reached the van. Gently, he put her down. Then, reaching for his flashlight, he turned it on her—thinking to see how badly she had been hurt.

He saw a funny, huddled little figure, with a pale, heart-shaped face, blue eyes that met his with relief—and the whole framed in a circle of red hair that was stuck full of wisps of straw.

But even as he started to question her, that terrible, jangling noise filled the air again, and Tamielise Dhu, with a shriek, held out a round object to him. "Turn it off!" she cried.

Peter took it bewilderedly. An alarm clock! That, then, had been the horror that had filled the night!

Grimly, he turned it off. Grimly, too, he turned to Tamielise Dhu McKay—only to find her crumpled up on the ground, rocking in a paroxysm of laughter!

Peter regarded her stilly. "I suppose," he began, "it's too late. I suppose,"

he began, "it's too late. I suppose,"



## Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well— which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest autumn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the autumn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Koss Co., 642 Rialto Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

## The Armand Beauty Test Packet

—an aid to smart grooming

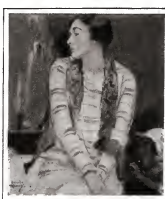
Yesterday's plain women are today smart-looking! They have faced their mirrors frankly, "I am not good-looking!" they say, "but I can look interesting! So—with exquisite grooming and a smart make-up they achieve a striking type all their own.

FACE POWDER is of first importance—the exact tint that will make the most of your coloring. Try mine . . . for glow and sparkle. Try mine . . . to flatter a soft, creamy coloring.

Armand now offers a way for every woman to find her most becoming Face Powder—at home, at her own leisure.

Enclose twenty-five cents with coupon below. You will receive the new Armand Beauty Test Packet with Face Powder in four different tints, two new shades of Armand Rouge, and three Creams—the new Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream, Armand Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream.

Before your own mirror, study your coloring! Try each tint of Powder, light and dark Rouge. Match your skin carefully. Find the make-up to make you your own smart type.



ARMAND—DES MOINES I F  
Please send me the Armand Beauty Test Packet with four different tints of Powder, beauty accessories and the new Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream, including the interesting booklet, entitled "The Art of Beauty." I enclose \$1.00.

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Armand Cold Cream Powder. Price \$1.00

## ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER in the pink and white checked box



Trade-mark







# Proud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

**T**HAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

**M**ODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the often aging, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. In fairness to yourself, try this.

*Do this for one week  
Mark the difference that comes*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good old cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

## Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

## Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

**PALMOLIVE**

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Div. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*l'Echo de Paris*

# GODETS ARE THE WINGS OF FASHION

MEN cannot cavil now at our inability to move about in our skirts. They no longer hobble us. They are as free as trousers. The godet has done it, although the name now includes all our old friends, the flounces. Wherever a skirt wants to be widened, the godet does the work, but it takes on the shape of pleats very often. Observe these skirts; see how the young women stride along in them. If they were long they would suggest age. Short, they proclaim youth. As skirts widen, bodices narrow. This makes an excellent contrast and gives character and a natural grace to the silhouette.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4599  
Emb. No. 1256



4607

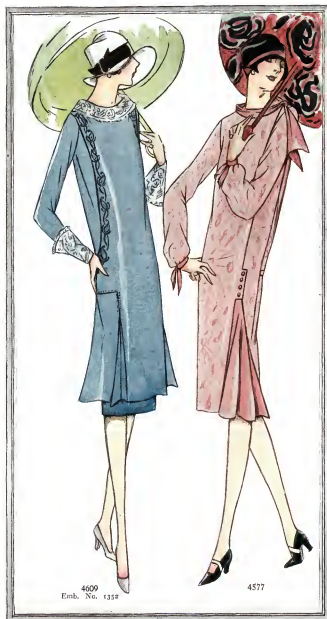
No. 4599, The side flare, jabot revers, and lengthened kimono sleeves are charming details of this frock. Sleeve motifs, painted or embroidered, may be made from Embroidery No. 1526. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4601, An effective two-piece frock has a front-closing blouse in cutaway effect, and a two-piece camisole skirt. Three box-pleats at front allow the freedom required of sports frocks. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4607, The new bloused effect, shirred back, and a girdle tied gypsy fashion, strike a new note in this frock. A stitched-in panel fastens at center front. Long set-in sleeves. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4609, A frock that is distinctly different is a slip-on model with a pinafore front tied at the back. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain-stitch may be used. Sizes, 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4577, Fashioned on straight lines this frock closes at the left side and wears a graceful side drape, cravat collar, and cuffs, of contrasting material. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



4609  
Emb. No. 1352

4577



4609

4577

4599

4601

4607



No. 4603, There is simplicity and dignity in this straightline frock which features jabot revers, and the unusual combination of an open V-neck and a high neck band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4587, Applied bands trim the overblouse of this smart two-piece frock. Three pleats at each side widen the two-piece skirt which sews to a camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

### MATCHING ACCESSORIES FOR SMARTNESS

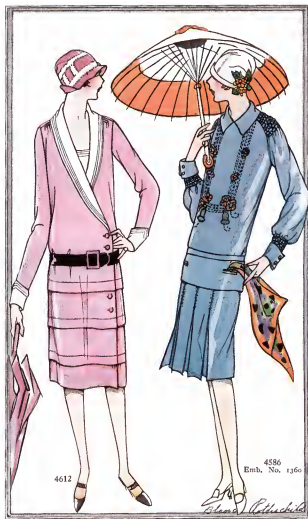
A NEW rule in clothes call for vigilance and color perception. We have been getting everything in one shade for so long, we are not quite aware that freedom from this dictate has come. Here is the new idea: hat, shoes, handbag, and handkerchief match. The gown may be what it pleases. Sometimes the jabot, scarf, belt, and shoes go together. One cannot wear a brown hat, red belt, blue frock and black pumps. A man's bright handkerchief is considered smart. Parasols too have returned.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4580

No. 4580, A long blouse and a camisole skirt make a smart two-piece frock. A gypsy girl adds a romantic touch. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.



4612

4586  
Emb. No. 1360

No. 4612, An interesting frock of the coat type introduces a shawl collar and tucks. There is fullness at the shoulder and the long sleeves are close fitting. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4586, This Misses' and Juniors' two-piece frock has a raglan blouse and a two-piece camisole skirt with box-pleats. Embroidery No. 1360 is suggested. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



4580

4603

4587

4612

4586

*L'Echo de Paris*

**D**ESPITE rumors of masculinity, our frocks have much coquetry. Summer gowns are so flirtatious they remind one of birds' wings. Knife pleatings have no intention of being quiescent. Regard the frock at upper right with perky flounces running to a hip bow. The bow is the mark of fashion. It is everywhere.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

**A** POLKA-DOT is no longer what it once was. It is as likely to be a half-moon arranged in pyramids. Whatever its exact shape, it has come about that dress designers are delighting in it. It makes a cuff, a flounce or a scarf with equal smartness, and contributes much to the success of the present styles.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 4595, This slim one-piece frock acquires charm and grace by the addition of revers, bell-sleeve sections and a gathered circular tunic with band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4589, Fashion approves of the full blouse. This one is cut with short kimono sleeves and joins a tucked skirt. Appliqués No. 1524 would be smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4608, Bows are worn in front and hemlines are uneven. Beaded Embroidery No. 1388 would add a chic touch. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

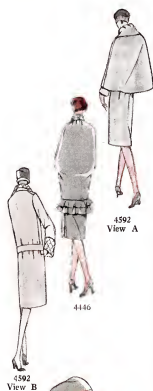
Emb. No. 1388

No. 4575, Fine pleatings edge a wrapped skirt which joins a plain blouse with full sleeves. Motifs worked in French knots and running-stitch from Embroidery No. 1507 would make an attractive finish. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4606, The newest ideas in cravats and loose belted panels are aids to smartness in this slip-on frock which has a shirred gore set in the front. The ever present scarf adds a chic touch. Sizes 12 to 20 years.







## L'Echo de Paris

### WRAPS FOR MIDSUMMER DAYS

AMERICANS have taken a strong liking for light weight coats and capes to cover the thin frocks. This partiality is new. The French have always delighted in an outer garment of this sort. They consider it as necessary a part of the costume as the hat. The Americans never did. Now they do. Under such stimulation, summer coats gained in distinction. The cape is now highly ornamental and exceedingly useful. One shown here, with narrow ruffles and polka-dot lapels, gives grace to a polka-dot frock. Shoulder capes give a fine swing to a straight coat. Shirring defines the neckline, and quilted collars and cuffs, also embroidery on sleeves are good.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

For description of  
No. 4570 see Page 80.

No. 4592, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, view A, 4 yards of 54-inch; lining, 4½ yards of 40-inch; view B, 4½ yards of 40-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4446, LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-PIECE ENSEMBLE. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, skirt and cape, 4 yards of 40-inch; blouse, and cape lining, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4516, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT; with cutaway front; patch pockets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4519, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with three-piece yoke; slightly low-waisted. Sizes 17 to 37 waist. Size 31 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4605, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' COAT; sleeve in one with yoke. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3½ yards of 40-inch; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1315 may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

*Echo de Paris*



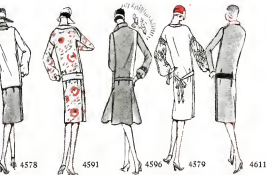
4578  
Emb. No. 1267

No. 4578, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 5/8 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1267 suggested.



4591

4596  
Emb. No. 1406



No. 4591, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2 7/8 yards 40-inch; shield, 3/4 yard 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Darning Embroidery No. 1496 may be used.

No. 4596, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2 7/8 yards 40-inch; shield, 3/4 yard 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Darning Embroidery No. 1496 may be used.

No. 4579, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Sleeve motif may be worked in cross-stitch from Embroidery No. 1417.

4579  
Emb. No. 1417



4611



## DIVERSITY IN SLEEVES DEMANDED

**S**LEEVES are long this season, but they are as different, one from the other as pleated skirts, which have many ways of being done. This page shows how sleeves can be long yet unlike. They set well at the shoulder; or drop below it. They bulge at the elbow or cling to it. They are cuffed or tied. Fine muslin cuffs, turned back, return to fashion. The ornamental sleeve reappears. The low armhole has also been revived. It is well to remember that the type of one's figure and frock governs the choice of sleeves.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4611, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with chemise. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.

ECHO de Paris

4593  
Emb. No. 1377

4602



4590

4604  
Emb. No. 1345

4581

## FASHIONS FOR YOUTHFUL TYPES

YOUNG girls continue to clothe themselves like juveniles. Some of their garments, abbreviated, could be used for the nursery. Yet such clothes suit the type of schoolgirl America produces. She seems to be a different type than the schoolgirl of other days. The gown with full skirt, tight bodice, short sleeves and turnover collar is one of her delights. In it she goes on pleasure bent. A plaid jumper with applied bands of plain material is her nearest approach to a tailored effect. Belts are her special extravagance.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4593



4602



4590



4604



4581

No. 4593, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4602, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 32-inch; vest, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4590, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with camisole. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 5¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; pleat insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4¼ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards. Single-stitch Embroidery No. 1325 suggested.

No. 4581, MISSES' AND JUVENILES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2½ yards.

*Echo de Paris*

For descriptions  
see Page 80



4515  
Emb. No. 1350

4577  
Emb. No. 1300

4536



4578

4587  
Emb. No. 1377

### THE WIDE-BRIMMED HAT

SUMMER hats, having been large, are working their way into autumn. This is comforting to women who look their worst in small hats. The high round crown has little or no trimming. A ribbon or a flower suffices. The brim flaunts its extra width. Usually it tilts down at the sides. The verdict is that hat, shoes, handkerchief, handbag, and fur neckpiece must be assembled, not to match the gown but to harmonize with it.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4578

4587

4515

4577

4536

4595



4595



*L'Echo de Paris*For descriptions  
see Page 804593  
Ensb. No. 1469

4513

4535

## FASHION DECREES FLAT HIP

NO matter how much fullness disports itself in the short skirt, fashion-makers invent tricks to keep the silhouette flat at the hips. Elastic or satin girdles do their work well in keeping down any excess flesh. These sketches show some of the varied methods of controlling fullness. Fine tucks, bias seams, and flattening pockets, all help to produce the desired effect of slimmness, and assist the restricting corset or girdle in its work.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4522

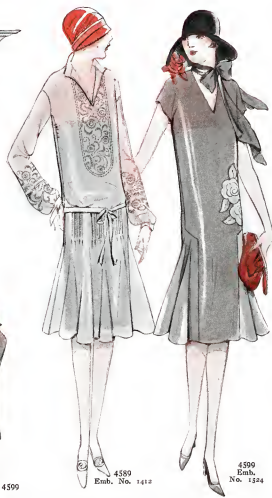


4593

4535

4589

4599

4589  
Ensb. No. 14124590  
Ensb. No. 1524

# An Arctic Dessert for a tropic day

**Peach Snow Balls**  
(Six servings)  
1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
1 cup canned peaches, apples or pineapple, pressed through a sieve  
1/2 cup boiling fruit juice Whites of 3 eggs Few grains of salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling fruit juice. Add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add canned peaches, apples or pineapple pressed through a sieve. Warm mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and mold in egg cups.

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Safely Hold Heavy Pictures  
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THE object of milk modification is to make cow's milk as nearly as possible like mother's milk, so that it may be readily digested.

When your baby's doctor recommends barley, be sure to ask for Robinson's "Patent" Barley, the standard in infant feeding for 100 years.

**ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY**

*Echo de Paris*



For descriptions see Page 80

4590



4611  
Emb. No. 1207



4595



4520

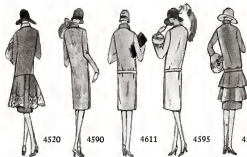
## LACE AND FINE MUSLIN

FRENCH designers have insisted upon the return of lace. It gives that touch of elegance which is the apex of fashion this season. They agreed to introduce collars and cuffs of fine muslin, tucked or embroidered, and Americans have gladly accepted the fashion. Lace evening frocks, and lace flounces in black or dyed shades, give the floating movement demanded. Tucked vests, sleeve puffs, and inserted bands of lace are new.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4525  
Emb. No. 1437



4520

4590

4611

4595

4525

## 12-TO-20 MODES SPONSOR PLEATS AND GATHERS



No. 4538, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with yoke and jacket front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4538, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; straight gathered ruffles. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 3½ yards of 36-inch material. French knots and key-hole-stitch suggested for Embroidery No. 1492.

No. 4537, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' TWO-PIECE DRESS; poplin blouse; cambric skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 2½ yards of 54-inch. Trimming in single- and outline-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1484.

No. 4581, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; six-piece gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 2½ yards of 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4606, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 3½ yards of 36-inch. An effective trimming in buttonhole-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1550.

No. 4586, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' TWO-PIECE DRESS; raglan sleeves; cambric skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Monogram may be worked in satin-stitch using Embroidery No. 1267.

No. 4605, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' COAT; shirred across front; with belt at back. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall-dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

## Wanted: Women and Girls to Decorate Art Novelties

### No Special Ability Needed

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### Profit and Pleasure in This New Kind of Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as executing beautiful designs in relief in many artistic objects in earthenware, wood, tin, porcelain, soap dishes, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing thimbles, ash-tray covers? Then, there are gowns, such as to be colored, and curtain tops and other articles which can be decorated in beautiful and fascinating colors of enamel and brass to be added in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work easily for the pleasure of creating beautiful things, but it is also a splendid way to make money at home, for there is a tremendous demand for art novelties.

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a Corn or Callus  
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Acts like anaesthetic  
Stops all pain in 3 seconds

HERE'S scientific treatment for corns and calluses. A new way that's ending dangerous, painful, that's ending old-time ways. First it deadens all pain. Then it removes the corn completely.

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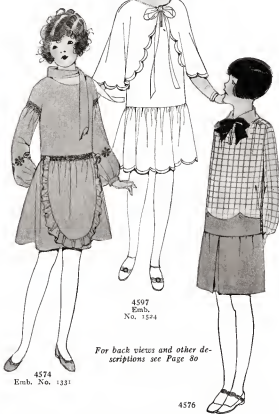


### PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR LITTLE FOLK

No. 4377, CHILD'S COAT; with shirting at front. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material; lining, 1¼ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4594, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoned across back and down leg. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material.

No. 4530, CHILD'S ROMPER; drop back; with two tucks at front. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 2½ yards of 27-inch or 2¼ yards of 32-inch material. Embroidery No. 1488 may be made in outline-stitch.



No. 4248, GIRL'S COAT; with circular cape. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4428, GIRL'S COAT; with wide revers collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 36-inch.

For back views and other descriptions see Page 80

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



4521  
Emb. No. 1445

4508

4529

4584  
Emb. No. 1410

4527

4585

### YOUTHFUL MODES STRESS SIMPLICITY

No. 4521, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1445 in cross-stitch may be used.

No. 4508, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; closing at center back. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; collar, cuffs and front band,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4529, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 years. Size 6,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch.

No. 4534, GIRL'S SLEEP-ON DRESS; front in bolero effect; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 4610, GIRL'S CAMP SUIT; consisting of bloomers and separate waist. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material; tie,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 4-inch.



4573

4534

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail; postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



4610

3813

For back views and other descriptions:  
see Page 80



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Instant relief

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### Description for Page 71

No. 4570, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; with convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch or 2 yards of 40-inch material.

### Descriptions for Page 74

No. 4515, LADIES' and MISSES' DRESS. No. 4517, LADIES' and MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1350 may be worked in buttonhole-stitch.

No. 4516, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4587, LADIES' and MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1377 would be smart in satin-stitch.

### Descriptions for Page 75

No. 4593, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Cross-stitch Embroidery No. 1467 may be used.

No. 4535, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4589, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. A simple trimming may be developed from Embroidery No. 1412.

### Descriptions for Page 76

No. 4500, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4520, LADIES' and MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; collar, 1/2 yard of 40-inch; lace, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4525, LADIES' and MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch; puffs, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1457 may be used.

### Descriptions for Page 78

No. 4541, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular flounces. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 10, 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4588, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 40-inch.

No. 4597, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with cape. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Scallops may be made with Embroidery No. 1524.

### Descriptions for Page 79

No. 4527, GIRL'S SMOCK. Size small, 4 to 6 years; medium, 8 to 10 years; large, 12 to 14 years. Medium size, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4585, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4573, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with flounces. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

### Back Views for Page 77



### Back Views for Page 78



### Back Views for Page 79



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You actually get 25 selections on ten days' trial. You may return them long before. Interest-free for months and years.



**On 10 Days' Trial**  
All you need is a standard 10-inch size with made on both sides. You may return them long before. Interest-free for months and years. You may return them long before. Interest-free for months and years. You may return them long before. Interest-free for months and years.

POPULAR SONGS	POPULAR DANCES (Cont.)
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HAWAIIAN GUITARS
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## TOUCHES OF CROSS-STITCH, SMOCKING OR APPLIQUE TELL A TALE OF SMARTNESS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



4531 Smock and Cross-Stitch Design

4532 Smock and Smocking Design

4189 Dress (right) Emb. No. 1528



4582 4583 4189

4533 4531 4532



4604 Dress Emb. No. 1523

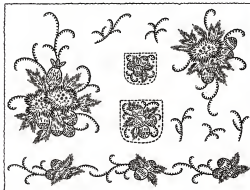


1528 Appliqué Motifs, new and smart of design



4582 Dress and Emb. Design

4583 Dress and Emb. Design



1525 Motifs for sleeves and pockets in colorful stitches

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. In 11 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 inches bust. To carry embroidery on the sleeve is a sign of smartness. Large motifs, from Design No. 1525, are developed in colorful wools or silks, using straight-stitch, buttonhole-, satin- and running-stitch with French knots. The design contains the other motifs shown.

No. 4533, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. In 8 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Either smocking or shirring looks well between the small pockets of this popular model. Worked in a combination of delicate shades, the ensemble is extremely smart.

No. 4582, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. In 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Floral motifs fit into the points that hold the inverted plaits of the little maid's skirt. Dainty in color matching collar and cuff bands.



4533 Dress and Emb. Design

No. 4531, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SMOCK. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material. The embroidered touches in cross-stitch are effective in a deeper shade than that of the smock itself.

No. 4532, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SMOCK. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The smocking in a combination of three colors gives the correct decorative finish.

No. 4189, GIRL'S ENSEMBLE SUIT. Coat not shown. Sizes 6 to 14 years. The trimming accent is placed on appliqué flowers from Embroidery No. 1528, that harmonizes with contrasting bands dress, the leaves and stems worked in lazy-daisy- and outline-stitch.

No. 4583, GIRL'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch material. Pointed motifs developed in buttonhole-, lazy-daisy- and running-stitch with French knots, provide contrast and artistic finish.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



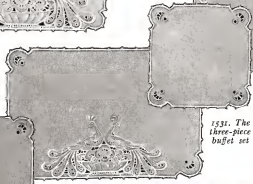
# THE NEW CUT-WORK ENSEMBLE WITH PEACOCK MOTIF MARKS THE LATEST EVENT IN HOUSE LINENS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



1529. The refreshment cloth, 35 inches square, has its napkins that match

1530. The peacock motif embellishes each end of the sideboard runner



1530. The three-piece buffet set

No. 1529, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK REFRESHMENT SET. The vague for the peacock finds its way to domestic linens through the approved medium of cut-work. Not only distinctive, but durable and always indispensable to the smart hostess. Small cut-work corners adorn the napkins.

No. 1530, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK SCARF. Adaptable to a 35-inch or a 50-inch length, the width 16 inches. The "ensemble" idea shows to best advantage in the well-equipped dining-room.

No. 1531, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK THREE-PIECE SET. An interesting alternative is the buffet scarf that is made in three pieces. The center oblong measures 13 x 20 inches, and the square ends 11 x 13 inches. There is a fascination in the development of the stitches which, though elaborate in effect, are really easy to master.



1523. The sheer scarf finds its place in the boudoir

No. 1497, DESIGN FOR RAINBOW BRIDGE SET. This novel bridge refreshment set has its cloth in two colors of cotton crepe and each napkin in a different color—hence its name. Two Japanese girls about 7 x 10 inches, and eight small lanterns, developed in ramblers, outline, running, and satin-stitch with colored strand cottons.

1497. Cotton crepe of varied rainbow hues make a stunning bridge set

1493. Darning-stitch and colorful wools interpret this pillow top



1493

Patterns may be bought from all McCull dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCull Co., 230 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

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## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 61]

above the keyboard in a growing riot of passion.

He glanced at the clock nervously. "Aline said she'd be home at eleven." It was a quarter to eleven now. Birrel rose quickly without explanation, as though her action would be understood. "I'll be going."

When his wife came in, she found him by himself, seated before the fire engrossed in a book.

He glanced up. "Had a good time?"

"Splendid, thank you." That was all. She had become unapproachable. In the days that followed she seemed less a woman than a figure of mist and dusk, drifting in and out of his room. He suffered intensely—the more intensely because to all appearances she was so contented. Now that she had withdrawn herself from him, he desired her with a hunger of which at the time when he had fancied himself disappointed, he would never have thought himself capable.

Three weeks had passed and there had been no sign of a reconciliation. It was towards evening. He was riding in the Park. On account of the lateness of the hour the middle-track was almost deserted. He saw a woman-riding approaching at a canter and drew rein to watch her. Her crestiness, her vitality, the little swaying of her body took his fancy. She went by him in a flash. Swinging his horse around, he set off in pursuit. Drawing level with her, he laid his hand on her arm. "Birrel!"

She turned to him with her eyes half-closed. "So we meet again, in spite of—?" He laughed shortly. "Why in spite of—? But what are you doing here?"

She looked at him steadily, brushing the hair from her forehead. At last she answered: "I came out to be lonely."

He lowered his voice and leaned out from his saddle. "That doesn't sound like Birrel. Why did you want to be lonely?" He covered her hand with his, repeating: "Tell me."

She shrugged; half-withdrew her hand, then thought better of it. "If you must know, because I couldn't be with you."

His success exceeded his expectations and he hunted his darling. "Ah yes, I've been horribly busy lately."

"And Aline?" She enquired.

It was her way of speaking that told him she had guessed everything. He confirmed her conjectures and left the road open.

"Nowadays Aline's always busy, as far as I'm concerned."

She pressed his hand. "Poor Dan." At last, loath to separate, they emerged at the Fifth Avenue Entrance. "D'you often ride so late?" he asked.

She took his measure quickly. "Sometimes. Do you?"

He stumbled over his words. "Don't you think—couldn't we do it again?" She gazed into his eyes shyly. "I should like to."

He grew bolder. "Tomorrow, perhaps." She laughed outright. "Perhaps—and not perhaps. Call me up tomorrow afternoon."

He watched her ride away into the vivid thoroughfare, with the shield of night spread over her. On the point of vanishing, she turned; he thought she waved at him.

In the hall of his apartment he surprised his wife on the point of departure. Without hesitating, he put his arm about her. "Aline, don't go. I'm sorry. Let's spend the evening together."

Her eyes became fugitive. "I've—I've got to go."

He tried to draw her to him; she resisted and huddled beneath his arm with her face averted. His speech became thick in its earnestness. "There are things we must talk about—things that have made us both wretched."

She stood free from him. "I know—I know—if you'd spoken earlier—But I'm expected."

Where was she expected? By whom? His jealousy was roused. He noticed that she carried something rolled up behind her muff and concealed by it. Before he could ask any question she had slipped out.

Sitting by the fire, waiting for her re-

turn, he tried to read a book; but it was Aline, always Aline, that he saw before him. When at last her footsteps sounded in the passage, he was so unmoved that he scarcely dared rise.

The door opened. He laid aside his reading with a pretence at listlessness. He rose and took a step towards her. Hastily she drew back, pulling the door after her. "I only came to tell you that I'm home. I'm tired. I'm going straight to bed."

The door closed.

Next afternoon he telephoned Birrel, and the next, and the afternoon after that. By riding in the Park after nightfall, he had invented a new indiscretion in the least discreet of cities. Its novelty quickened their zest for adventure. Within gunshot of the deluging glare of Broadway, they could be as solitary as Bedouins in a desert. Yet always they seemed in danger of pursuit.

Aline's name was often on their lips. That they should speak of her threw over their conversation the appearance of propriety. Once, when he was speaking of Amboise, she said, "I'd like to go there—just you and I together. I wonder we shall ever—". She caught the quick hardening of his expression. In loving her, he was loving Aline by proxy. Should Aline lift an eye-lash in encouragement, her reign would be over. She knew it.

Winter wore itself out, day lengthened, the Park was no longer charitable. A new place of refuge had to be advised. It was he who suggested her house, and she who unwillingly consented. It stood red-fronted and old fashioned, in a quiet street off Madison Avenue. There were only servants to weave from his entrances and exit the materials of romance.

It was a white evening in April. She was at the piano. He crept softly behind her and slipped his arms about her neck in sound of reason, she leaned her golden head against his shoulder, still playing, smiling up at him.

"Sweetheart. I've got to go away tomorrow."

Her hands crashed discordantly. He seized them in his own, pressing them against her breast. He could feel, rather than see, that she was sobbing. "I didn't dare to tell you. It's to Europe. A business trip. I've postponed and postponed. He smoothed his lips against her hair; his voice became scarcely audible. "But I don't have to go alone—do I?"

She stiffened. To him her fear was ridiculous.

"I need new knicker," he insisted. "We can sail together." She tried to clutch herself from him, her eyes wide. He held her fast.

"The boat leaves at midnight. I was so sure you'd come that I've booked a cabin for you. I can get through my business in London in a week, and then—"

"Will you take me to Amboise?" She winced. There was a halt before he answered. With her woman's tenacity, she was adding one last laurel to her triumph.

He hurried over his assent. "To Amboise? If you like. Now will you go?"

Not until he had reached home that evening did he realize the decision at which he had arrived. He watched Aline closely. Let her give one sign to recall him, and—But Aline went quietly about, packing his things.

About eight, on the evening of his departure, he rose suddenly. She eyed him nervously. "What is it?"

"I'm going."

"But you don't need to go for three hours yet."


"I know. But I'm going."

His voice was as glacial. She stared at him apprehensively. "But Dan, I was coming to see you off, and—"

He interrupted. "You needn't. You'd be late getting home. There'd be no one to escort you."

He was already at the phone, calling for a taxi.

Her back was to the wall. She had gone too far with her desperate strategy. She had held him too long at arm's length. She had wanted him to learn about women, other [Turn to page 88]



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Mrs. TRAUMAN T. SMITH, Baltimore, Md.



"MY SKIN WAS IN A DISGRACEFUL CONDITION. I became aware that the disorder was in my system and decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time the pimples were drying up. Now my soft skin, free of blemishes, has been restored and constipation is a thing of the past."

RUTH DOWNART, West Philadelphia, Pa.

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*They conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one natural food.*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run-down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."

IDAREALE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



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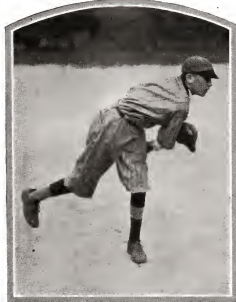
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT A YEAR AGO I was run-down. A friend suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I am convinced that it has been of much benefit to me. I know that my physical condition is improved and I expect to continue the use of the Yeast regularly for some time to come."

CHAR. W. HOLTCAMP, St. Louis, Mo.



Below: Son of Mrs. Jory

"WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST my two boys aged fifteen and twelve go to school and get through the winters without even a headache. Also Yeast has made a new woman of me. I was run-down and suffered with that terrible gnawing which comes from undigested food. Now I eat, and feel fine."

Mrs. LUCY A. JARY, Detroit, Mich.



# Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

THERE are many persons living today who were taught in their childhood the interior of the soul is a cold, settling, molten mass; persons who never have heard the new theory that the earth has a solid metal core.

With similar indifference to changing ideas, many women cling to outgrown theories of love and marriage. They are convinced that love is woman's whole and sole existence, and that marriage is her only dependable source of happiness. All the world's wonders they count as nothing and consequently, when love goes wrong, they suffer stupidly; they waste themselves after an antiquated fashion. And this is no particular credit to their intelligence in a century which offers to women endless opportunities for independence, contentment and joy.

Let's talk over a kind of emotional waste which was known of old and which has been fostered by tradition and convention. Let's try to get at some modern notions concerning the best ways of meeting and making the most of love. Here's a form of the proposition. I select this letter from many similar ones.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** At twenty-six, married and the mother of two darling babies, I find that my husband is running around with girls; or rather, the girls will not let him live.

Martin owns a garage. He is an expert mechanic. For four years after our wedding, I worked as a stenographer. We bought nice furniture and had a lovely time together until Baby Charlie came. Eighteen months later, Sister arrived.

Now Mrs. Wilcox, if you tell me to cheer up and grimace up and study my cook-book and be gay and content and

Martin huck, I shall just screw on a screw. Martin himself has a few duties in this marriage.

Sorrow has ruined my sleep. I have no clothes and no money for grooming. My health and beauty are knocked into a cocked hat. But Martin has money to spend on pretty girls. I have so grieved over his philandering that I am getting unsexed and often I have to be growling to keep from crying.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox, I am asking you to talk over a very important subject. I, a young married woman, once in a while get the state I am in. We don't want to love our husbands, because we love them, and because they are the fathers of our precious babies. I may really like to have them cheat around with girls. I could die when Martin is off having a gay time with a pretty doll while I sit at home with my children and not a single nice dress to my name. It's awful, but I am helpless.

This is what I want to ask: Why can't there be a firmer and decenter public opinion about these cases? Why not out the social and business life of the girl who tries to take another girl's husband from her? Where are the landladies who used to get rid of such boarders? And the hostesses who would not invite them? And the matrons who drew their skirts aside?

Can't these good women see the present menace to us young mothers? Why not call Mr. Grundy into my garage? Be certain and the right idea about what fathers owe their children.

Please suggest something in McCall's. I do not want a personal letter because I feel the mail first, in order to get his performed notes before I see them. Thank you.—Poly.

What wives can do to thwart the trespassers is a theme for future discussion. Opinions and suggestions are requested. Polly cannot change her man or his environment, nor can she attract Mrs. Grundy, but she can change her reaction to a situation from which she cannot escape. How to do so is her imperative present problem. A similar appeal has the real modern slant.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** I possess proof that my husband is a royal son of Eve. But I have three little children, therefore I cannot divorce him.

Now I know it is a sin to waste my health, my good looks, my very life for an unfaithful man, but unfortunately my husband has a vitriolic grip upon me. I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. I even dislike going among relatives and friends. It is torment to be a "one-man woman."

Your page puts life squarely up to each of us. I think we take the ups and downs of existence in a more courageous way when we read how other wives meet and manage their problems.

Who can tell me how to end this waste of the best in me? I cannot change the man. Don't tell me that.—Irene.

Another wife has found for herself a formula for cure,

**LET'S Talk it Over!** For long it has been conventional for a woman to keep her troubles to herself. She moiled over them, never solved them and consequently grew in perspective, melancholy and unhappy. Let's investigate and common untrange life's every problem stated where has had an experience worth telling about, discouraged soul. To wants to know" is the page. For immediate person address. Send enquiries and stories of experience to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 230 West 37th Street, New York City.

but she doesn't know how to follow it. She writes:

"A shattered romance is nothing compared to a shattered life. So I am trying to reconstruct my own existence. I do have something more of life than the knowledge that I am doing my duty. I am going to re-educate myself and adapt myself to conditions as they are. But how shall I proceed?"

There is a fact lately set down in books written by men which will have harassed wives much acute suffering if they will accept it. It is this:

A man's marital unhappiness is a serious matter to himself.

Now a wife who accuses her husband never admits the same truth. Usually she says that he "falls in love" with the girl who amuses him. The wife is sure that the other woman acquires a tremendous permanent influence over a sentimental man. And this is about the biggest mistake she ever makes in her life. Concerning her conviction, I quote from letters from men:

"Invariably, the man will get over an infatuation; but a wife never, so long as she lives, will get over the shock of finding herself the other woman in the case. That is the difference between men and women."

Another man says:

"The persistence with which women associate sex feelings with love places them in a position where they are sure to suffer when the end comes to an affair which a man forgets immediately. This is the great tragedy in the lives of wives."

"The man forgets—" What to the offender has a trivial transient significance, utterly destroys the offended wife. For our further enlightenment is this paragraph from a magazine article by George Jean Nathan:

"That sex is a relatively trivial and inconsequential event in life, that it is of infinitely less permanent significance in his scheme of life than his work in the world, however humble the nature of that work, or than his material welfare or his physical comfort or, as I have hinted, even certain other of his diversions, is clearly borne in upon him after a meditation of the history of sex life as it has directly concerned him."

Now I think that if all the distressed wives would get this idea firmly fixed in mind, it would lessen their woe. If nothing like this big truth survives the present open season of talk about sex; if women accept this truth and discard the unreasonable and illogical spiritual values or ideals which they always have attached to what concerns the senses, they will reduce enormously their present quota of wretchedness. The truth shall set you free.

Much keen satire directed against philandering is to be found in novels and dramas by the younger men writing in English and America. Their satire is founded on the new psychology, endocrinology, biology and other modern sciences. The particular truth above quoted is one for worried wives to weigh without prejudice. To make the revelation of the consequences of the contemporary unfaithful trespassers who fancy that they acquire any permanent power over men they take from wives.

Some of the thinking women who get the new idea find it enough to quiet their nerves and to set them to seeking a variety of satisfactions which they hitherto have ignored. They are not so much impulsive as they once were, with pugnacity is aroused. A wife's hysteria not only annoys a man, it makes him stolidly determined to follow desire.

Sometimes remonstrance leads to brutality. It never accomplishes what the wife expects. Many a wife has found this out. She will hold her tongue, she decides. Over and over she fails.

How can she refrain from nagging and recrimination?

Only by diverting her emotion in the beginning can she shape her behavior. Fear and hate and jealousy she can then control, but let her encourage them for a few moments and they are bound to black reason; after which anything may happen.

But while her indignation is in its first stages, while she can reason as well as feel, then can she curb her tongue and her tears.

An illustration: A nervously unbalanced wife cannot do much at all. And so, she does. Now for stories of attempts wives have made to adapt themselves to what they cannot change.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** The reason I did not break my heart over my once best beloved is this. He believes he is just a big boy who must be humored. He sees life only in terms of play. Love life has never been play to him. It is to me both serious and sacred. Now I see him as he is and it is no trick at all to wipe my tears. Now I put into our marriage as much of get out of it, companionably courtesy, sympathy and cooperation. But of the romantic love which he scatters here and there, I measure portion for portion. So only can I expect the best of him, and I am content. The result is that we get through life with considerable comfort and content.—Elynn.

Life's chief satisfactions are rooted in the human relationships which are sincere and genuine. When a husband proves superficial and shallow, a wife can save herself from mouth and a lifetime of destructive emotions by looking around her and discovering other relationships which actually possess the quality of genuineness.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** This cure for the sorrow from which wives often suffer to the detriment of their morale, health and beauty, I have shared with many women. It never has failed. Whoever uses this recipe will have to adapt it to her special need.

This is it: Get a new lover—LIFE! And before you know it, one young (or old) man will have the funniest look in his eyes and will perhaps pick up the end of an apron string in order to follow you as you go to the store.

Love—LIFE! I found it many times. For instance, there always is the disabusing part of every job. That part of this particular job is the constant repression and final elimination of self-pleasure.

Hasn't your "self" bristled along by the bootstraps; if necessary, whether you "self" wants to go or not. Take your "self" into the room and tell your "self" to get out if it wants to. Afterward ask if it really feels any better and whether the condition has been helped one iota. Be kind, but measure firm with that self you love.

Next make yourself the best housekeeper in the world. After that, dress satisfactorily for that person who looks out of your mirror. After that, dress well and have the shoulders flare the smiles again. Tell her that if she does not smile, she probably will whine.

While doing all this, learn to have a perfectly good time without a man. If it is impossible, try. And try again! Remember that the other way brings only misery. There are infinite possibilities of enjoyment in the creation of a home, and of the company of little children, the study of a neighborhood, of a husband, and of that person you call "me." None of this is commonplace, but remember that every business has its routine and gets robotically drab if we do not keep our heads above the clouds.

Try this recipe and you will get affection but you won't want it. You'll get a new life and a new you. But you will have as a source of satisfaction, a new power over yourself. You may not accomplish this in a day or a month or a year, but you will discover quite unexpectedly that the rule says: And you never will want to do over again.

For your returned lover will be very jealous of the new person you have found within yourself. Once you have found her once you will become contented with her, and no more revive that silly, raw, fearful creature who once was, than he would.

Sister, remember that the old, old way brought only misery. It is this way not worth a trial. Remember, it never has failed.—N. A. A.



# Sit down to breakfast

with  
writers,  
opera stars, actresses  
and business  
women



"What do you eat for breakfast—and why?"...A long list of famous women recently answered these questions for a scientific institute, engaged in research on foods.

You'll find these women in the pages of "Who's Who in America." They are successful, renowned—yet

they work hard and steadily. And, through days crowded with many activities, they retain vigorous, radiant health.

How?... Their answer is "The right kind of food!" Carefully chosen meals—and particularly a small, well-balanced, highly nourishing breakfast.

## Famous women say that food like this is essential to health and achievement

**Y**OU AND YOUR FAMILY, like the women to whom the "breakfast questionnaire" was sent, doubtless eat a light or moderate breakfast. Most people do nowadays. Modern conditions of living, and working have banished the Early American breakfast, probably forever!... But are you careful to see that the small amount of food you eat supplies you with a large amount of nourishment? It's the only safe plan!

For a happy and successful day, your body must be supplied with complete nourishment at the beginning of the day. All the vital elements of nutrition, in proper quantity and proportion, should be contained in the breakfast you eat.

That is why Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food. Served with milk or cream, it is an exceptionally well-balanced ration—and most delicious! It gives your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building;

and the essential vitamin-B a builder of the appetite.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special process which develops the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food particularly easy to digest—and makes it *crisp*. Ask your dentist what thorough chewing means to the health and beauty of your teeth and gums! As a nation, we are suffering from the prevalence of soft foods in our diet.

Because this one food can do so much for your health—because it can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

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...with IVORY

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In cleansing the baby's clothes, Ivory is the accepted soap because it is not only safe, but thorough as well. Smith and Green, authors of *The Baby's First Two Years*, an authoritative treatise on baby care, say very frankly, "The flannels,

knitted band, undershirt, etc. should be washed without a washboard, by soft squeezing with the hands in warm Ivory Soap suds . . . The cotton garments should be washed with a washboard with Ivory and hot water."

*Ivory Flakes for baby's clothes*

Ivory Flakes is genuine Ivory Soap, flaked for instant suds. It is wonderfully quick and convenient for the safe washing of both flannels and cotton garments. It comes in two generous sizes, the larger being the more economical.

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